



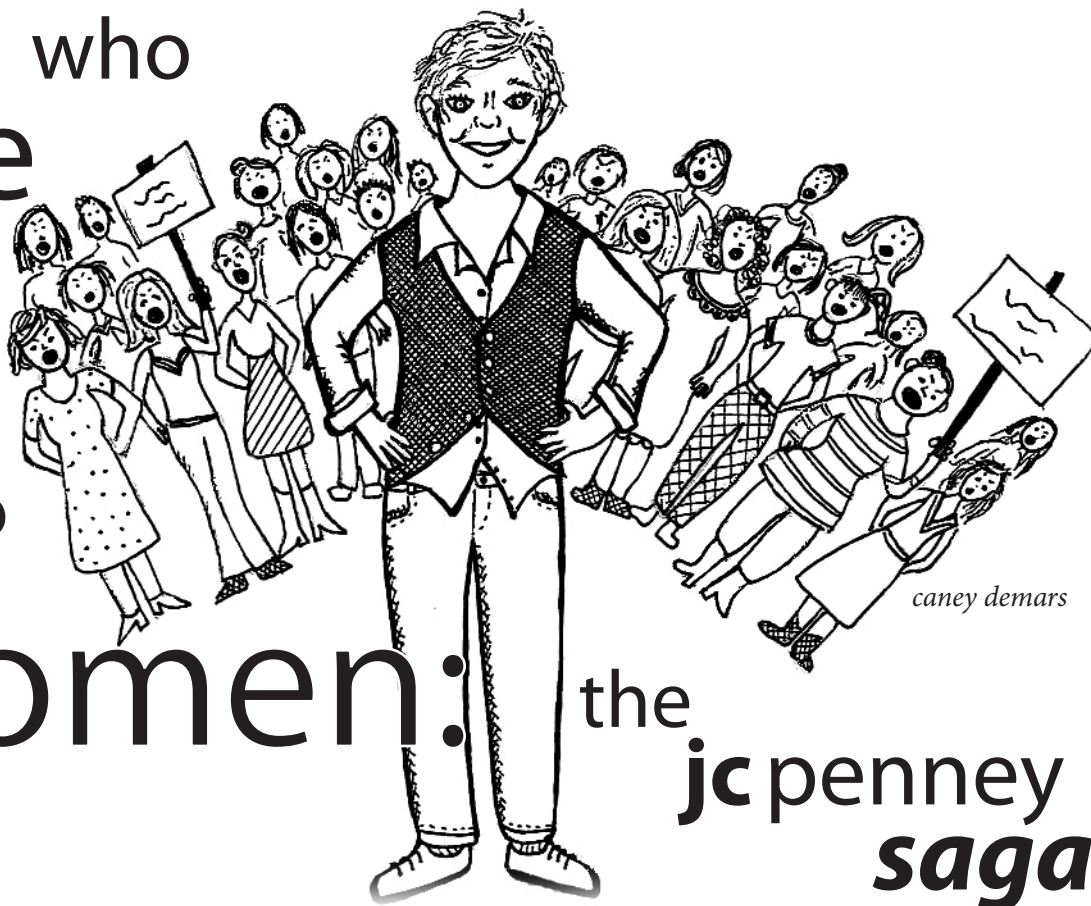
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

women who hate women who love women:



the jc penney saga

by lizcantrell

There's no possible way anyone could find JC Penney insulting, unless you have a particular dislike for rayon or polyester. It's kind of like the less-fashionable younger sibling of Macy's: selling ribbed sweaters, pleated pants, and inspired patio decor at bargain-basement prices. One goes to JC Penney to get a cheap-ass bedazzled prom dress and BOGO Fruit of the Loom undies. What's offensive about that?

Recently, JC Penney, store of zero consequence, sparked some controversy after it decided to hire Ellen DeGeneres as its new spokesperson. She's funny, relatable, and kind of reminds you of your favorite Aunt. What's the problem, you ask? She's gay.

An organization called One Million Moms spoke out against JC Penney's decision, throwing a bigoted punch at Ellen by posting on its Facebook page that JC Penney was, "jumping on the pro-gay bandwagon" and that "the majority of JC Penney shoppers will be offended and choose to no longer shop there." According to this group, flocks of budget-savvy moms will soon be abandoning the clearance aisle, dropping their half-off Guess purses and window treatments as they flee the scene of

homosexuality. The group concluded their assault with, "Degeneres [sic] is not a true representation of the type of families who shop at the retailer."

I call bullshit. If anything, Ellen's approachable and good-natured personality is probably a lot like the people that frequent the store. Ellen wears slacks. Moms who shop at JC Penney wear slacks. Ellen is middle aged and dyes her hair. Ditto for the moms. I don't see why the group thinks JC Penny would lose business by hiring El-

recently, jc penney, store of zero consequence, sparked some controversy after it decided to hire ellen degeneres as its new spokesperson

len to do some modeling and a couple of well-placed TV spots. Ellen has a lot of appeal, and if she is sporting their clothes or using their gear, I suspect JC Penny would actually see an increase in profits. I mean, if Ellen is rocking a charcoal turtleneck, I want that turtleneck. If Ellen tells me that the newest KitchenAid mixer will change my life, then I'm going to start whipping up lemon meringue pies like I'm Martha Stewart (I'll skip the part where I get pinged for illegal stock trading and get put on house

arrest.) If that weren't enough, the woman has thirteen Emmys and a huge fan base. She's delivered commencement addresses, and Hillary Clinton even named her a Special Envoy for Global AIDS Awareness, whatever that means.

Ellen is fucking awesome, plain and simple. Thankfully, lots of people agree, and have unleashed a significant backlash against One Million Moms. Ellen's supporters on Facebook now outnumber those who "like" One Million Moms. Ultimately, JC Penney stuck by its decision to hire Ellen. As Ellen reminds us, the Pillsbury DoughBoy is actually a more controversial spokesperson because he "runs around without any pants on basically begging people to poke his belly."

One Million Moms is not just another example of bat-shit crazy organizations targeting people for their sexuality. Their crusade against Ellen is part of the somewhat ridiculous idea that major media figures are solely responsible for ruining kids' values. The organization's website declares, "Our goal is to stop the exploitation of our children, especially by the entertainment media... OneMillionMoms.com is the most powerful tool you have to stand against the immorality, violence, vulgarity and profanity the entertainment media is throwing at your children."

... read the rest on page 6

why your .edu email address is prime

by phoebefooks

Say what you will about fast food, indoor plumbing, plastic surgery, nuclear energy, sanitary water, or four loko, but free shipping is by far the best advancement of modern developed society. When an item can be purchased with absolutely no required energy or extra cost, you say to yourself "there is no reason that I shouldn't buy this, so I will." Bam, fewer than two weeks later your brand new blu-ray box set of all three Harold and Kumar movies is sitting on your doorstep. Ours is a world of convenience.

So are you ready to hear something awesome? A few days ago my friend told me that any student with a .edu email address can sign up for Amazon Prime, for free, for a limited time. Amazon Prime offers free two-day shipping on select items, which range from textbooks to vinyls, from authentic Raybans to fisheye lenses that can clip on smartphones, from nose rings to ski goggles, from ramen to laptop covers that can turn your Apple logo into the cover of The Giving Tree. There is no minimum order amount to qualify for free shipping. The catch is that your membership expires in 6 months and after that you have the option to pay a pretty significantly reduced annual price for a regular Amazon Prime account. All good things must come to an end (sorry, Pats) but that doesn't mean you shouldn't take advantage of this dope deal. (I realize I'm starting to sound like a car salesman but I swear to the honest gods of frugality that Amazon isn't paying me to write this.) The optimal time I would recommend to sign up for Amazon Student is at the beginning of next semester so that you can order your textbooks at prices significantly lower than the bookstore's—even without the free shipping; then further cash in on Amazon Student by selling your books back using the trade-in service.

As college students we are constantly amidst the downpour of discounts and deals, most of which make us end up spending more than we normally would, i.e. get five dollars off when you drop one hundred bucks at insert expensive clothing store here ("Oh, because you spend \$100 at Life is Good eryday!") Amazon Prime is unlike these scams in that it can save you hundreds of dollars FORREAL on stuff you would have bought anyway.

Money is awesome and pretty soon the world is going to explode and money won't be awesome anymore so I encourage you

... read the rest on page 4

get inside me:

the watchmen by joshhegarty

uvm headlines by gregfrancesse

text lingo by shannonward

movie stars makin' music by juliendarmoni

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

letter from the editors

Hey friends. Dan and Megan here. We're the editors-in-chief. We just wanted to check in with you, *the reader*. How are you? Are you holding up okay? How's your semester? How's the cute student in your Psych class? Still giving you eyes? Are you still giving eyes to them? That's the real question.

Anyway, here at **the water tower**, there are some big changes afoot in the next year or so. Editors leaving, editors coming back, editors editing, editors laughing, staff members playing intense games of foursquare, artists drinking Minute Maid juice and giggling like people who just heard a really really juicy rumor. Lots of people are doing lots of things, and we want you to do things with us.

We'll be honest with you, we love you all. And we want you. To write. Or draw. Or help with laying this bad boy out every weekend. So... what'll it be? Do you like writing about music? Fashion? Food?! Are you an Adobe InDesign fiend? Do you notice all the misspellings and grammar problems in the paper and wonder to yourself, "How can I help make **the water tower** better?" If you answered yes to any of those questions, or if you're just bored on a Tuesday sometime, come to a meeting! Maybe you'll be an editor one day!

Love always, Dan Suder and Megan Kelley

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with julietcritsimilios

UTTs- Snooki has recently been complaining about this terrible infection that has afflicted many a woman. Urinary Tract Infections are common, and can be treated by a simple and short course of antibiotics. To be safe, if you have one and still insist on drinking during the 3 or so days you're on the medicine (3 DAYS?!?!), make sure it's at least a Cranberry Vodka.

Sarah Palin- Who knows if Sarah Palin is still a "real" politician, still loves grizzly bears, or still wants to run for office? She keeps taunting us with hints of a Presidential run and we're all still guessing, terrified yet amused. Maybe we all suck for still giving her the attention she doesn't deserve. And a reality show.

That Girl on the Office- I don't even know the name of the girl on the office that is trying to break up Jim and Pam, but I will seriously cut her if she thinks that evil plot to destroy all that is holy with the Halpert's is going to fly with me.

Chris Brown fans on Twitter that say that he can "beat them up any day"-I just can't even begin...

UVM Sickness- Apparently a bunch of you have been vomiting and pooping your brains out enough to get UVM to send a mass message out to me. I think I speak for all second semester seniors when I say the only time I want to be doing either of those things is because I (un)intentionally drank too much on a weekday.

the news in brief vanilla ice

with jamesaglio

"I didn't end up going bankrupt... I made some great investments and I held on to my money, which also enables me to have the freedom to do what I want now. But it's not about finances. No matter what, it's about keeping it real."

-**Vanilla Ice.** If there is one thing Vanilla Ice has taught me that will stay with me throughout the ages, it is how to properly handle my finances and thereby lead a successful, free life, not to mention keep it real.

"I got caught up on drugs for a few years, I'm off it, I'm very happy, got two kids and a family and everything. And like I said I'm making the underground music, and keeping it real."

-**Vanilla Ice.** I used to think drugs were more important than family values, but then Vanilla Ice schooled me on keeping it real, and I haven't looked back since.

"I just kept it real and had the freedom to do what I want. It's not designed for any age group. It's not made for radio. There are no edits. The whole album contains explicit lyrics but that's because you need it."

-**Vanilla Ice.** It is a little known fact that only through profanity can real be kept. Vanilla Ice taught me that through the way he does not edit his music before releasing it, and it has changed my life.

"My prediction is that y'all gonna hate on the style we create, straight 2008."

-**Vanilla Ice.** What?

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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Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
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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.

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uvm.edu/~watertwr

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who's reading the watchmen?

by joshhegarty

Be forewarned; this piece is about comic books. Sometime around 1985, DC Comics (Which actually stands for Detective Comics Comics), the publishing company behind *Superman* and *Batman*, acquired the rights to a slew of characters previously owned by Charlton Comics (including one I really enjoy, *The Question*, a detective with no face). At the time, Alan Moore, an up and coming British comic book author and his friend Dave Gibbons were tasked with writing a story to introduce these characters into the DC canon. They came up with a story that would have left nearly all of them either dead or unable to be used any further for various reasons, but the story was so powerful that DC executives decided to let them make it anyway - with the caveat that they create their own characters. Thus, The Comedian, Rorschach, Dr. Manhattan, Ozymandias, Silk Spectre and Nite Owl, the cast of *Watchmen*, were born.

Watchmen was set in an alternative time line of the United States in 1985, after Nixon used the power of an actual superhuman to win the Vietnam war and rode his wave of adoration into a repeal of the 22nd amendment, leaving him as president all the way into 1985. It tells a gritty, violent story about Cold War ideology in America and the measures it seemed capable of driving people towards in the name of peace. It deconstructs the very idea of the superhero, and shows us how insane and broken a person would truly have to be to think that they are both capable of and honor-

bound to save the world. It makes cutting commentaries about the very nature of the comic book medium's change from a place for almost absurdist horror fiction into a theater where super-powered buffoons in tights used violence to solve problems and the role of women was just to be sexualized. *Watchmen* is widely regarded as one of the greatest works of the medium and Alan Moore, while a cantankerous, borderline

big check.

Given Moore's relationship with the company, it should be clear that he wouldn't have wanted any sort of continuation made out of his work. But just this month, DC Comics has announced something like 40 issues across 7 series of prequels under the banner *Before Watchmen*. Many people are unhappy about this, but it is doing nothing to deter the company or the public attitude

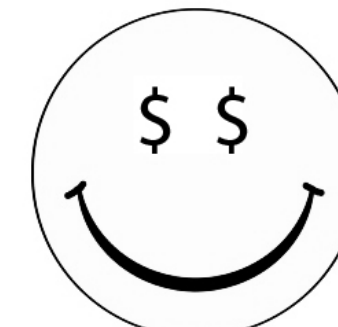
"watchmen is widely regarded as one of the greatest works of the medium and alan moore, while a cantankerous, borderline insane man, is very much thought of as one of the best comic book authors of all time"

insane man, is very much thought of as one of the best comic book authors of all time.

Moore signed a contract which led him to believe that the rights to *Watchmen* and all of the characters that he and Gibbons co-created would be given to them as soon as DC ended publication. However, the series made so much money for the company that they have decided to never cease publication. Feeling betrayed and cheated by this and later moves made by DC and Marvel comics, Moore has retreated to more independent creator-owned and -controlled comics. And he has always been angry whenever the topic of *Watchmen* was brought up to him. In fact, he was so angry with DC that when they made a film out of his creation, he refused to be credited as a creator, which also meant that he refused a

of the creative teams assigned to each book. But if so many people are mad, and if the one person whose blessing they ought to have is so against it, why are they doing this?

It's an easy answer: the comic book industry's sales have been spiraling downward for years. Due to up to 80 years of convoluted back stories, it can be incredibly hard to acquire new fans while still pleasing the old ones. Characters die, come back, get new back-stories, get darker, get more sexualized, get rebooted so that none of this matters... and then the cycle repeats. The point is, they don't want to tell stories worth telling. They want to tell stories that get people talking because that's what drives sales. And that's why *Before Watchmen* is happening. *Watchmen* was such an



malcolm valaitis

iconic and high quality story that no matter how good the prequels might be, they won't be able to make it better. But they are getting people to talk, so DC is going to make a quick, shameless, buck off this.

In case this wasn't clear, Alan Moore has no legal right to stop this. No one does, except for DC's lawyers. And it fits into the exact marketing strategy that they've been using almost since *Watchmen* was made to sell these. But it shows a fundamental disrespect to the people who work hard to put out stories worth reading, to readers who want to be challenged and captivated by the medium, and to the very nature of storytelling. In an industry that values cheap, shameless, disrespectful entertainment over respect for artists and consumers, it's probably a good thing that sales are down. In a world where *Before Watchmen* sounds like a good idea, maybe it's time the whole industry changes direction. ■

hershey's, snickers, or plan b?

by kerrymartin

I think we can all agree that college is not a place for babies. I'm not talking about whiny, immature students who bitch about doing laundry and cry about sharing bathrooms; somehow they manage to get by. I'm talking about actual babies. How am I supposed to rip a bong (I mean, smoke tobacco from my water-pipe) when I've got a kid who wants food and needs to be taken care of all day? And with whom am I supposed to take shots if all the chicks are seven months pregnant? No babies.

Shippensburg University knows this. That's why they surveyed their six thousand students two years ago, and when 85% answered that they'd support the sale of Plan B emergency contraception on campus, Ship put a pharmaceutical vending machine in its health center—accessible by students only—that sells condoms, pregnancy tests, and 350 to 400 doses of Plan B per year at \$25 apiece. (Compare that to its price at CVS, Rite-Aid, and most other pharmacies: a cool \$39.99.) This vending machine had operated free of publicity and controversy until about two weeks ago, when the media heard about it and started a wildfire.

It's now the topic of thousands of articles and editorials inside and outside the United States, and it's making social conservatives and clergymen grumpy on an international level. However, even before this vending machine made the news, the school had taken all precautions to keep its sale of Plan B politically correct: they made sure that all university students were at least 17, the required age to buy the drug in Pennsylvania; no public or student funds were put towards stocking the vending machine; and all students could read medical information or talk to a health care provider before purchasing the drug.

The policy still has some adamant critics, but Ship is taking all the heat for something that's happening

in many other universities across the country. While Ship's Plan B vending machine is the only one of its kind in the United States, the school is certainly not the only one to offer emergency contraception to its students. Our own UVM Women's Health Clinic sells the drug for \$25 without appointment. (However, it sells birth control only with an outside prescription, and all pregnancy tests are lab tests set up by appointment).

A major argument against the accessibility of Plan B is that students will abuse their privilege, have frequent, unprotected sex, and rely on emergency contraception as birth control. But what college student is seriously going to pay \$25 every time they want good sex? They're going to WRAP IT UP with the free condoms that every RA, student organization, and nervous mother shoves down their throats. But people make mistakes, and now that the Burlington bus no longer stops at Rite-Aid, maybe a pharmaceutical vending machine would be a hit at this school, in this state, where we wouldn't exactly have mobs of gun-wielding evangelicals battering down the doors of the Davis Center in protest. The Women's Health Clinic values confidentiality, sporting a sign that reads "To ensure privacy, please wait a courteous distance from the person currently being served." A vending machine is about as quick, easy, and confidential as possible, and buying a pregnancy test from one is certainly more confidential than taking time out of your day to go to the clinic and get tested.

The press needs to cut Shippensburg University some slack. Call me a radical, but I think it's pretty honorable for a school to try to prevent student pregnancy. College is a time for growing up while making some baby-like mistakes on the way; when you've got a real baby, the stakes for these mistakes are higher. More vending machines. No babies. ■

misquotation of the week



"There are extra-absorbent maxi pads, and then there are THESE maxi pads, nahmean?"

- Sir Elton John

around town.



well, that hit my spot

by julietcritsimilios

By the end of every UVMers first year, they know breakfast spots in Burlington like the back of their hand. Most places have decent food with extremely long lines (we're looking at you, Pennycluse) and sometimes the food is overpriced for something that is un-original. If I wanted a dank bacon egg and cheese I would go to Henry Street Deli, and I would pay significantly less there.

Enter: The Spot. Apparently this place has been around for a bit, I just never knew about it. After my roommates urged me and my "high brunch standards" to try it, I went to what seemed to be (and what I later found out actually was) an old gas station that looked sketchy and weird. But I went in anyway, and was pleasantly surprised.

Let's start with the bloody Mary. If I'm going to brunch, it's probably because I'm hung-over as fuck and I want good food and a drink dressed in socially appropriate attire to be consumed at 11am. The spot's bloody was unreal-just enough spice and kick to it that I instantly felt like half of a human being again. It was a good sign.

The menu and feel of The Spot is surfer-chic. There are photos of riders dropping in on massive waves, shells on the table, and cool ocean-themed paint colors along with a tiki-bar and surf board right when you walk in to the place. That's definitely something Burlington is lacking—a themed place that isn't overdone or cheesy. Everyone likes themes (you can't tell me you don't get excited for most theme parties) and The Spot helps you get in the "cool dude" mindset.

Then they put our food on the table and it was cowabunga kablamo. I got the Ole, which is kind of like a breakfast burrito but it's served open faced so you can see all the goodness that is in the meal before you eat it. I also got the Jalama (I was hungry!) which is a bagel, also served open faced, served with cream cheese, lox, tomatoes, capers and onions. Both were amazing. The bagel was good, especially for Burlington, and the lox were fresh. The Ole was unreal-since it was served open faced there was more room for more ingredients, so I was really full after eating it. There was guac and sour cream, bacon and eggs with cheese, and I also doused it with The Spot's signature Pineapple hot sauce-they make it there and it is so tangy and spicy and perfect. They bottle and sell it too, which I plan on taking full advantage of. The menu also pointed out that most of the ingredients they use are local, which is probably why everything was so delicious. Plus, it's always good to support local produce.

After I stuffed my face, our bill came and it didn't break the bank. With the drinks, and the cost of my friends who ate with me (no, I did not go alone), it was a cheap breakfast that filled me up. We also stayed and talked for a while, since there wasn't a looming presence of people waiting to take our seats at the door.

The atmosphere was awesome and the food was great and really reasonably priced. After going to The Spot I checked their website-they're open for lunch and dinner, and the menu for dinner looks as good (maybe even better) than the breakfast/lunch menu. They also have awesome events like wine pairing nights, and have a wing special every Wednesday. And, if you still have it somewhere in your room, the coupon book has a BOGO deal with them. The only downside is that it's on route 7, so you need a car to get there unless you want to make the walk. It's worth it though, for good drinks and even better food. Would I go back to try the dinner menu, or to revisit the brunch menu? Totally, dude. ■

coffee & a cookie

a review of henderson's 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: Henderson's Café, Third Floor of the Dudley H. Davis Center: 12:16

with calebdemers

Professionalism is a dying art in our generation. The ever-scandalous peak at the cell phone or a casual swipe of a finger across a snotty nose is almost common practice for the service workers of our time. I was even in an unnamed café a several months back and an unwelcoming barista responding to my request for ketchup with a sneer and: "What would we have in this place that you would put ketchup on?" Seemingly off topic? No, ketchup can go on anything and should be readily available at every vendor of edibles.

That being said, Henderson's requests, nay, demands professionalism standards from their baristas. It may seem that they are even brutally professional. The barista walks with a crutch and holds a beautiful composer whilst doing so. With a constant smile she maintained her trained status; disregarding our mutual friendship is all the more remarkable while she hands me my receipt. I am already impressed.

I request a simple looking cookie and make my way over to the coffee. Today is the day to close my eyes and let fate decide what type of coffee I get. Unfortunately, I land on decaf so I choose the one next to that. It is a blend of beans from the far reaching forests of Cambodia, Colombia, and Kenya among others. But like all things 2012 it is still a blend. Think about it: Mayans and Wicans agreeing on the apocalypse, Skrillex & Bon Iver both winning Grammy's, spring weather mingling with winter months.

Anyway, Henderson's is the perfect place to go and try to do your homework. Unfortunately, the television playing muted news channels along with the line of students in those precious minutes between classes is comparable to the line for a quickly-emptying keg at a basement party. Furthermore, the amount of ladies in long North Face puffy coats and MacBooks is almost comical. It is like they give out these fashionable items with the free newspapers as you walk through the door.

What really makes this place disconcerting is the terrifyingly blurry boundary that separates the café from the UVM Bookstore that enforces strict anti-backpack rules. What, may I ask, stops an unknowing student from wandering into the bookstore only to know that they will be assaulted by lofty UVM Bookstore employees? I cannot imagine a worse scenario when a student walks unawares with coffee and cookie in hand backpack strapped and bumps into a shelf causing, for lack of a better word, MAYHEM.

Speaking of the coffee and cookie: decent. I say this because the coffee is great and the cookie is not. As an English major I know, by using the averaging property, that they are a collective of decent. I mean the cookie is alright but what I did without my knowledge is bought a cookie with raisins in it. Not okay. What would change this and make it all the more better?

Ketchup. Alas, Henderson's doesn't have any. ■

breaking news: headlines from around YOUR campus

by gregfrancese

Students "not really surprised" University Burns Money For Heat

In what appears to be the latest attempt by the University to promote greater transparency by the administration, officials have revealed that since 1985, tuition checks have been burned to heat several buildings on campus. A University spokeswoman said that over 25 years ago the University broke even on its finances and stopped cashing tuition checks and other forms of payment. With all of the money accumulating, she further explained, they decided to start burning the money to heat Waterman and other buildings on campus. As buildings were expanded and renovated it became "increasingly sensible" to burn more money, requiring tuition hikes to pay for the higher demand. Students, like sophomore Sam Blacksmith, agree with the University's decision to burn money for heat: "I'm not really surprised by this at all. I think this proves that UVM is committed to keeping our money local." Another student, senior Lisabeth Fern, says she'd rather see the money burn money for heat than on sidewalk and building improvements. "Though I have been critical of the ways UVM has spent money in the past, I'm finally under the impression UVM is spending its money more wisely." University officials hope that future tuition hikes will allow all buildings on campus to be heated by burning money by 2017.

Student Finds Chicken in Vegan Chili. Later Found Out To Be a Finger.

A student eating at the Cook Commons dining hall last week was surprised to find what he initially thought was a piece of chicken in his vegan chili. Further investigation revealed, however, that the piece of chicken was actually a finger belonging to a disgruntled former Dining Services employee. Ben Filberg, the student who found the finger, said that "it was kind of [expletive] up" but that he wouldn't stop coming to Cook Commons. "I really can't hold it against them because it could've happened just as easily at the Grundle or Simpson." A statement from University Dining Services apologized for the mix up. "We deeply regret our mistake in allowing the finger to make its way into the vegan chili. We hope that students at UVM remember that UDS is committed to providing a high quality and unique experience for all."

UVM to Drop Blackboard Service and Use Facebook Instead

In an attempt to combat declining participation in class, professors are being urged to incorporate Facebook into their lectures starting next semester. Facebook features including Chat, Groups, and Events will allow professors to connect with their students at a level they could never previously do. Chat, Facebook's instant messaging application, will allow students to ask questions during the lecture and get real time answers. Professors will also be able to post assignment deadlines and exam dates as events. Additionally, students will be able to post their assignments to their professors' walls. Groups will allow everyone to stay connected outside of class. I. Jones, a professor in Anthropology admitted that because students are already "spending the entire lecture on Facebook" it makes the most sense to reach out to students in this manner. The University hopes to completely replace the "antiquated and inefficient" Blackboard service by the end of next year. The success of this change will determine whether or not the University will go ahead with plans to replace iClickers with Internet check-in service Four Square.

In An Effort to Encourage Diversity on Campus, University to Mandate That Syllabi Be Printed in English and Spanish

After years of falsely touting it was a diverse campus, the University has decided to aggressively pursue diversity in other ways. Starting next year, all syllabi must be bilingual. This new policy comes amid decades of strong growth of non-white student enrollment at UVM. From 1960 to 2010 the percentage of non-white students enrolled rose from .0021% to 1.34%. To encourage continued growth of non-white students, the University has in recent years committed itself to more "diversity-friendly" policies such as offering more representative food options such as New World Tortilla and Sukhi's Indian Food. As a result, students are now more likely to know words from other cultures such as "burrito" and "naan." The mandatory bilingual syllabus policy is the newest of these policies and hopefully will introduce new vocabulary to students. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



Kornbread (noun): the unofficial king of Burlington. If you haven't heard of him, you can't afford him.

the worst bar in burlington, (don't really) or why i^hate going to drink

by colbynixon

You hop out of bed on a Sunday morning and meet up with your running buddy, not exactly your closest friend, but someone who is willing to do 7-8 miles on a Sunday morning. Chances are this guy doesn't drink, but you do, so you've got to shake off the cobwebs with some small talk. "So what'd you do last night?" you ask, only half caring, because you already know what the answer is going to be. He replies with his standard cookie cutter answer, "I stayed in with (insert girlfriend's name-probably like Meg or Kate) and watched (insert latest Pixar film), it was cool." You nod, and think, "they probably followed it up with some crazy weird sex, but before you can get too far into that scenario, he interrupts this disturbing image by asking what you did last night. You reply offhand, "I went to Drink." The conversation then proceeds something like this, him- "that's cool, where'd you go?" You- "You know, to Drink, down next to the Hempest and American Flatbread." Him- "Neat, but what's the bar called?" "Drink, but that was only after we went to the Other Place." "What other place?" "You know, the Other Place, down by Radio Bean." "Oh, you mean the OP?" This is followed by some awkward silence as you try to process what just played out. Granted, both drinking establishments do have names that could generate some confusion, but the big difference is that I hate myself every time I pass through its front door. To the right are the biggest reasons I hate Drink, yet find myself there nearly every weekend:

- 1. It's a yuppie bar.** So much so, that I think people actually change out of their real work clothes to change into suits just to go out to Drink- I mean, who the hell do they think they are, Barney Stinson?
- 2. Connect Four.** If I wanted to get drunk playing a game, I'd bust out some Steel Reserve and Risk and get wasted for about \$30 cheaper than if I had gone to Drink.
- 3. The paintings.** Actually, I take that back, the paintings are pretty cool, and a great way for local artists to get their name out.
- 4. Overpriced drinks.** Yes, I know they have their \$5 LIT Fridays, and \$2 PBR Thursdays, but Finnigan's and Ake's have \$1 PBR Thursdays. The other night my friend bought a round of shots for four people for a grand total of \$25.
- 5. It's Pretentious.** Go in there, and you'll see what I mean.

The thing is, I guess deep down, I really do like Drink. The service is actually really good, that bartender with the shaved head makes a killer White Russian, the couches are extremely comfortable, and you always run into people you know, which is half the reason I go out to bars most nights anyway. So, ok, Drink is not that bad- at least it's not the Half Lounge. ■

dear blank, please blank.

by robintucker

Dear TV shows errywhere, Sooo, now you just make episodes whenever you feel like it? Sincerely, there used to be this thing called consistency...

Dear Landlord, Your unannounced apartment showings are not appreciated. Sincerely, I could have been naked, or worse...

Dear art class, Why are you the one keeping me up until I am on Monday? Sincerely, I thought we had a deal...

Dear Megavideo, Please come back to me. 3am drunk feasting is so lonely without you. Sincerely, TV show fiend with no cable.

Dear UVM affiliate, Organizing evenly gendered groups? Tsk tsk. Sincerely, you should know by now.

Dear Lily Loveless, Thanks for finally showing up in my dreams, you're welcome anytime. Sincerely, #addictedtoskins

Dear Raspy's, Do you offer frequent flyer discounts? Sincerely, I think I deserve it.

Dear Facebook Timeline, Please, spare me! I'll never complain again! Sincerely, #facebooklove/hate ■

SATIRE STYX & by collincappelle



Amazon Prime - continued from page 1

all to exploit the hell out of this opportunity, just like those of us on the points meal plan do when we swipe our way in to a dining hall. Enjoy your cheap shit, folks. Learn the ways of Amazon prime and stop complaining about being a "broke college student" because you blew all your savings on three snowboards and a shit ton of Natty freshman year. ■

reflections.

ELLEN—continued from page 1

That’s all well and good, except that in this situation, One Million Moms has the wrong target. Ellen’s humor is not vulgar or profane. Her show does not feature violence or discuss issues in a way that threatens the innocence of children. She voice-acted Dory from *Finding Nemo* for Christ’s sake! What’s more family than that? One Million Moms’ beef rests solely with her sexuality, which is not a part of her TV show. Watching a lesbian talk about a book of the month, chat with celebrities, or give away gifts to her audience is not going to make your children gay. But they probably will learn about values like integrity, charity, and sincerity. Oh, the horror! Yes, there are some inappropriate things on the airwaves, but Ellen is not one of them.

Additionally, One Million Moms forgets that the most powerful tool against the shit media throws at their kids is, wait for it, the moms! And dads! Yes, parents! If people don’t want their kids to get corrupted

by the big bad wolf of TV, then maybe they could encourage different viewing programs besides *The Bad Girls Club*. Or they could try talking to their kids and remind them that what they see isn’t always real or that TV is primarily trying to make money, not promote values. If parents really wanna sack up, then they should be encouraging people like Ellen, who achieved her success in a respectful and hardworking manner. She didn’t get anything handed to her and she didn’t take cheap shots to get to the top. Amen, Ellen.

One Million Moms and other organizations like it should take their ridiculous agendas and go pick on somebody else, like the creepy guy dressed as the sun from the Jimmy Dean Sausage commercials, or that fucking annoying woman Flo from Progressive. Leave Ellen, her frosted hair and her general awesomeness alone and let the rest of us enjoy watching her show. ■

the five stages of car grief

by jonathanfranqui

After enduring the blistering cold of Vermont winters for the last two years, I’ve come to a pretty simple conclusion: it sucks. Nobody enjoys the rushing sensation of wind piercing your soul and leaving you void of heat or any desire to ever leave your home. This winter, however, was supposed to be different. My sister had left to go live in China, and handed me the keys of her faithful Subaru Forester Hatchback. I will admit, this particular car isn’t the kind of panty-dropper most guys dream of having, but if it keeps my manhood from receding into my groin, I consider it to be a win. When I made my journey from home back into the freezing embrace of Vermont, I had high hopes; this car and I were going to make winter our bitch. Unfortunately, my cocky attitude was swiftly crushed when my car began stalling or simply not starting. This has happened on several occasions throughout my brief relationship with my hatchback, and I have been consumed by an ailment I can only describe as car grief. Funnily enough, my emotions follow a similar route as the five stages of grief that has been popularized by shrinks and breakups everywhere.

Denial is the first stage of this ailment, and it is probably the most drawn out of them all. Everyone is familiar with that whining noise coupled with the flickering lights of the dashboard, which is the most obvious indicator that your car is having trouble starting. It is pretty common knowledge that if you have failed to start your car by the third attempt, you’d probably be better off calling AAA. And yet, I chose to sit in the driver’s seat, pray to a God I don’t really believe in, and try upwards of 30 times to get my car going. Of course I always fail, but I cannot help but become consumed by the idea that my car is in fine condition and will work if I jiggle the key just right.

It takes about ten minutes for this state of denial to wash away and be replaced by anger. De-

pending on how urgent my need for the Subaru is, my anger can range from hitting the steering wheel a couple of times to screaming at the top of my lungs at a frozen hunk of steel. I imagine these are not the healthiest of habits, but hell, I’m sure you’ve all punched your pillow because it wasn’t comfortable enough or screamed at some piece of furniture which you stubbed a toe on, so cast your judgmental eyes elsewhere. Once I’ve had a good long venting session, I generally begin to calm down and head into the next stage of car grief: bargaining.

As a college student, I really don’t have much to offer whatever imaginary entity I am attempting to bargain with. That being said, this stage is generally the shortest as I run down the few valuable possessions I have: a grinder, an Xbox, a pair of Ray Bans, and my dignity. My most frequent offering tends to be my dignity, because there is no way in hell I’m going to break up weed by hand or give up my slightly disturbing obsession with Skyrim.

After this, I generally end up in the depression phase. Occasionally I feel like weeping, but I am scared my tears will freeze on contact with the frigid air. I generally hit the recliner on my chair, stare out the sunroof (or attempt to, as most of the time it is glazed over with frost) and reflect on how shitty my life is. Yes, I realize I am being melodramatic, but by this point I have wasted around a half an hour of time, and without my car, I will most likely be late to wherever I am going.

Finally, I decide to stop acting like a kicked puppy and accept that my car is not going to be leaving the driveway anytime soon. I gather my belongings, and begin walking to campus. During a journey that eats away at my soul, I reflect on how that Subaru is the embodiment of false promises. It is somewhat akin to waking up on Christmas morning as a child only to find Santa giving you the middle finger and leaving without laying out any gifts. That Subaru is Santa, and I hear his mad cackles off in the distance as I walk, or run, to campus. ■

let’s talk about tea

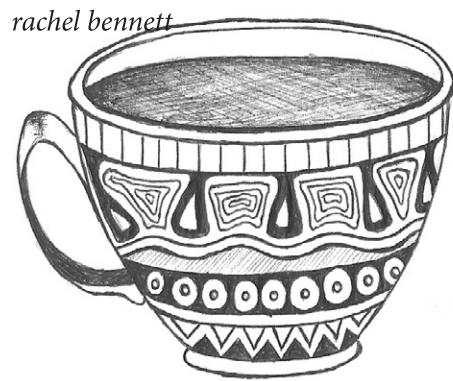
by rachelbennett

Every morning, we are faced with a choice. This choice can set the tone for the entire day, and you must think long and hard before you decide: coffee or tea? While I am an avid coffee drinker, I want to make a tribute to tea. Tea is a pretty incredible substance, and there is something about a steaming cup of hot water and steeping leaves that warms the soul in a certain way that coffee doesn’t.

Have you ever stared into a cup of tea? Have you looked down at the golden liquid and inhaled the sweet fumes, feeling the warmth seep into your hands through the cup? It’s a quiet moment that lets you enjoy the tea without thinking of anything else.

This spiritual quality of tea comes from its long history and ancient origins in China, where Buddhists used tea in their religious ceremonies. These ceremonies took place in secluded rooms separated from the rest of the chaotic world, and the purpose of consuming tea was to nurture peace and simplicity.

Tea eventually became the English national drink, and now people in England have teatime. At roughly 4 pm every day, everything stops so that people can take a break to have a cup of tea and a biscuit and rest in a moment of tea-induced meditation. Doesn’t that sound freaking great? A specific time reserved to get comfy with a cup of tea and something tasty? The British know what’s up. While Americans frantically chug cups of coffee at random points throughout the day in order to make it through hours of classes or 9-5 jobs, the Brits are sitting on their royal asses enjoying a scone.



rachel bennett

aching head and scratchy throat, because it contains powers beyond material substance.

There are some pretty crazy plants out there, and some wild teas made out of them. For instance, Yerba Mate is a type of tea that gives increased alertness and energy, as well as containing a large amount of vitamins and antioxidants that are great for your health. Kava is a natural sedative that when consumed in various amounts can either put you into a deep sleep or leave you feeling distressed, calm and sociable (kind of

like being high). Kombucha is fermented tea that is great for your skin and immune system; however, some Kombucha teas are only sold for people 21+ because the fermentation creates mild levels of alcohol in the tea (ok, America, try to stop underage drinking through tea...). And that’s just the tip of the iceberg; there are hundreds of different teas in the world, each with its own benefits and effects (Peyote tea anyone?).

For tea enthusiasts in the Burlington area, there is the lovely teashop Dobrá Tea on Church Street downtown. Going to Dobrá Tea should be on your list of things-to-do before you graduate from UVM; it has a serene, authentic atmosphere, and a menu of teas that you have probably never heard of, but will sip in blissful joy. However, if you are too lazy to walk downtown, then you can buy a hot water heater for pretty cheap and have tea parties in your dorm room all day er’y day! Just snag some teabags from one of the dining halls, make some tiny cucumber sandwiches, and you’re good to go!

Each morning my choice between coffee and tea is easy: I choose coffee. That’s addiction for ya. However, perhaps due to my English heritage, some afternoons a little voice in my head (speaking in a British accent) says “hey, some tea would really hit the spot right now,” and every time, without fail, drinking tea makes me smile. So all of you coffee drinkers out there should give peace-of-mind a chance instead of HOLY-SHIT-I’M-WIRED, and have a cup of tea. ■

millie fillie and other obscure commanders in chief:

by lizcantrell

President’s Day is, like, a big fucking deal. If you just read that sentence and thought “yeah, totally,” then you’re either an obnoxious Poli Sci nerd or just really good at lying to yourself. President’s Day is mostly celebrated as a day off, rather than a time to pay respect to those who have served in the nation’s highest office. Why would we, anyway? They have libraries built in their names after they leave office, they get Secret Service protection fo’ life, and they get to deliver a shit ton of commencement addresses. What more could they ask for, a whole effing day in their name?! Why yes, actually, they can. They know the nuke codes, they’ve seen evidence of what really happened in Area 51 and they know that Nick Cage was right about the Declaration of Independence (shit, did I just blow their cover?!). These illustrious men deserve our full admiration and gratitude.

But since it’s intellectually and culturally trendy to shit on politicians rather than thank them for their service, I’ve compiled a list of five of the most unimpressive, strangest, or downright boring presidents in American history. Here’s the shit you didn’t learn in high school: **Shortest Term Ever: William Henry Harrison, March 4, 1841 – April 4, 1841-** This guy was in office for a whole 30 days before he croaked from pneumonia, granting him the distinction of having the shortest term in U.S. history. Yes, that’s correct, he was president for one month. Billy, we hardly knew ya. Ironically, he also delivered the longest inaugural address, which clocked in at a whopping 8,445 words. Perhaps his crowning achievement was that he was the first sitting president to have his photograph taken. Since daguerreotypes were just coming into existence, the photo has that old-timey, faded appearance that Instagram seeks to emulate. Looks like old Billy H was the inspiration for today’s jaded hipsters.

This Guy Was President? : Millard Fillmore, July 9, 1850 – March 4, 1853 - If the name Millard wasn’t bad enough, this gentleman’s lack of presidential accomplishments make it even worse. He supported the Compromise of 1850, which included the Fugitive Slave Act (really, Millie?). He basically did nothing except appoint Brigham Young as the Governor of Utah (this will be important later, so pay attention).

the english language and the rise of text lingo

by shannonward

We’re in college now, and though it may be easy at times to lump middle schoolers into “our generation,” I think it’s time, especially for us upper-classmen, to cut ties with the youngins and admit that we are now older, though perhaps not wiser, than twelve-year-olds.

Twelve-year-olds are part of a completely different culture than we are. They weren’t even born in the nineties! If you started talking to one of them about *Hey Arnold*, they’d probably think that you were talking about Arnold Schwarzenegger. And not the terminator Arnold Schwarzenegger. The *Governor* Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Times have changed, and the youth of today are growing up in a very different world than we did. They don’t remember when Pluto was a planet. They actually know how to use an iPad. And they use text lingo in everyday conversation unironi-

cally. I first noticed this when I was substitute teaching a fifth grade class. The students were asked to write down a three-letter word for friend. I, being in fact smarter than a fifth grader, knew at once that the answer was “pal,” but very few of the

fifth graders than the word “pal” does. Why can’t “bff” be a word? Well, the simple answer to that question is that if “bff” became a word, then “totes,” “lol,” “def,” “rofl,” “lmfao,” “lmnop,” and all those other ridiculous text words would have to become real words, too.

“for the most part, english grammar rules and word pronunciation have remained pretty solid...maybe it’s time for a change.”

students wrote that down. Instead, with conviction, they wrote the letters “bff”

I was appalled. “bff” is not a word. It’s not even a grammatically correct acronym because all the letters are lowercase. It’s an abomination! But is it?

Despite “bff” being completely grammatically incorrect, I still understood exactly what those fifth graders meant. In fact, I know that “bff” actually holds more meaning for those

major ways, using punctuation and other outdated grammatical “rules.” I will say, however, that though I may spell everything correctly when I text, complete with proper use of commas, capitalization, and quotation marks when necessary, I will not think less of people who take a decidedly different path with their non-verbal technological communication. As long as they are understood, then who am I to judge? ■

Maybe it’s time for a change. Maybe our grandchildren will

literally not be able to understand us, since those of us who cling to our language roots will be speaking in full sentences rather than abbreviations and acronyms. Wouldn’t that be awesome? To be deemed the “crazy old babbling grandmother?” I think it’s our destiny, and I think we should just accept it.

So, I guess, in a way, Jeff Foxworthy has got the better of me, and I am indeed not smarter than a fifth grader. I am not up with the times. I am stuck in my English

major ways, using punctuation and other outdated grammatical “rules.” I will say, however, that though I may spell everything correctly when I text, complete with proper use of commas, capitalization, and quotation marks when necessary, I will not think less of people who take a decidedly different path with their non-verbal technological communication. As long as they are understood, then who am I to judge? ■

edit, undo

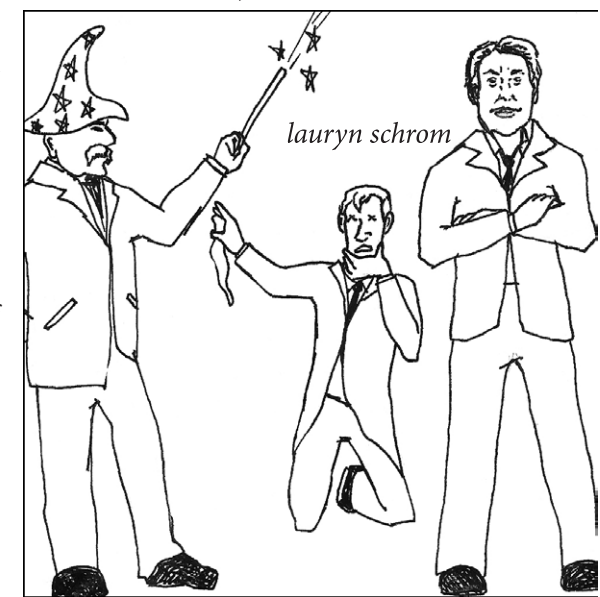
oops...last week jonathanfranqui’s article “why valentine’s day is best spent alone” was cut short. here’s what you didn’t read:

For those of us without a significant other, I have always found it soothing to go to the nearest ATM, withdraw all the money you have, and chuckle softly as you count the cash which will actually go towards something practical. Yet, Saint Valentine’s grants another special privilege to all us single boys and girls... **3. You can Finally Discover if your Crush is Single!** Guys and Girls alike may face the problem of determining whether or not that heart throb in their class this semester is single. Let’s face it, short of blatantly asking them if they are single, it may be difficult to discern whether or not they committed to someone. Valentine’s Day offers you a non obtrusive means of asking an off-the-cuff question about their plans for the night, revealing to you if they are indeed engaged at the moment. Most of the time this works, but some unlucky few will hear an answer to their liking, only to find out later

that the reason their crush is alone on Valentine’s Day is that they are in a long distance relationship. I’m sure the feeling of this revelation is akin to having someone kicking you in the gut, but hell, at least you tried.

I honestly have more reasons why I enjoy being single on Valentine’s Day, but I wouldn’t want to come off as a ranting, cynical critic of love. In actuality, I harbor a small pang of jealousy when Valentine’s Day comes along and I am left to bear it alone. This article is not an attack on those in committed relationships, but merely a few reasons why single people can take some solace in this holiday, admittedly at the expense of the aforementioned lovers. So to all the couples and single people alike, enjoy the holiday! And if you are single, don’t be scared to strike up conversation with someone who seems to be lonely, as I am sure they will appreciate the gesture. ■

top five presidents you don’t know



lauryn schrom

rapid-fire dialogue and its ensemble cast. The West Wing received a lot of ass-kissing from critics and fans alike, winning three Golden Globes, two SAG awards, and twenty-six Emmys. Plus Martin Sheen is a fuckin’ boss. Oh, and it was written by Aaron Sorkin (yes, the guy who did the movie about Facebook), so you know it’s going to be good. If President Bartlett were actually real, I guarantee you he’d be up there with Lincoln, FDR, and the aforementioned original gangster of the 19th Century, Millie Fillie. ■

fork it over.

the **Wt's** wintry *treat*: serve up some soup

by megankelley

Everyone knows the best part of winter is getting to eat lots and lots of soup that warms your belly and your soul. A tasty chicken noodle soup helps comfort you on those cold, sinus-clogged Burlington nights, and a hearty chowder fills you up before a night of heavy drinking (but watch it, 'cause that shit is nasty if you boot it up). Now you might be thinking to yourself. "SOUP?? There's no way I can make that myself, I'm an incompetent turd of a human being!" Relax, stupid. This delicious soup requires exactly four ingredients, and you can even get away with just three of them. I suggest you go out and buy a thermos, because you'll want to be eating this all week.



fashion five-oh.

what is fashion?

with colbynixon

Fashion (noun)- a prevailing custom or style of dress, etiquette, socializing, etc. When many people consider the terms "style" or "fashion," they immediately think of clothing, footwear, and occasionally accessories. However, as that definition reminds us, fashion encompasses so much more than that. Not only does it deal with what we wear, but why we wear it, how we wear it, and how it plays into our social interactions with others. This isn't meant to be some weird psychoanalysis on the abstraction of fashion (that would be presumptuous and over the top, and too be completely honest, just a bit over my head). Rather, we'll consider some things that fashion may or may not encompass.

- 1. Your phone**- once meant to be a simple tool used only for business, coordination of soccer practice pickups, and the occasional booty call, the mobile phone has developed into a status symbol, and with the introduction of the Motorola Razr, a part of the fashion world. Now, phones are designed to be as aesthetically pleasing as possible, with brightly colored cases to accentuate their intrinsic sleekness. Is this right? Do we really care too much about our phones- probably, but that's for another discussion. Mobile phones are definitely part of fashion.
- 2. Your car**- Ever since Dr. Horatio Nelson Jackson (the world's first roadtripper, and as it turns out, an UVM alumnus) drove his 1903 Winton across the country, the car has been one of the premier status symbols in the U.S. The sheer amount of personalization and (or "pimpin'") a person (or Xzibit) can do to their (your) car is so great, that some people see their vehicle as an extension of themselves. So yes, your car is part of the fashion world.
- 3. Your laundry basket**- although you do put your clothes in one of these, your laundry basket is not fashion.
- 4. The Bailey- Howe Library**- this is interesting, because it explores an entirely different branch of fashion and style- architecture. These are all different children of the octomom that is Art, but as it turns out, there is a certain aspect and grace of architecture (or at least there's meant to be). Think of the Romans with their grand columns and aesthetic fountains- even their aqueducts were ornamented. Yes, sadly, the Bailey-Howe Library, however aesthetically displeasing it might be, is part of the fashion world.
- 5. Water bottles**- at UVM, yes, elsewhere, that's debatable.
- 6. Music**- it could be argued that music is part of fashion, however, it is more likely that music and what it represents is tied to a certain fashion almost arbitrarily. Who said, well you listen to Vampire Weekend, so you should wear skinny jeans, but that other guy, he listens to Biggie, so he should wear baggy jeans? There's definitely crossover between the two, and it's a tough call to make, but music is probably not fashion.
- 7. Lunch**- now this is just getting absurd- but quite possibly. ■
- 8**

SPINACH- POTATO SOUP

Ingredients:

- *1 package frozen chopped spinach
- *3-5 peeled potatoes (depending on how much potatoes you want in yo boday)
- *meat (I generally use kielbasa or some other [precooked] sausage)
- *water

Preparation:

- 1) chop up your peeled potatoes into chunks, put them in a pot.
- 2) add water to pot until water level is about 1 inch above potatoes
- 3) put pot on stove, cook until 'taters are tender
- 4) remove pot from stove, begin mashing potatoes with fork until you have a weird-looking mix of potato crumbles and water
- 5) put pot back on stove, add frozen spinach
- 6)once spinach is thawed and mixed in with potatoes, add chunks of meat.
- 7)if you happen to be a vegetarian, flavor your soup with tears cried for lost decades of bacon
- 8) cover that good stuff in Frank's Red Hot and go to town.

trash.

i want you so bad

I'm broken and destroyed, but I guess you know that. That's why I'm so confused. You didn't run away. I was done with it all. The world's colors seemed flat. Now my lips form words they've never known how to say. In our greatest moments, when we don't have to speak, I lose track of time and of myself in your gaze. You gasp for breath before our lips finally meet. I'm left wanting more, though it seems to last for days. I've never really written a poem before (my attempts always seem to end up in a song) and I know you've had many slid under your door. Still, writing these clumsy words doesn't seem so wrong. Fuck it. It has to be said. "I WANT YOU SO BAD." The potential you offer is more than I've had.
When: Monday Wednesday and Friday mornings
Where: Outside Lafayette
I saw: a girl trying not to care
I am: willing to admit I do

I don't know why you'd be reading **the water tower** But I've got a picture for you. You're always so adorable. You wearing yellow corduroy today. I make fun of you because of the feelings I want to convey. You make me feel like no one else around here. So let me show you how I can endear.
When: All the time
Where: The Cynic office
I saw: A certain photo editor
I am: A certain photographer who thinks you're amazing

Boy we got the same major
So I see you every damn day
Trying to be the Earth's saviors
But in a scientific way
I'm told you live in MAT
so just wander over to redstone
and please just be on me
or we could cuddle, not bone
You always have some hat on your head
and we both wear glasses
but we can take those off when we're in my bed
and just leave them on for our classes
I'll wait for the day when you say hi
or sit next to me in our sciences
and when you do I won't be shy
but please don't stay silent
When: Every. Damn. Weekday.
Where: science classes/labs
I saw: The cutest sophomore Masshole
I am: desperately waiting

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Every time I see you I moan
(To be honest I just want to bone)
Every night I pray you don't have a little weewee
Just like your teammate Mister LeeLee
Your shirtless soccer playing turned me on
I said "Ow Ow" and then I was gone
You're number eighteen
I bet you lead the team...
In sexual advances
Please would you take off my pants?
When: all the time
Where: MAT
I saw: a fine piece of ass
I am: so down

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

I see you every other day
my heart starts to flutter when I see you sauntering my way
Your red hoodie popped and dre beats on
Like Leo Dicaprio, you dirty blonde
We catch eyes for just a sec
but it sends my head spinning
I call you eye sex boy...
My pupils are singing
I see you at the gym
lifting the pounds
I could help you lift something else
Send your head spinning round
When: Tuesdays/Thursdays
Where: Passing by Billings Lecture Hall
I saw: My eye sex boy
I am: Waiting for you to pursue

When you transferred
My prayers were answered
I fantasize about you every day
Can't wait til next year when you can play
Your name sounds like "condom"
I hope you don't use them, cause I like to raw dog 'em
Of course I'm only kidding
Just your presence at the games keeps y'all winning
We both have plugs
But unlike me, you don't have huge jugs
When: all the time
Where: errywhere
I saw: a sexy basketball player
I am: DTF

This Valentine's Day,
I was hoping we could take a role in the hay.
Or maybe if I had any luck,
You could come and pick me up,
in your F250 diesel truck.
Screw that, let's just go f...fish.
You showed me how to handle a big pole,
by the creek, fighting over the radio console.
'Cuz you love country, but dubstep's by bump,
doesn't mean we still can't WOMP WOMP.
I know that we are an unlikely pair,
and a love like ours is truly rare.
You like tractors, I'm into art and law,
but I'll still let you plow these fields raw.
Even though I hate your nasty chew tin,
You've still managed to reel this girl in.
With us, even the wrong words seem to rhyme.
You're my shot (or 10) of whiskey, I'm your glass of wine.
and I love you, my unlikely Valentine.
When: every night after milkin'
Where: my bed
I saw: my hott "hick"
I am: your "city" chick

the ear

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

Uheights North hallway
Well spoken lass: My intelligence doesn't diminish regardless of my level of sobriety. Judgement, however is a different situation.

Davis Center
Stoner: I was going to call my mom for her birthday, but then I got high.

L/L
Steez wiz: This girl last night kept thinking I was trying to put it in her butt.
His RA: Maybe you should stop trying to put it in her butt.

Sunday Morning, North St. and North Winooski.
Hungover girl: I don't want to even see the word "rotisserie" right now.

Early Morning at the Davis Center
Elegant Lady Describing Valentines Day: You know Vday as in Vagina Day. Why do you think everything's decorated in pink and red? For the heart? Hell no! For the all holy vag!

Where: Angell Lecture Hall
Guy 1 (post Valentine's Day): How was your night?
Guy 2: Roses are red, Violets are blue, Vodka is cheaper than dinner for two!

Bailey-Howe
Girl 1: Read this, it's so sad.
*Girl 2 **reads story on laptop* It's so sad! *hands back*
starts crying
Girl 1: Oh my God, are you crying?
Girl 2: I love shit like that!

Greenhouse
Girl 1: I wish I had a cow
Girl 2: Why?
Girl 1: So I could have an endless supply of milk

Redstone, Saturday night
Guy to his friends: Yeah and the second time she drug tested me, I was high but I passed it.

Tuesday night, bluegrass concert
One hippie to another: This music makes me wanna take my pants off!

Valentine's Day, Converse South
Girl in hallway: DO I HEAR NICKLEBACK!?

Steps of bailey-Howe
Bro 1: Dude, there was a rolled up dollar bill, a razor blade and a line of weed ash on the kitchen table this morning. What the fuck were you doing?
Bro 2: Don't worry about it.

CWP Rotunda
Girl 1: You can't just go and register me as a sex offender, that has GOT to be unconstitutional
Girl 2: There's nothing in the constitution about sex offenders you dunce...

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

tunes.



an open letter to nicki minaj

Dear Nicki Minaj,

You don't really know this but we're best friends. We both grew up in New York, we both went to the same high school, we both are supafly. The usual. You're a large proponent of girl power, and so am I. I wish the Spice Girls were our President. But that's a different letter.

Nicki (I can call you that because of our bff status), you recently came out with a song called "Stupid Hoe," and the video that followed is even worse than the title.

I usually love your songs—your raps, nicki, can we have a real song with real better female-based lyrics that hip hop has seen in a while. There's

a reason why Jay-Z and Kanye (tell them I say hello by the way) wanted to work with you almost immediately—you have flow. But your talents are wasted in "Stupid Hoe." You've reached a new low when you start rapping about Brad and Angelina, and, in consequence, insult another one of our high school bffs, Jen Aniston. And that egregiously long note after saying, "I wish a bitch would"?? That is not dance-worthy by any means. It's just unbearable.

Ignoring all the poor rapping choices you've made in this song, the bulk of the track explains to the listener that they are a stupid hoe. You are calling me a stupid hoe. Now, Nicki, I love you and everything, but don't call me a stupid hoe if I'm buying your singles and supporting your weird

colored-wig fetish. People don't want to hear that they're stupid hoes along with your beat that sounds like people clapping along to a car alarm on auto-tune. It just doesn't work.

Bringing down other females is not what the rap scene needs...ever. Because rappers and powerful men in music tell us we're stupid hoes all the time! They tell us to shake our asses and touch our toes and tell us how great they're gonna sex us tonight, and sometimes we let it slide. Because they're rappers and we're better than that. But we females have to stick together. And, let's be honest, your video

makes fun of quite a few females in music. Are you forgetting your place in the celebrity scene? You're not the first big-booty girl from New York to bust out and make a name for yourself (hello, J. Lo.), and you're certainly not the first to have weird music videos and costumes (Katy Perry, Lady Gaga, and the always forgotten but always weirdly awesome Björk).

This song is bad. The video is bad. The message is bad. I'll forgive you, but can we have a real song with real rhymes again? Or is the music industry turning you into a stupid hoe yourself? Because then I just don't think we can be friends.

Sincerely,
julietcritsimilios

let's go eat the factory: a review

by dylanmccarthy

Few bands are as defiantly original as Guided By Voices. They've been described as many different genres from jangle pop (I'm not even gonna act like I know what the hell that is) to artsy post-punk-meets-British-invasion. Whatever the hell they are, they kick all kinds of ass. Front man Robert Pollard is among the more prolific songwriters to ever live, penning well over 1,500 songs with no plans of stopping. Guided By Voices can be summed up by a quote from (a totally shit-faced) Pollard while playing live: "Yeah! Fun rock! We are advocates of fun rock! Serious rock is good, but fun rock is better!"

GBV's latest album, *Let's Go Eat The Factory*, is the first album recorded by GBV's classic lineup in 16 years. The boys are back, and are about as good as ever. Featuring a 21-song track list, yet only reaching a 45 minute run time, *Factory* is aesthetically similar to the albums released during GBV's '92-'96 apex. As a whole, the album is much more musically diverse than any of GBV's classic lineup's previous efforts. It incorporates violins, flutes and a variety of other instruments as opposed to their standard two guitar, bass, and drums combo.

Many of the tracks on here, such as "The Big Hat and Toy Show," come off as tributes to other fantastic acts like The Pixies and The Flaming Lips. The albums second longest track, "Spiderfighter," (still only 3:35) uses its above average run time to create the album's finest song. It sounds just like The Fall, its guitar section is absurdly sinister, and the lyrics are incomprehensible due to the overpowering instrumentals. The song's second half comes way out of left field as nothing but a relaxed piano melody plays for 30 seconds, then Pollard's vocals can finally be heard as he sadly repeats "And now is the time/ and make up your mind" over

and over again.

Guided By Voices wanted *Factory* to combine the 4-track lo-fi sound their classic lineup mastered back in the 90's with modern production. Attempting to mix such disparate musical ideals is not an easy task, and I hate to say it, but it's a task GBV shouldn't have undertaken. All too often their production work falls flat on its face, as Pollard's unique, beautiful voice is distorted in every which way—not by the natural lo-fi buzz of guitars and drums—but by misguided attempts at modernizing their sound. For a band built on insane lyrical prowess, this is a strange approach to take. "Old Bones" presents Pollard's vocals at their most distorted, and it's honestly overpowering. It sounds like Pollard after chain-smoking a carton of cigs, being abducted by aliens, while being strangled by something with synthesizers for hands. It's not necessarily a bad song, but it's in no way, shape, or form a GBV song.

Don't let that comment dissuade you though; this is GBV's finest album in at least a decade. Variety is the spice of life, and on some of the tracks the modern production sounds incredible. Take "Doughnut for a Snowman"—it's almost shockingly light hearted and melodic for GBV, as a whimsical flute whistles through the song's beginning. Pollard's untouched voice takes center stage, sympathetic and sweet as he sings lyrics too strange for any other band. "Starts her day off with a Krispy Kreme doughnut/ As sweet as life can get."

All experimentation and jam sessions aside GBV have made something really great here. For new listeners it's a great place to start, and for old fans it's an even better place to continue. Don't miss out on one of the craziest, strangest albums of the year. ■

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 of you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to **the water tower** by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we grease up Sodexo.

There's food that will render your stomach dismembered
Where two-thirds of meals were made in a blender
Better brace yourself going on a big Grundle bender
It's like eating up ash and shitting out ember
Rename it Sodexor, 'cause that's what it is
Combo of sex and odor and the dish boy's jizz
And maybe a few trimmings from his pubic frizz
While two chefs do the biz in the back with Cheese Whiz
Pop quiz, is it worth the digestive slaughter?
When ten times a day you become a toilet squatter?
In years, you'll recall the food at your Alma Mater
As the reason you can now drink Third World water
I feel guilty when I hand Simply to Go to a friend
That's how you keep a man pimply and low 'til the end
by retired rhyme-slinger kerrymartin

I awake, ah gotta fix dis tummy ache,
Hunger's got me needin' a mothafuckin' grubbin' break.
Lollygag, saunter to my cafe so dear
Feelin' so blessed to have Simpson so near.
Hmm...french fries, pizza, burger, soup
So tempting, but touch screens, I choose you!
Sodexo you be treatin' me everyday,
And I want to repay you in every way.
BUT suddenly, "Grumble Grumble" as I digest
Somethings feeling off...maybe I need a rest.
Back to the dorm to sleep off what I've caught
Hasta luego Sodexo! I love you!....NAHT!!!
by ferocious flowin' lauragreenwood

Next week, we burn Cold Weather. 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 take shots on Beer Pong (you can send me those raps too). ■

my kind of night

by bethziehl

It's Friday night and I sit happily on the counter-top in the kitchen wearing only my underwear and a button down shirt. Miles Davis plays softly in the background and I am plowing my way through a heaping plate of pancakes accompanied by a cold beer. The kitchen is all aglow from the dozens of lights I've lit just for the sake of mood lighting. After a long day of work, nothing tops this. I am completely relaxed. I don't have to worry about being half naked or the fact that pancakes and beer is a slightly odd combination. Perhaps the only thing that makes sense here is the jazzy vibes of "So What" and the illuminated candles. But none of that matters because this is my night; I'm soaking it all in, and my pancakes seem to be as well. I grab the bottle of syrup and pour some more on, but hear a key turn in the door knob and pause mid pour. I set the bottle down and grab my fork in my hand, as if I'm either about to run and stab the intruder in defense or ravenously devour my pancakes.

Nate steps through the door, sets his bags down, and looks up. He abruptly bursts out laughing, amused by the state of the kitchen and me. I am still paused in fork attack mode. He can't help himself, and I don't blame him. He just goes on laughing and slowly walks over to me, shaking his head. His arms reach out to grab hold of my shoulders and he rests his head on my shoulder, still chuckling.

"I love you," he says with a smile which makes me smile, too, despite the fact that I know he's laughing at me.

"I love pancakes," I say.

"I know you do."

He stands up straight and rubs his hands along my

legs dangling off the counter, then kisses me sweetly. We've been apart for so long that I've forgotten what his touch feels like. I look up at him, biting my lower lip, trying to hide my beaming face. He gives me that adoring smile with



carly macconnell

badlands

by joshhegarty

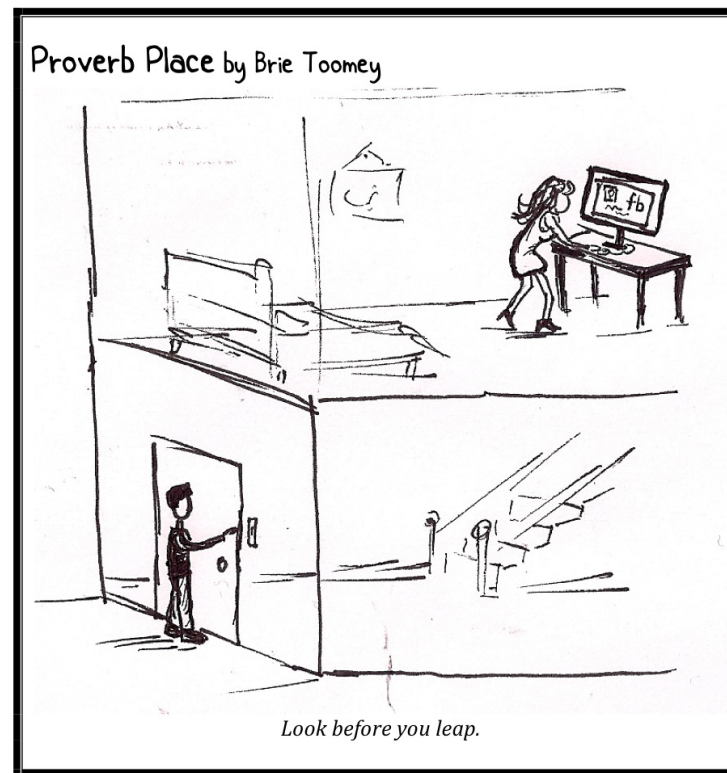
Something changed in this city and now bullets are flying. Nobody's safe anymore, not when the stakes are this high.

Something changed in this city and now the drugs are flowing. Our little brothers blow coke to pass away their time.

Something changed in this city. It's not a home anymore. It's just a city of thieves who've never heard of shame.

Something changed in this city. The suburbs used to hopeful. Or at least that's what they said. Maybe it's always been this way.

Rats are nesting on our streets. This city is dead to me.



Look before you leap.

i'm not a musician but i play one on tv

by juliendarmoni

It's a commonly held adage that most celebrities, like Bradley Pitt or Tim Cruise, were created by God in man's sexiest image. They were made out of the good clay that God kept in the secret cupboard behind the tree, the top quality organic shit that no way was he going to tell the snake about, and they were sent to provide divine instruction to the plebeian masses like me, or your ugly friends. Most of the time, that instruction takes the forms of movies (or Oprah), but sometimes these holy spirits release records, someof which are fine, most of which are schlock. In this **water tower** exclusive, we take a look at the good, the bad, and the—okay, we're mostly just sticking with the bad—records your favorite famouses have released.

Melanie Laurent -*En t'attendant*

Starting with my favorite Frenchy, the femme fatale from *Inglorious Basterds* isn't that hot a commodity state-side, but in France she's the biggest thing since unconditional surrender. Since American audiences know her best for her role as the Nazi-hounded Shoshana in *Inglorious Basterds*, we'll use that as a basis for judging her record. For starters, the record is about 85% Francophone, which syncs up nicely to her Tarantino character. Additionally, in the film (and in real life) Laurent's character is a notorious overworker. True to form, this record is gloriously over produced, though in a dependably charming way. Really, the only notable downside to this album is that, if I'm being honest with myself, I could never kill Hitler while listening to it. Part of what makes Laurent appealing is her cold, baleful elegance, but the record paints her more as a nansy-pansy romantic, rooted as it is in mid-tempo ballads and confessionals. It's a good record if you want to grab a baguette and swoon, but if you're trying to rain down unholy destruction upon Satan's favorite apostle, I'd suggest Badfinger.

I give it "NINE!" out of 10.

Robert Downey Jr. -*The Futurist*

I love Robert Downey Jr. as much as any other red-blooded probably-heterosexual, but I'll admit that his 'Ye-like smugness is pretty unbearable most of the time. But you know what? He wears douchey well, and so does his album. On the first couple spins, the record sounds depressingly Bruce Hornsby-like, both in its adult-contemporary instrumentation and the mega-indulgent inflections of his singing voice. But let it marinate and you'll find that they compliment each other improbably well, and the record has enough insouciant charm to win over most initial dismissals. As for his intellectualism, it's mostly just a ruse, as it is in real life—as a lyricist he chooses his words for their timbre, not their meaning, and as a result his lyric sheets typically end up looking like nonsensical free associations. But he's got a rich vocabulary, and the record as a whole is as intriguing and unknowable as the man himself.

I give it 10 years in federal prison out of 10.

Scarlett Johansson -multiple

On the title track of her debut album *Anywhere I Lay My Head*, Johansson sings like Scott Stapp doing a Scott Stapp impression, and on lead single "Falling Down", it sounds as if her vocal portion was recorded without her consent. The record, which is composed almost entirely of Tom Waits covers, is a continuation of the persona she established in *Lost In Translation*, that of the lovelorn drifter with a penchant for older men. As if encouraged entirely from the response to that movie's iconic karaoke scene, Johansson cobbled together a record intending to paint similar strokes of drunken melancholia, with Waits substituting for Murray as her cool-by-association older muse. On paper the record sounds fantastic, but on vinyl it makes actual sounds, and unfortunately they're all terrible. Appropriately, if you go on YouTube, comments for the video have been disabled, which is a practice usually reserved for Michael Jackson videos and that one clip of Rick Perry disparaging gay people. That's questionable company for an artist as esteemed as Johansson, and a pretty dramatic departure from her film career, which is marked by her doing things people like.

I give it 3 disappointed nerd boners out of 10.

Joe Pesci -*Wiseguy*

Right, so I only listened to one "rap" from this album, and even that one I didn't quite finish. It's a terrible song as you might expect, but terrible in a way that, even now, I still don't quite understand. It took me days to think in complete sentences after I heard it, and even now people have remarked that there's a certain sadness behind my eyes. But we're not concerned with quality here, only representational accuracy, so in that respect the record excels. It hits all the requisite Pesci points, as it offers ruminations on his wealth, his women, and his reputation as a cantankerous bastard. But ultimately, whether or not you like this song is dependent on your ability to enjoy watching your idols destroy their legacy, something which Pesci's recording career is rightly acclaimed for. So it's with caution that I urge you to seek out its deliciously awful music video; for while it's a guaranteed rib-tickler, it's also traumatic, horrendous, and excessively Italian.

I give it 7 volatile dwarfs/midgets out of 10. ■

his eyes which he does so often and I've already lost all the strength I've held within me while he was gone.

"You never fail to surprise me," he says.

"I thought I was going to be alone tonight," I say, laughing.

"Should I leave then?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Miles and I would like to cordially invite you to join us for some beer and pancakes," I say in a British accent and a wave of my hand.

"Well, I gladly accept."

"There's just one rule."

"What?" he says, taken aback.

"No pants."

He ponders this for a moment. "You know, I really don't think that's a problem."

"Good," I say.

"There is, however, something missing here."

He walks over to his bags and rummages around. Eventually he finds what he is looking for and turns around, holding it for me to see.

"Bacon."

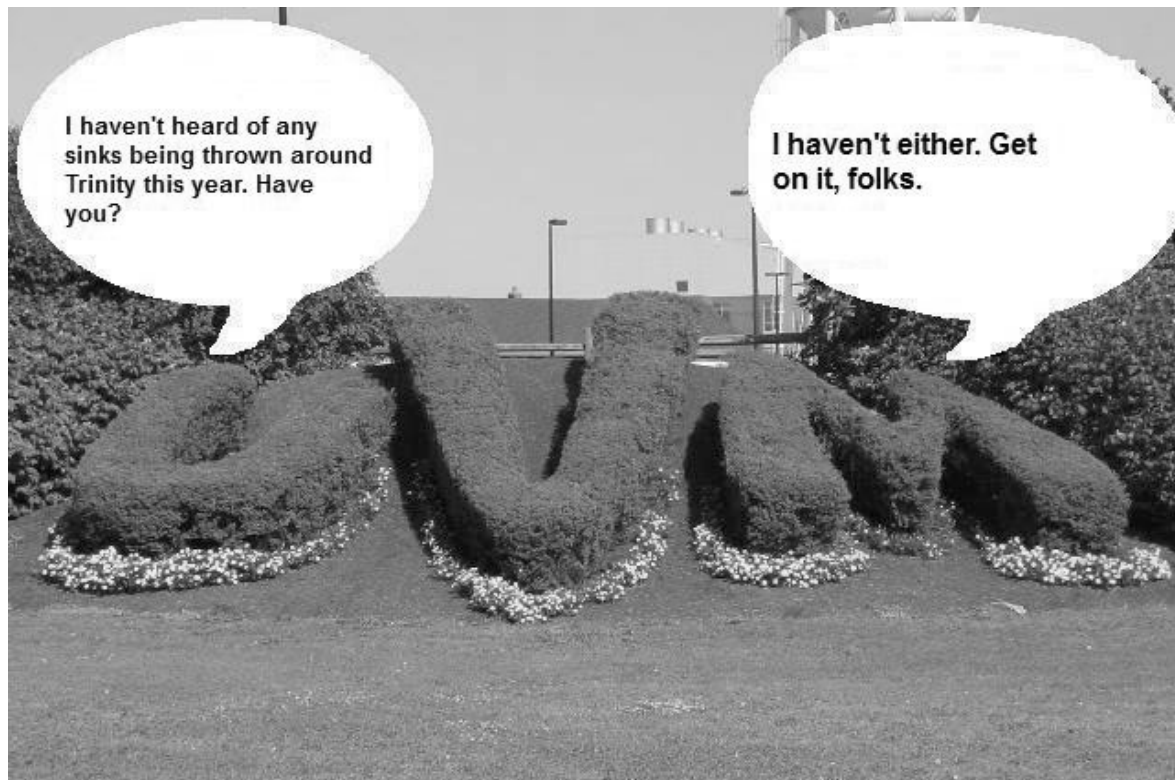
I smirk. "Of course. Bacon."

And so we spend our Friday night, pantless on our granite counter top, eating pancakes and bacon, drinking beer, and listening to some jazz. What more could one ask for? Oh. Well, that too. ■

cat litter.



by gregjacobs



shit list: university dining services edition

things we wish uds would do:

Have fresh fruit available at all unlimited dining halls.

Stop giving people the shits.

Allow the poor kids on Trinity to eat on the weekends.

Take a block meal for a certain number of points at all locations like they do at Northside.

Quit charging \$6.09 for a bleedin' box of Rice Chex.

Give vegan and gluten free options more space than a dinky little cooler.

Be as good as Middlebury.

Carnival food.. because somewhere, at this very moment, there's a student wishing they could get fried dough...

URBAN INDIE FILM MAKING

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28 MAY — 29 JUNE

COURSE BREAK

FILMING & EDITING
02 JULY — 03 AUGUST

CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE



hidden gems: the "best" grub on campus

Alice's Café- Nowhere else on campus can you get a bagel or breakfast sandwich that tastes this good. I actually miss living on Redstone and having class at 9 merely because I miss stopping by this place in the morning.

Marche Smoothies- Are pretty boss, to be honest. They're delicious, and the fact that you can choose to add a booster like protein makes them hard to pass up.

Marketplace- The one and only falafel Thursday makes getting out of class on this day particularly enjoyable.

Cyber Café- Duh they have the best coffee, but they also have pretty decent biscotti, making this particular Italian quite happy in the pants.

Waterman Café- The grilled cheese+ tomato soup combo is great for a light lunch, and the personal pizzas are quite competitive.

Brennan's- We all know Brennan's is easily one of the best dining places on campus, but the milkshakes and Catamount sandwich make it stand out among the best.

Waterman Manor: The points no one spends. How many of you actually know what I'm talking about when I say 'Waterman Manor'? No, it's not the President's mansion. Apparently, somewhere in the recesses of Waterman building, there exists a dining location with table cloths, wait staff and an actual menu. And get this, it takes points. I honestly have never visited this fantastic land, but one day I hope to find my way through the wardrobe and into this rumored Elysium. ■