



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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how i learned to stop worrying

and give reslife the finger

(you, your res hall, and the 4th amendment)

by jamesaglio

At the end of last semester, December 13 at 3:18 post meridian to be exact, I sent an email to my Residence Director informing her that I would not be returning to my position as Resident Advisor for the Spring semester. The email was titled "noscor a sociis," ("I am known by my associates" in lingua Latina). Let me tell you why I sent that email.

As everyone who has lived on campus knows, there is a set of room checks before every major break. The RAs go into all the rooms, making sure nothing is out of order and that the rooms are ready for a prolonged absence. The Friday before Thanksgiving break, I, along with two comrades, were responsible for the inspections in one residence hall. While the RAs are writing up the reports, the Assistant Residence Director (ARD) and Residence Director (RD) do what are called "spot checks." Essentially, they pick a room or two on each floor and check it out to make sure the RAs are doing their jobs properly. If they find anything that the RAs missed, they call down and the RAs come up to take a look. The three of us were at the front desk when we received one such call. We headed up to the room where we found the RD and the ARD. The RD was pointing at the shelf in the closet. For those among you who have never experienced this particular res hall, it does not have separate wardrobes for the residents, but rather a large, open closet built into the wall with a high-set shelf.

We followed the line of her finger to



lauryn schrom

the shelf where, peeking out from behind a backpack, were the necks of two bottles of alcohol that we had overlooked when first inspecting the room. We were required to take photographs of any bottles we found, so the RA with the camera prepared to do just that when the RD indicated that there were more bottles further back along the shelf. This was the first suspicious occurrence, as all three RAs were taller than the RD and could see the shelf better, yet none of us could see the bottles from a normal standing position. The RD insisted, however, and so a chair was pulled up and one of the other RAs stood on it with the camera to get a more appropriate shot. After stating that they could still not see the bottles, the ARD suggested moving the backpack that was obscuring the view. The RD agreed and the RA pulled away the backpack, reveal-

i was fuming... is it okay to break the fourth amendment?

ing several more containers. At this point I, at the back of the room, was fuming. The picture was taken and the backpack placed up on the shelf again, at which point the RD insisted that it be put back how it originally was so that the residents would not know that it had been moved.

No part of that is okay. After we left, we

three RAs spoke amongst ourselves, raising questions such as, "Is it okay to break the Fourth Amendment?" As everyone who has taken a US government class is aware, the Fourth Amendment reads, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

What had occurred, the physical manipulation of a student's belongings by someone who is not authorized to do so, is against the law. The fact that the intent of the search was to incriminate the residents in question cements it as an action that would be frowned upon by the law.

The next day, I went home and I thought about what had happened. I told my parents about it, and they were appalled. I told my fellow RAs who had not been there about it, and they were appalled. I decided it bothered me enough to do something about it, and everyone agreed—the only ones who hesitated were the two RAs I was with, who feared getting fired. The next individual above the RD on the chain of command is the Assistant Director, so I made an appointment with him to discuss the

... read the rest on page 5

f### you, i'm twenty two

by adrikopp

Turning 22 sucks. Okay wait, let's be realistic—it really sucks. Most people spend so much time desperately waiting to be 21 that they don't realize what comes after it, and let me tell you, it's not pretty. You may think that it's just one more scroll up the number wheel, that it's just another 365 days, that it will be equal to next year and the coming year, but it's not. Years are in no way equivalent, and time passes in drastically different ways.

When you're younger, you're so proud of every minute you've accomplished being alive. You're not just seven. You're seven and three-quarters, 11 days, and 6 hours old. Your birthday is literally the best day of the year, and every twenty-four hours gets you that much closer to the next one. Finally you turn 15 and (if you live in a cool state like I did) you get your driver's permit. Then comes the excruciating countdown to 16, the age of freedom. With 16 comes a driver's license, if you're lucky, a car, and with that car comes endless horizons, open roads, so many epic adventures to places like... well, like... Starbucks and Sonic. But still, it's cool. You get to go out with your friends whenever you want, except after 11pm when your driver's license is no longer valid. Whatever. You turn 17 and the curfew's gone and then you turn 18 and you get to vote, and buy cigarettes, and lottery tickets, and if you're a guy you get a sudden understanding of what gender equality (doesn't) mean in this country.

And then you turn 19. I will admit that while it doesn't suck quite as much as 22, 19 is probably the most worthless age that ever existed. Up until now, every year has come with new freedoms and new benefits... and then there's 19. It's like the purgatory of ages. Everyone still treats you like a teenager because it says it in your name, but you've graduated high school (hopefully) and are likely living away from home at college and feel like you're really taking care of yourself and being (a little) responsible and then you go home for Thanksgiving and they still make you sit at the kids' table. Sucks.

Then you get to 20. Twenty is great—you really start feeling like an adult. When people ask your age you say "niii—twenty!" and you actually see the change in their reactions. But inside you're still a teenager; you still party like one, you're probably on a meal plan and don't pay bills or buy groceries. But hey, you learned to do your laundry so look at you! Still, about one month after turning 20 the novelty starts to wear off and

... read the rest on page 5

get inside me:

russia's new old prez
by kerrymartin
and jamesaglio

grass is greener
by laurenmacklin

weird college policies
by katjarichie

usher: a sextrospective
by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

dear water tower,

I was somewhat perturbed by shannonward's article, "to all the condescending wonkas...". I appreciate that debating proper usage of memes may seem silly to most. However, I am from the Internet, and I must advocate for this crucial part of global Internet culture. Yes, that's right - global Internet culture. Ms. Ward presents the idea that "memes must be on the path to becoming a culturally recognized and respected art form" as ludicrous. The fact of the matter is that they are, and they have been for years now. Internet memes provide commonality to millions. They are a means through which Internet-folk find solidarity with other Internet-folk around the world, lessening crushing feelings of existential isolation. Please, everybody, show respect for a well-loved medium that, if we're all lucky, will soon slink away from the harsh fluorescent lighting of university facebook pages.

With love,

Leo T. Evancie

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

Kony 2012-A viral video exposing this lunatic is spreading through cyberspace like wildfire. Yes, the video is powerful and we all should fight for important causes, but do they really think people in Burlington, Vermont, will cover the town in politically charged rhetoric on 4/20? I mean, it's Honors Day.

Vermont Weather-Well there was finally snow, in time for us all to be back home for spring break. Cool.

Sluts-Listen, you slutty sluts. People don't want to pay for your birth control so you can sleep around and be slutty. Honorable men like Rush Limbaugh are losing valuable advertisements because of people like you. Such sluts.

UVM "Catamount Fans"- Hey, y'all! Did you know that the UVM basketball team won against Stony Brook?? I bet you didn't! I bet you don't even know where Stony Brook is. Because you suck.

The Water Tower-Speaking of sucking, in the issue before break, the Shit List was in some other section of the paper, removed from its usual, perfect spot. Don't you ever fucking do that again.

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the news in brief

^
russian

with jamesaglio

"As long as I breathe I hope. As long as I breathe I shall fight for the future, that radiant future, in which man, strong and beautiful, will become master of the drifting stream of his history and will direct it towards the boundless horizons of beauty, joy and happiness!"

-Leon Trotsky. Beautiful words from a beautiful Bolshevik.

"I have conquered an empire but I have not been able to conquer myself."

-Peter the Great. Crazy fucking Russians. I can only assume this statement is sexual.

"To accept anything on trust, to preclude critical application and development, is a grievous sin"

-Vladimir Lenin. Such as, for instance, an untested economic system that requires the restructuring of a nation larger than some continents.

"I am not yet ready to be Tsar. I know nothing of the business of ruling."

-Tsar Nicholas II. And yet everything turned out alright, right?

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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.**

news ticker: Moose attack US embassy in Ottawa +++ Santorum alientates silent majority; states that being a mime is personal choice +++ Macarena is Liberia's new nat. dance ■

how to lose money and alienate people: afghanistan's poker pariah

by juliendarmoni

Apparently, America does not have a monopoly on bank fraud. Kabul Bank, proud sponsor of one of the most public corruption scandals this side of Washington, is reporting losses of approximately \$900 million (or about even with the country's annual revenue). Fortunately, one of the chairmen responsible, Sherkhon Farnhood (personally responsible for about \$467 mill according to the NYT), is coordinating frantically with his high-society friends to scrap up the difference in a rather unconventional way—playing poker.

Indeed, Farnhood, who won big at a European world series event to the tune of \$143,000, is reportedly engaged in a nightly series of card games with his upper-crust political pals. Though the practice seems crass considering it was exactly this type of financial flippancy that sank his (and his country's) ship in the first place, reports say "the game's stakes aren't too big—a few thousand dollars up or down."

Now, gambling sacks of money while his country's on the brink of an economic collapse that's got his name written all over it might seem, on the surface, like an ethical sticky-wicket. But skepticism concerning his Chris Brown-like lack of remorse belies a potentially more heart-warming silver lining to the situation—if Farnhood plays his cards right, he just might be able to scrap up enough poker chips to pay back his debt to society and redeem himself.

In fact, they made a Bond flick about this very same

scenario a couple years back, in which Daniel Craig has to defeat international terrorism by bleeding them out on the poker table. Fortunately, it looks like the ever-savvy Farnhood's taken those Hollywood theatrics straight to the hollowed out cavity where his heart used to be. With the whopping \$143,000 from the 2008 sweepstakes already

"he just needs... let's see here... seven hundred ninety-nine million, eight hundred fifty-seven thousand dollars more."

in the can, he's well on his way to making up the rest of his national deficit. He just needs... let's see here... seven hundred ninety-nine million, eight hundred fifty-seven thousand dollars more. Wait, no, I carried the one wrong—Eight hundred ninety-nine million, eight hundred fifty-seven thousand dollars. Farn-hood! Farn-hood!

But for some, Farnhood's patriotism still reeks of insensitivity. His high-stakes gambling in the face of his country's economic crisis (you do not want to know the annual salary for an Afghan family) coupled with the fact that his assets were supposed to have been frozen, indicate to some

a symbolic gesture of indifference towards his crimes. Perhaps his blasé attitude towards the scandal is justified—after all, President Karzai (who, when instituted in 2004, was supposed to be a credible alternative to the Taliban) has "yet to prosecute a high-level corruption case." Echoing the crisis in Washington, there doesn't seem to be a lot of incentive for bankers to keep on the straight and narrow when the consequences for infraction are so relatively slight and so rarely enforced.

There's room for hope, though. Farnhood, who got into this mess by lending himself bank assets and investing them in Dubai real estate (which crashed in 2008, but come on, who saw that coming?), is reportedly still collecting rent from residents living in his mega-posh villas (including President Karzai himself, who only recently moved out when the bad press caught up with him). While we don't have precise figures on that rental income, it's gotta be like, what, at least 5 figures a month, right?

So, putting on the optimism hat for a moment, it looks like Farnhood could really pull this thing off. If he can claw his way back to the top, he might be able to (fingers crossed here) afford that sweet penthouse on the Italian Riviera. Wait, no, I mean bail his country out of its crippling debt. The last one. ■

let's talk about putin: a man, a politician, a russian

by kerrymartin and jamesaglio

Let's talk about Vladimir Putin. We've all heard about the guy; we've all seen the pictures of him on his horse with his shirt off, ripped chest exposed at the ripe age of 59; we've all heard how he personally helped douse the devastating Moscow wildfires, and how he won the Leningrad Judo championship in his youth. We've seen enough pictures of Vlad's head stuck on Austin Powers's body, web comics of Putin wielding a gun, saying, "In Russia, President Assassinate You," and the always hilarious though tragically on hiatus vladmir-putinactioncomics.com. He doesn't always drink vodka, but when he does, he shoots tigers with tranquilizer guns.

Russia is big. Really big. It's the afro of Asia, impossible to miss when you look at a map of the world. It takes quite a man to run a country like that. It takes quite a country to produce a man like that. But in 1952, the Stalinist Soviet Union produced the man who has just been elected into six more years as president after eight years as president over the recovering post-Soviet Russia and two separate premierships. The man with a bright vision for Russia's future was raised in a poisonous political environment, raised here meaning "used to spy on people for the secret police." So after 13-odd years of being one of the most powerful men in the world, how well do we know this guy?

Let's take a look. Born in 1952, Vladimir Putin joined the Communist Party during his law school years at Leningrad State University. After graduating in 1975, he joined the KGB to fulfill his childhood dream of being an intelligence officer, a career glorified in Soviet cinema. Putin was serving in East Germany when the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, so he returned to Russia to pursue something new.

He moved to St. Petersburg to serve as Advisor in International Affairs to Mayor Anatoly Sobchak, his former professor. Within a year, he was involved in a corruption scandal for sending \$93 million in precious metals in exchange for foreign

food aid that never arrived. Despite some demands for his resignation, he served in this post until 1996, when he began working under President (and renowned alcoholic) Boris Yeltsin.

Vlad knew he was in the big leagues now. He knew that with a little ass-kissing, Boris might find him a nice position in the next presidential election. So Putin stood by the president. He spoke out against the Russian Prosecutor General Yury Skuratov, whose video of him doing the dirty with two ladies of the night was aired on Russian public television. However, Skuratov was the leading investigator of corruption in Yeltsin's department; Putin played the hitman,

codified land and tax law, stimulated public health, education, housing, and agriculture with the National Priority Projects, and shifted Russia into what economists call state capitalism. Under state capitalism, the government owns and runs many business enterprises and owns shares in others. Some things are going well, certainly compared to the late Soviet/early Capitalist days when the whole show was run by oligarchs.

Others are not. Journalists who expose government corruption or criticize policy are shot dead in hotel lobbies, former KGB agents die from radiation poisoning in London hotels, and Putin himself has taken Muscovite dourness to such an extreme

"putin only had two speeds, upper middle age sex symbol and iron-willed warrior statesman"

perhaps hearkening back to his KGB career, and continuing a grand Russian tradition of preventing scrutiny by destroying one's enemies.

Putin was virtually unknown to the public when Yeltsin appointed him Russia's next prime minister, which is Russian for being on deck for the presidency. Initially viewed as just another Yeltsin loyalist, Putin quickly gained popularity for his hard stance on the Chechnyan independence movement, a decade-long military conflict that ended in 2009 with a decisive Russian victory, because if there is one thing the Russians loathe more than Chechnyans, it's free Chechnyans.

The man has also overseen unbelievable economic growth. In his nine-year presidency, the Russian GDP increased by 72%, poverty decreased by 50%, and the average monthly salary grew from \$80 to \$640. He

that Hillary Clinton of all people once claimed he has no soul. How does a world leader respond when his country is batshit (or Russia) and the remainder of the free world thinks he may or may not be an evil mastermind? If you're Putin, the answer is that you go out and wrestle a bear.

The first rule of Russian politics is that they make no sense. After the collapse of the USSR, the country immediately went center-right, an understandable transition. This position is represented by Putin's United Russia, the largest political party, logging in at around 60% of the votes every time there is an election. After UR are the Communists, at 17%, who yearn for simpler days when there were bread lines. Communists in Russia are a dying breed, presumably because Putin likes to hunt them, so they tend to be a bit extremist, even going so far as to support the policies of Uncle Joe Stalin. Considering the fact that the Communist Party of the Soviet Union didn't even support Stalin's policies, the current Communists will basically

never win.

The result of all this is that the singular party of importance, United Russia, basically does whatever the hell it feels like. This is reflected in Putin's campaign advertisements, which basically claim that all the Russian devotchkas love Putin, and if you love Putin they'll love you.

Putin only has two speeds: upper-middle-age-sex-symbol and iron-willed-warrior-statesman. He has a fan group called the Army of Putin who vocalize their support by posting youtube videos of sexy women tearing their clothes off. His favorite photos are of him in extreme natural settings, preferably bare-chested and wielding some sort of semi-automatic ballistic weapon. There is a song about him called "[I Want] A Man Like Putin." The first time he ever spoke English publicly it was to express sympathy to Queen Elizabeth about the death of the Queen Mother. The gentleman is a badass, or at least that's his public image.

To be sure, it may actually be impossible to be a Russian head of state without a cult of personality, but Putin's case is a bit extreme. He flew jets at air shows because he could. He shot a tracking dart at a whale with a crossbow because he could. He lengthened the presidential term from four to six years because he could. And now, because Russia limits presidents to only two consecutive terms, he can be president again, and so he shall be. This recent round of elections has cemented Putin's rule over Russia for most of the next decade, and it is likely he will appoint current President (and devoted Deep Purple fan) Dimitri Medvedev, the same man who made Putin prime minister, to the premiership in the meantime. So what can we expect? Presumably more of the same, economic growth for the Russian Federation, perpetual contrarianism at UN Security Council discussions, plenty of bare-chested Siberian wilderness adventures, and sexy women. And really, with a platform like that, who could resist? ■

around town.



hangrover

by sarahperda

On any given college campus, most Saturday and Sunday mornings begin with your pounding head and completely dehydrated body waking you up at some ungodly hour screaming, “Gooooood morning, Sunshine! Regretting last night yet?” Let’s face it: hangovers suck. Some people opt for the lay-in-bed-all-day approach; others prefer to ignore it and go snowboarding at 6 AM anyway. While both of these options work for some people, the best option involves using our little city to our advantage: eating. Replacing your freshly lost dignity with hangover food is hands down the best approach to rallying for round two. So long as you can muster up enough energy to roll out of bed and into a car, bus or horse-drawn carriage, Burlington has plenty of restaurants to cater to your every craving. After painstaking research amongst UVM’s partygoers, I have compiled a list of the five most popular go-to foods the morning after a night of insanity. Here’s a list of the best hangover cures and where to find them locally:

Eggs – Arcadia Diner, Williston Rd.

Though eggs might not be the first thing that come to mind when you think hangover cure, scientifically they’re one of the best things you can eat. They contain an amino acid called cysteine that breaks down acetaldehyde, a hangover-inducing toxin. Arcadia Diner has all of the American staples when it comes to eggs, and also boasts selections with Greek and Mediterranean flairs. The best part? It’s diner food so it’s completely affordable for college students.

Bagels – Burlington Bagels, Shelburne Rd.

Another great way to soak up last night’s alcohol is downing carbs on carbs on carbs, and what better way than with a fresh bagel? Rather than settling for the factory-imported concoctions of chain restaurants, mosey on over to Burlington Bagels instead. Their bagels are made fresh daily and you have your choice of slapping on some cream cheese or creating your own sandwich.

Soup – M. Saigon, Shelburne Rd.

In particular, a soup called pho. Pho is a Vietnamese noodle soup and is amongst God’s greatest gifts to mankind, especially to those with a weaker stomach the morning after. M. Saigon makes one of the best chicken noodle soups in the world. It is way less salty and much lighter than the American version of the dish, making it a great go to when you’re feeling particularly shitty. Not to mention the restaurant itself is absolutely adorable, so it’s definitely worth the trek.

Anything Greasy – AI’s French Frys, Williston Rd.

AI’s is legend amongst UVMers and locals alike and for good reason: it’s the cheapest, most deliciously greasy food around. If you’re definitely an eater when you’re hungover but on a college kid budget, head to AI’s for the burgers and French fries—you won’t find anything better.

Pizza – Big Daddy’s, Church St.

Order it drunk, eat it hungover. Cold pizza cures all, simple as that. ■

cheap-ass bars (mon-thurs)

by georgeloftus

In a totally healthy and respectable way, I go out. A lot. So much so, in fact, my friends often turn to me to ask what the best drink specials are. I’m tired of answering texts or random phone calls, so for any given night of the week, *these* are my favorite cheap drinks downtown. PS—I like dive bars, but not total sketchpots. I’m sorry if I didn’t list that shithole you like going to so much, but guess what? It’s kind of a shithole. Stop going there.

Monday- Drink: One night a week, Drink employs all its specials for the entire week, including \$2 switchbacks, \$4 mojitos, and \$5 Long Island Iced Teas. And they have board games. And Connect Four. Go there now.

Tuesday- What Ales You: \$1.50/PBR and \$1/Genesee pints. This isn’t the best tasting deal but it’s actually a pretty awesome deal, especially if you’ve already had ten. Who cares after that? If you can get over the fact that it smells like hair gel and date rape, it’s kind of a nice little basement bar.

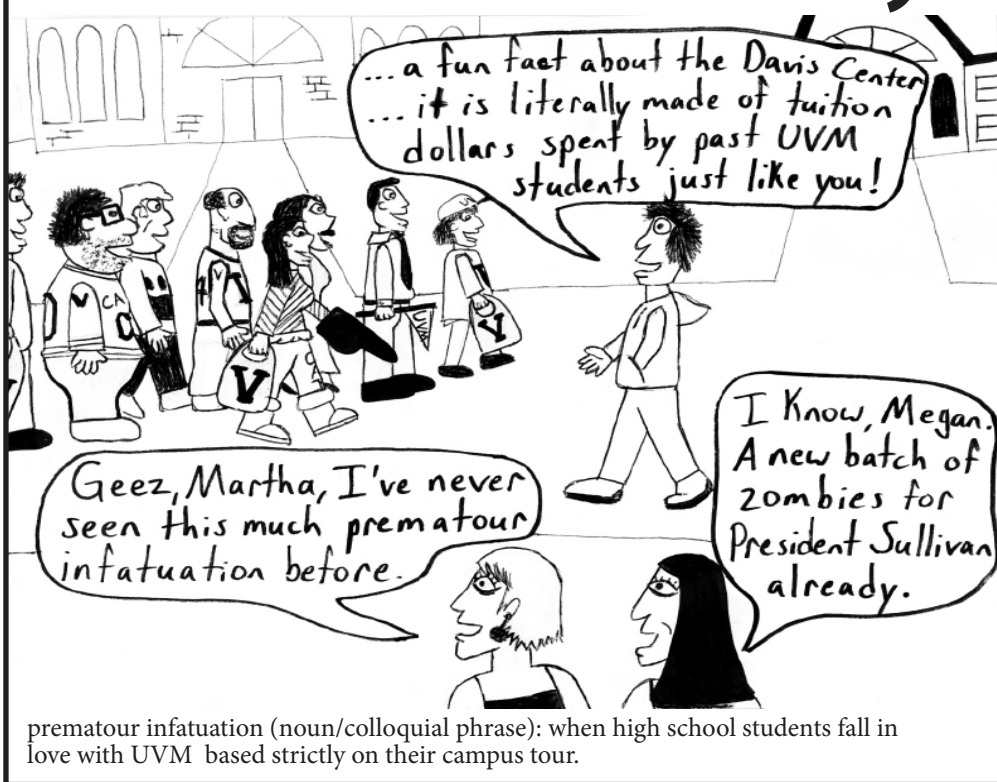
Wednesday- The OP: On pint night, every draft is discounted from its already low price. I can’t remember how much PBR or IPA costs, but I do know a pint of Guinness is \$3.25—insane, I know, and you feel good for even washing your hands if you drink there (the people there are kind of, umm, dirty looking)(but in an endearing way)(sort of).

Thursday- Ake’s Place: \$1 PBRs, and when it’s warm out Cormac, pro-processor of City Hall Sliders, has set up shop directly across from them on Church St. ‘Nuff Said.

Friday- Metronome: \$2.50 Rolling Rocks and all the 90’s music you know and love. Metronome has no cover after 1am, and this weekend you can get in for free til 11 with a college ID. Be careful when you put your coat down, though: someone might puke on it. I wish that were a joke—strangers at Metronome are why I now know where the dry cleaners are in Burlington. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



no shame

by colbynixon

No one says to you in March, “You have three months left to live... in Burlington,” but somehow, as the days grow longer and the melancholy sun sets behind the Adirondacks, you know. You know you don’t have much time left in Bailey Howe, or Angell Lecture Hall, or at Mr. Mike’s, Loomis St, or North Beach because your time in Burlington is terminal.

That’s right. You’re a second semester senior, scared shitless about actually trying to find a job, and already you’re getting nostalgia for those delicious Grundle waffles. When Randy Pausch published a book about his battle with terminal cancer back in 2008, he made a point to say live life to its fullest, because it’s a precious entity that is as ephemeral as a mist on a summer’s morning (ok, so I made the last bit up, but that was the gist of it). So, after all these years in Burlington, I’m going to stop holding myself back; I’m going to stop listening to that little voice inside my head that says, “Dude, you can’t do that—what will people think of you?” Instead, I will take on the town with minimal inhibitions. One of my friends has a saying—“no shame, no game”—and you know what? I’m starting to agree with him.

The other evening, I found myself in one of Burlington’s fine drinking establishments with a friend of mine. We were sitting down in a booth and two not-unattractive young ladies kept looking in our direction. Now, as a general rule, when this sort of thing happens, I assume that the females in question are checking out whatever guy happens to be behind me. However, as there were no dudes behind me, I figured I could safely guess the object of their discussion was me. So I decided to wave. It wasn’t a casual, “hey how’s it going?” sort of wave, or even a simple head nod, but a goofy, full arm wave, a “Forrest Gump” wave, complete with shit-eating grin. All I got back in return was a sheepish half-wave-it was awkward. Was I embarrassed- nope, absolutely not. Where maybe I should have been at least slightly taken aback by my own actions, I wasn’t. This is simply one example in a laundry list of things that I have done this semester that should have embarrassed me, but didn’t. You know why? Because my time here is terminal.

This semester I have: gone to ‘80s Night alone, started running only in spandex, began drinking cheap wine, broken nearly every urinal courtesy rule, danced on the stage at ‘90s Night, been to Rasputin’s on a Sunday night (and forgot to close out my tab, which meant no money until they reopened on Thursday), got into returning bottles for cash, and worn Crocs out to the bars. My favorite thing by far though, is telling people who recognize me but who I may not recognize, that I have no idea who they are. In the past, I may have attempted to parse out the individual’s identity like a game of Guess Who? but now, I will blatantly say, “I’m sorry, you seem like a great person, but do I know you?” Generally, it turns out I do know them, and that they were in my 8:00am (yes freshmen, we used to have 8:00am classes) general chemistry lab.

On another occasion, I noticed when I was out with one of my friend’s that she had a cute friend with her. A couple days later, I literally texted her, “what’s the deal with _____, because she seems like a cool person.” She replied, “She has this guy she’s been hooking up with.” There you had it, a very straightforward answer to a straightforward question. Had this been three years ago, heck, even last semester, I probably would have spent three weeks going out and hoping to run into her at the bars or a party, just so I could ascertain this same information. That was no way to live life. I urge you, whether you’re a super senior, or just a first-year, live like you have no time left in Burlington, because someday you won’t. Go out, have fun, meet new people, don’t be afraid, because you’re only limiting yourself. To quote the great Dom Mazzetti, “YOLO.” Having my time in Burlington be terminal is great- now I just have to make a Burlington bucket list, and you should too. ■



fuck you - continued from page 1

the real countdown begins.

21. The pinnacle. Real freedom. You can now legally do everything any adult can do (except rent cars in some places, which comes at 25... weird) and you can drink alcohol! For the first time ever, obviously. Plus it’s one night of your life that you can pretty much drink as much as you could ever want, and more, and not pay for any of it. The year after turning 21 goes by at a casual pace. You’re content and happy, and at UVM it comes with the excitement of living off campus for the first time; it’s full of fun birthday parties, the bars are still new and exciting, and all your friends still want to throw keggers. The year flies by—you think the euphoria will never wear off and then... You turn 22. You don’t realize it’s coming until it hits you in the face like you stole Mike Tyson’s tiger. You’re not just twenty-one anymore; you’re in your twenties. You might graduate this year. Your age sounds like you’re a grown-up. What?! Where did college go?

Your friend’s getting married? You have to go live in the real world? It doesn’t just suck—it majorly sucks. And not only is the sound of your age getting old, you just start to notice you are kinda getting old. The bars are starting to get boring. Hangovers start to

really hurt. That slice of pizza from last night goes straight to your ass. You notice this one little wrinkle—an f***ing wrinkle—next to one of your eyes! I mean what’s next? Grey hairs? Balding? Memory loss?!

Alright, alright. Maybe I’m overreacting a little bit. Being a real adult is kinda fun. You stop feeling the need to consult your parents, even for major decisions. That open road feeling you got when you turned 16 is real now. You could go anywhere when you graduate, if you’re gutsy enough. The truth of it is that turning 22 makes you confront all the fears you’ve kept at bay for your four-year oasis of college. It means that what some people call the best four years of their life is over.

But hey, they’re not over yet, so I say make 22 bigger and better than every year before it. Steal a street sign last year? Steal a parking meter this year. Take your top off at a bar last spring? Go streaking down Church Street. Twenty-two is what you make of it. The real world is coming, and somehow, in some way, you’re prepared for it, but there’s still time left. So fuck you, I’m 22. ■

the grass is greener on this side

by laurenmacklin

When I decided to go to Gettysburg College, I based my decision solely off the fact that there was a good soccer team and a great party scene. I failed to consider the suffocatingly small size, the crisply manicured and upturned noses of the posh student body, and the fact that Pennsylvania was as incredibly flat as my bra size. Full of ignorant optimism, I packed up my life and headed down I-78, leaving behind my state, my mountains, and my skis.

I think it was when the first five girls that I met asked me (and I quote) “So lyke, what sorority are you going to join?!” that I really started to realize what a mistake I’d made. Sororities? Greek life? Those were not in my college and/or life plans in any way, shape, or form. Well, the joke was on me because about 70% of the students at Gettysburg join Greek life, “and if you don’t, you might as well say goodbye to your social life.” Shit, what am I doing here? I mean, while idiotic football-player-frat-bros-with-the-IQ-of-a-doorknob are totally my type, I knew that if I had to listen to one more conversation focused around who or what the Kardashians did this weekend I was going to shoot myself in the cranium.

The biggest surprise about this student body was not the overwhelming number of meathead frat boys, or even the swarms of rich-bitch sorority girls, but the fact that everyone seemed to be completely satisfied with doing absolutely nothing with their free time. I was considered strange because I love to hike, enjoy crashing a mountain bike down a twisty single track, and would rather shiver on a ridge in Taos, New Mexico than lay on a beach in Florida. Knowing that my choices were either to leave or go completely nuts, I started filling out transfer applications with a Shane McConkey-esque tenacity. As soon as my acceptance letter from the University of Vermont came, I smoked a celebratory bowl and packed my bags, never pausing to look back.

It didn’t take me long to fall in love with this school. I am so fully amped on UVM right now that I would give campus tours for free. (But actually, I really need a job and should be hired on the spot). If you’ve lost touch with what is so awesome about UVM, take it from me: it rocks. Need a refresher on why? Let me list the ways...

1: No one gives a shit about what you look like. Sweat-pants? Go for it. You’re more likely to attract attention if you dress up than if you dress down.

2: Huge-ass lecture halls? They’re great. I hate public speaking. The likelihood that a professor is going to call on me in a class of 200 kids is a .5% probability. Compared to a Gettysburg class of 16 kids, I’ll take those odds any day.

3: There are about 15 locations on campus to eat at. Can’t find something you like? Shut the hell up and realize that some schools have ONE dining hall. Food here is great, so buy yourself some Cabot cheese and be happy.

4: When asked why I was transferring, my usual response was something snarky and sarcastic, such as “Mostly for Ben and Jerry’s,” or more often I resorted to quoting Bilbo Baggins: “I want to see mountains, Gandalf!” Have you looked outside lately? Take a run up on Athletic Campus early in the morning and look out at Mansfield. Not your average sunrise. And the best part? We get to ski at those mountains for incredibly reduced student rates.

5: Ladies, have you noticed the surplus of bearded men here? Ruggedly handsome beats clean cut frat bro, any day.

6: And to you men, there are so many cool girls here! I’m talking about girls who love to get down and dance to good music, love the outdoors, and enjoy consuming alcoholic beverages other than vodka. I’ve never shared an affinity for whiskey with so many girls before. This is a rarity in today’s world, so let’s all realize this and appreciate each other.

In summation, I’ve been at UVM for less than two months and I already feel more pride towards this school than I did during my year and a half at Gettysburg. There is always something to do and someone to meet. Hiking, rock climbing, knitting, smoking, or talking about vegan-crunchy-granola shit—there’s something for everyone. I love it here and have no regrets about my transfer (especially after the recent snow storm. Been to Stowe lately? Pillows and pillows). In contrast to the multitude of daily complaints I had at Gettysburg, I am only faced with one problem here at UVM: do I go to my classes? Or do I go skiing...? ■

reslife - continued from page 1

issue. We met and I told him what I had seen. Within a couple days he had spoken to the RD, who seemed distressed when I saw her. Next he met with my fellow RAs, who supported my story. I met with him a week later, and he told me that he had made the decision that an RD physically manipulating or overseeing the manipulation of a student’s belongings was not a severe enough infraction to pursue disciplinary action, and that things would be better off left alone.

The Fourth Amendment is neither local nor state but, in fact, federal law, yet the residents whose room it was were not even told that something had happened, let alone given the opportunity to question the legality of their violation. There is the argument about probable cause and the fact that University of Vermont judicial hearings are extralegal procedures; however, as the RD is not a law enforcement official and the judicial process of the university is not superior to the law, and ergo ought to have no privileges that a court of law lacks, both points are moot.

In the eyes of RESLife, it was ultimately less important to fix the problem than to save face. And that, in a nutshell, is the problem with RESLife: their authority lies largely in their presentation as a moralistic high-water mark, the standard to which University of Vermont students are held. When they present an image that is anything less than stellar, that standard cracks. The RD of one complex behaving poorly does not condemn the

institution as a whole, but the way the situation was handled does not present a terribly positive picture. I went home after that last meeting, thought things over carefully for a few days, and then wrote the email mentioned above.

So why write this article? Because what happened is wrong. It is wrong that it ever occurred; it is wrong that RESLife has bred a culture in which the RAs are afraid of standing up for what is right for fear of their job security; it is wrong that the AD, when confronted with multiple testimonies, chose doing nothing over doing anything; it is wrong that the structure of RESLife allows that to happen. But most wrong is that there was never an acknowledgement that the behavior in question had been inappropriate. At one point the AD said to me, “[The RD’s] actions may not have been in the spirit of room inspections.” That’s the closest anyone ever came to addressing the truth of the situation, and it is dishonest. It preserves the idea that ultimately RESLife is infallible and incorruptible, neither of which is true. And, in the end, that is why I quit. I realized that I could not work under an individual who thought that that sort of behavior was acceptable, and I could not work for an organization that felt that its responsibility was to defend such behavior. Ultimately, Noscorsociis—I am known by my associates—and I don’t want to be known by my association with them. ■

5

reflections.



graduating: *i'm scared, too*

by georgeloftus

I can't tell if I'm lucky or not. I found out right before Thanksgiving Break that I will not be graduating with my friends. A class I need for that required minor is only offered in the fall, and unfortunately I was unaware of that before add/drop period. (It turns out that going abroad for a full year isn't the most conducive thing to graduating on time, who knew?) I will officially be staying here an extra semester and like I alluded to earlier, I can't tell if that's a good thing or not.

Even though I technically won't be walking until this December, I can't stop thinking about how it's March and I'm terrified. I remember jokingly saying right after my very first semester here, "Oh, shit, I'm officially one eighth done with college." The fact that I'm almost eight ninths done now doesn't make me feel better. All I can think about is my GPA and that stupid bio class I should've tried harder in. I think about the fact that all I did for extracurriculars was write for a paper that has a picture of a dude taking a shit on page 2. I think about the future when a boss might somehow like me less than my advisor. I'm fucking terrified.

I don't know what I'm going to do next year. Am I going to go home, bide my time and money on free rent working that job I've hated for the past four years? Am I going to move to California and try being a screenwriter like I've always wanted? Should I say fuck the world and move to France and teach English for no other reason than I can? I don't know, but for the first time in almost 4 years, in 6 short months I'll be able to say I can do whatever I want.

I'm writing this because I want you to know you're not alone. I remember being a freshman, happy as a pig in shit not knowing what to do. I remember sophomore year thinking I had the faintest clue. Junior year I remember thinking "that's a problem for future George to worry about". Now it's (technically) my senior year and I'm out of time. What's next? I don't know, I'm borderline scared shitless, and I just want you to know I completely understand if you are too. It's fine. At the end of the day, we get to say on our resume we graduated from UVM and not UMaine. Fuck UMaine, amirite? ■

wait, the oscars happened?

by shannonward

Did anybody watch the Oscars? Does anybody give a shit? These are questions that nobody knows the answers to, because nobody cares enough to ask. I bet most people reading this right now had no idea that the 84th annual Academy Awards has already come and gone. So for those of you who missed it, and are at least mildly interested in the outcome of the "much-anticipated" ceremony, never fear! I'm here to give you a recap.

Before I go any further however, I feel it's best to admit right now that I actually didn't watch the Oscars either. But I have done extensive research (and by "extensive research" I mean "several google searches") and I have compiled all that I have found into this handy dandy guide to the 2012 Academy Awards.

Now, based on said research, I have found that the most important thing that happened all evening was that Angelina Jolie exposed a bit of her leg. Seriously, the internet is blowing up about this. It's become a freakin' meme. You'd think it was the 1600s when ankle exposure was a social faux pas, rather than 2012, when booty shorts are a thing that exist.

The second most notable event of the evening was Sacha Baron Cohen, who had been banned from the ceremony after threatening to pull a stunt on the red carpet. His ban was then lifted (by someone who is probably now unemployed) and he came in character as General Aladeen from 2012's movies are going to be SICK! ■

his new movie, *The Dictator*. He then spilled what he claimed to be the ashes of Kim Jung Il all over Ryan Seacrest.

In less pressing news, some awards were won. *The Artist* won best picture against all odds... oh wait. Literally the only thing I know about *The Artist* is that it was always going to win best picture. Best actor went to Jean Dujardin (don't pretend you've heard of him), best director went to Michel Hazanavicius (nope, not ringing a bell), and best actress went to Meryl Streep (AHH I've heard of her!) for *The Iron Lady* (dammit!).

You may have noticed that I'm treating this year's Oscars pretty harshly, but it's not really the Oscars fault. The problem is that 2011 really sucked as far as movies go. The Academy was forced to dig pretty deep in order to find award-worthy movies, so the movies they ended up choosing were all of those movies that are in theatres for about a second that no one actually went to. In some ways, this is really neat, because it brings really good movies that would otherwise be overlooked into the spotlight, but in other ways it's really annoying, because I didn't see any of the best picture nominees. I just had no incentive to care about the Oscars this year, and I'm usually really into them. I feel as though an event was robbed from me.

So congratulations to everyone who went home with a tiny golden man that night. I'm sure you deserved it. As for me, I'm going to start getting pumped now for next year's Oscars because



collin cappelle

"the most important thing that happened all evening was that angelina jolie exposed a bit of her leg."

the *most awesome*, most fucked up, and just plain weird college *policies* in the country

by katjaritchie

As readers of a university publication that openly discusses weed-smoking logistics and gleefully peppers articles with expletives, it shouldn't come as a huge shock that there are schools out there with seriously larger sticks up their asses than UVM. Yes, some students face bigger disciplinary roadblocks than ubiquitous landscaping and administration raining on their booze-on-the-fire-escape parade. But UVM also isn't exactly bra-burning its way to the head of the liberal college pack, as proven by the fact that while we'll condone some good nudity twice a year in the form of the Naked Bike Ride, we don't quite so freely permit an all-around clothing-optional campus. University social policies range from the "what the fuck" to the "fuck yeah". Here's a quick sampling of some standouts:

Most Obsessively Parental: Liberty University

The first red flag for me was that this is a Baptist-affiliated school located in a town by the name of Lynchburg, Virginia. The second is the dense code of conduct known as The Liberty Way. Liberty is big on keeping tabs on its students, and first requires everyone under 21 to live on campus, unless they're married. What goes on in the residence

halls is also seriously monitored, forbidding students to access any media that could "compromise their testimony to the world and their relationship to God." That means the obvious elimination of anything overtly violent, sexual, or anti-Christian, but also video games rated higher than "T" and any R-rated movies. Drugs, tobacco, and alcohol are also clearly out of the question, and students need to be able to hand over samples of urine, hair (?), or

blood (!) whenever suspicions arise. The code of conduct gets even more overbearing and motherly with limiting any romantic contact to hand-holding, and instating a no-excuses curfew of midnight (except on Thursdays, which is inexplicably 10pm). But what about university-sponsored functions at night, or like, you know... students with a job? No dice without writ-

ten permission from an RA. Single (unmarried) students are also not permitted in anyone of the opposite sex's room unless three or more people are present"

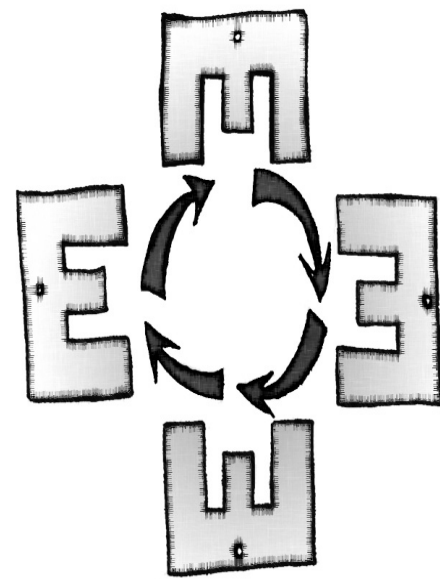
ten permission from an RA. Single (unmarried) students are also not permitted in anyone of the opposite sex's room unless three or more people are present—which to me seems more likely to just encourage a certain creativity, but hey. Don't think anyone could get away with shenanigans outside the dorms going to ridiculous enough, no bedrooms means no bedrooms, and even off-campus houses of non-students aren't an exception.

Most Gender-Neutral: Oberlin College

Oberlin has implemented a pretty cool system to deal with the bathroom situation on coed dorm floors—which is all of them, save for a handful of specified-gender buildings. With the exception of a few all-women halls and the Edmonia Lewis Center or ELC (a safe space living community especially popular for transgender students), students are free to room with anyone of their choice, regardless of gender. So, presented with students living on coed floors and yet having to share bathrooms, Oberlin started their "E system". At the beginning of each year, at least one bathroom on each floor is permanently designated as gender-neutral, with the remaining

ones to be divvied up by the residents at the start of the year. This is achieved by putting a large cutout letter "E" on the door for students to position in various ways as they prefer: E for "everyone", sideways as an M for "men only", flipped over as a W for "women only", and backwards as a number 3: "me, myself, and I", indicating that whoever is currently in the bathroom would rather go without shower neighbors. Oberlin isn't the only one to have gender-neutral housing situations; Wheaton College in Boston is about as equally indiscriminate, and it seems pretty likely that increasingly lax gender boundaries are only going to become more popular at universities.

carly macconnell



Most Racist: Bob Jones University

There are other downsides to this South Carolina institution besides the fact that "Bob Jones" is perhaps the least legitimate name for a university ever. The school is pretty well known for its obscenely strict and at times super arbitrary-seeming policies: among the things not permitted on campus are mini fridges and microwaves in dorms, video games rated E-10 and up, and "New Age, jazz, rock, and country music" (even the "contemporary Christian" genre isn't up to par). Okay, maybe I can see why the administration has its panties in a bunch over that crazy rock-and-roll music, but jazz? Are we in the twenties now? Apparently, because Bob Jones earns the "most racist" superlative honestly, barring African-American students from attending until 1971 (!) and only lifting a ban on interracial relationships in the year 2000 (!!!!!!!). Two fucking thousand! Given all of this, far be it from me to guess why Bob Jones expects any black students to willingly attend, and furthermore how serious of an aneurysm it would take for anyone to apply at all.

Most Nude: Bard College

First off, this is in fact the campus where no one will bother you if it's a nice day and you feel like taking the girls out for some sun between classes. Short of wandering around indoor facilities while letting it all

hang out, no one really cares if you need some time out for a little nudity. Secondly, the school has

its own very uncensored magazine to embrace "nudity and body politics", perhaps a bit ironically titled *The Moderator*. However, for a group of anonymous students, posed naked photoshoots didn't seem quite right—hence the creation of Boobs@Bard. It's exactly

what it sounds like: Bard girls (and guys, they don't judge) take topless selfies and they get put on the internet. They've also spawned a brother blog, CocksOnCampus (open to ladies as well if they're so inclined to take webcam pics of a comparable

artificial, uh, set-up), and a copy-cat blog by, yes, Harvard

girls (the rather uncreatively titled Boobs@Harvard, which has since been taken down). However, Bard's nude blogs are still alive and well, known on Tumblr as boobsatbard and bardcocks—go bananas.

And while you do so, take a moment to appreciate the fact that as you freely scroll through what Bard kids have to offer on the internet, there are students out there at other colleges just trying to sneak in a quick hand-holding sesh without being told to leave room for Jesus. ■

top 5 things you didn't know about *st. patrick's day*

by lizcantrell

1. The Irish name for the holiday is Lá Fhéile Pádraig (The Festival of Patrick). It commemorates the arrival of Christianity in Ireland...by eating and drinking. A lot. Looks like the Medieval Christians did know a thing or two, if you just ignore the decline of the Roman Empire, that pesky let's-kill-all-in-the-name-of-the-Holy-Land-Crusade thing, the witch burning, and the rampant infectious disease. This is the true story of why St. Patrick's day exists- Europe in the Middle Ages was unbelievably depressing. Commence drinking in the name of some guy, Patrick.

2. The myth about of St. Patty expelling all the snakes from Ireland? Come on guys, we all know that was Samuel L. Jackson. He was just so motherfuckin tired of those motherfuckin snakes on the motherfuckin Emerald Isle. Motherfucker.

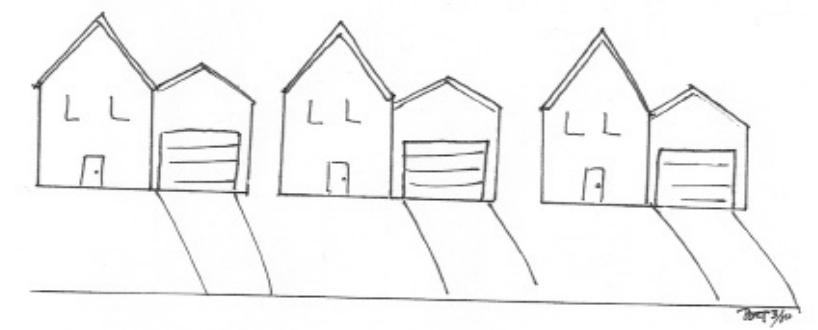
3. On St. Patrick's Day, the number of pints of Guinness sold worldwide totals 13 million pints. On any given day, it's 5.5 mil, so in colloquial Irish, 13 million translates to "that's a lot of fucking beer". And this statistic comes straight from the source: Beth Davies Ryan, corporate relations director of Guinness.

4. According to legend, Saint Patrick used the three-leaved shamrock to explain the Holy Trinity. The word "shamrock" has, however, taken on new meanings. A quick UrbanDictionary check informs us that a shamrock is "anything that is passed off as being true Rock n' Roll, but which a majority of people believe otherwise. See Limp Bizkit. See also Creed. Example: The bar was playing Creed? Now that's one kind of shamrock I don't want on St. Patrick's day." It can also mean "an Irish penis" and "to inflict severe injury upon someone as leverage to facilitate the extortion of money". Put it all together and what to you get? A bunch of Irish dicks listening to bad music and screwing people over for money. Also known as The Departed (which admittedly had decent music and Irish-Americans, so maybe not).

5. St. Patrick's Day is this Saturday. Ok yeah, you probably did know that and you've probably been drinking since you started reading this article. Happy Lá Fhéile Pádraig! ■

proverb place

by brietoomey



There's no place like home.

fork it over.



hey, this tastes
[just/kinda/not at all]
like chicken!

(the **water tower** guide to fake chicken patties)

by **dansuder**

I'm not the biggest fan of fake meat. It's usually pretty highly processed and has that special "I'm a vegetarian so I have to eat crap like this" flavor that I hate so much. There are some exceptions. For example, last time I was home, my dad made tacos with some sort of veggie crumble instead of beef, and they were just as good as meat-filled tacos. But if you've ever had those vegan jerky sticks – made with mushrooms and held together by liquid death, you know that for the most part it's best to stick to tofu, peanut butter, and so forth for your protein needs.

But two weeks ago, I was in the grocery store, walking though the freezer section, when some fake chicken patties caught my eye. "Hm," I thought, "which kind should I get?" There were four available and I couldn't decide, so I left PChops (Price Chopper, duh...) with all four. And then I ate them (on hamburger buns, with mayonnaise) and rated them. Bon appétit!

second place

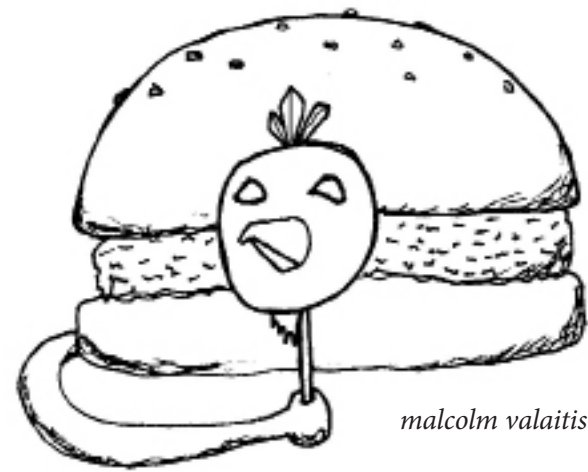
Quorn Chik'n Patties

Now. This stuff is not only meat free, but also soy free. It's made with some kind of fungus or something, and I tried not to think too much about that while I ate it. And I didn't have to dwell, because it was actually pretty good. The texture is hard to describe. It's a little more rubbery than real chicken, but it had the right amount of give when I bit into it. That said, the texture only works when these patties are baked. When baked, the crispy outside somehow psychologically prepares you for the mouth-feel, but when microwaved the texture surprises you and just feels kind of weird. If you're baking, these are a close second.

third place

Morningstar Farms Chik Patties

A friend recommended these to me, and I was let down. The flavor was pretty peppery and not very chickeny, in what seemed to be a cheap way to create flavor. It wasn't horrible though, so I can see the appeal to fake chicken n00bs. If these patties were presidents they would be a bunch of Tafts.



malcolm valaitis

first place

BOCA Chik'n Patties

These are good. Texturally, they're very similar like chicken. Flavor-wise, it's also quite chickenesque. When baked it had a satisfying crunch on the outside, but was still chicken-y and delightful on the inside. When I microwaved it, the patty lost some of that satisfying crunch, but the inside texture and flavor remained intact. I didn't even have the craving for real chicken that so often comes with food like this. A+, would buy again.

the worst 'food' ever created

Price Chopper Soy Chicken Patties

I once had a friend who treated people like shit all the time. I would always be like, "Hey, what a douche!" but then I'd forget and forgive and we'd go on laughing and joking and flying kites together until the next time my friend did something shitty. But over time, my friend's actions built up until I eventually said to myself, "Dan, when you cool down you won't believe that your friend is as bad as you now realize, but you have to stay strong and not tolerate that level of awfulness." These store-brand patties are a lot like my friend; as I write, I can't believe they're as bad as the notes I took indicate ("poopy," "the Stalin of fake chicken patties") but I just have to take my word for it. And for your own good, I urge you to do the same.

fashion five-oh.



dress like a shamrockstar

with **colbynixon**

Most people wake up on the morning of March 17, throw on a green shirt, and rush downstairs to find their Leprechaun gold, or crack open a Guinness, or start making that corned beef and cabbage dinner. That being said, most people don't consider their St. Patrick's Day fashion beyond the wearing of the green. It really depends on how much you want to commit to the best (and second biggest) drinking holiday of the year. Here are the tiers of St. Patrick's Day fashion based on just how into this holiday you get.

top 5 things to wear to an abc party on st. patty's day

1. Ziplocs full of Guinness duct taped to your entire body. Bring straws!
2. Wrap yourself in vintage *Goodwill Hunting* posters.
3. Tastefully place cabbage. Corned beef is optional.
2. Crush up Lucky Charms and mix with water to create a sort of papier mâché paste. Then plaster yourself with torn out pages of Joyce's *Ulysses*.

8 1. Don't wear anything. Sing those drinking songs from *Whose Line is it Anyway?* and use the word 'shillelagh' as often as possible.

1. Wear Green→ It's a classic move, and chances are, since you're at UVM, you probably have some shade of green shirt you got at the freshman orientation cookout or for being Rally Cat's number one fan. There is minimal effort here, and to be completely honest, it's kind of bush league.

2. Commit to the Holiday→ This may require some minor investment, but a shirt with a shamrock on it, some four leaf clover earrings, or an "Erin Go Bragh" pin are all fair play here. This will show others that you are actually acknowledging the holiday and will be at Finnigan's later, enjoying some Irish Car Bombs and Dropkick Murphys.

3. Grow Red Hair→ As a ginger, I can assure you this is that one day of the year when it's actually somewhat fashionable to have red hair. On the plus side, it definitely gets you out of the perennial "I'm more Irish than you" argument, and gives you a great conversation starter. On the downside, when you wake up on March 18, you're still a ginger. Do not dye your hair red for this holiday; it is both insulting to gingers and an unflattering look on you.

4. Leprechaun Status→ Grow a beard, get a green vest and hat, walk around with a box of Lucky Charms, people will get the idea (that you're crazy). Who knows, maybe you'll end up getting lucky yourself.

trash.



the ear

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

Kalkin 2nd floor

Bro 1: If you're going to do it, you might as well get an STI.

Uheights North

Girl 1: I don't think people should post that shit on tweeter.

Girl 2: I think it's bedtime.

Mid-afternoon on the on-campus bus

Dumb girl to uninterested friend: Maybe I will give blood tomorrow... so I can get extra drunk this weekend...

Uninterested friend: Ha yeah..

Marche

Guy: Caffeine makes me so goddamn horny.

Girl, flirtatiously: Did you have any today?

Guy: No.

Patterson

(after watching a TED talk on space)

Stoner 1: I can watch naked women on my computer because of satellites in space.

Stoners 2 and 3: (stunned faces)

Getting off the bus at the Gym

Guy: So that girl on the bus, she could have been my wife.

Now I'll never know.

Bailey-Howe

Guy: I have 500 jello shots and 50 eggs, and I have to finish everything before 1:00.

Dinner at Simpson Dining Hall.

Girl to Guy: I just hate putting it in my mouth... I just get this bad feeling when I put it in my mouth, then my stomach hurts.

North Winooski Ave

Girl: I almost had sex with him but then I found out he liked Dispatch.

Random Thursday Night

Guy: I have to put on my hiking boots first, I can't dance in my loafers.

Essex Junction Bus outside of FAHC

Townie (to guy 1): Hey, anyone eva told you you look like Edward?

Guy 1: Who?

Townie: Edward, ya know, the guy from Twilight?

Guy 1: Ohhhh haha, not yet.

Townie: Yeah Twilight man. I'd love to be a vampire...

Guy 1: ...

First flo' bailey howe

Girl 1: Wait, what's the drunk tank?

Girl 2: It's where you just wait out being drunk... I think..

Girl 1: Can you watch people do it?

Waking up on a strange couch

Guy: Can you microwave a shot glass?

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?

couldn't get a **name?**

submit your **love** anonymously

uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

I've seen you in Simpson with five beepers in your hand,

Some might say that's gluttonous, but I like that in a man.

Your sexy bass voice makes this soprano tingle.

Oh if only, if only you were single.

And when you post a witty tweet,

My heart hash-tag skipsabeat.

I swoon over you every day and every night,

I'm like John Legend, just give me the green light.

I want you so bad, in the gender neutral bathroom, in my dorm, in my bed,

If I took a shot for every thought of you, I'd be straight up wasted.

So please, oh please, just drop me a quick text.

You never know what could happen next...

When: Only on good days.

Where: Roaming Redstone

I saw: The man of my dreams

I am: Crazy about you

I want you so bad, but you're off in Spain

I want you so bad, it's driving me insane

Booth Street just ain't the same

Without you there to tell me I'm lame

I wish you were here wearing some pretty lace

making fun of my sex face

Every night my bed is so cold

and my hand is getting kind of old

I know that it's not Valentines Day

but I was busy then, and had no time to say,

I want you so bad

When: summer time

Where: Burlington

I saw: blonde biddy

I am: Southern Gentleman

Lookin' sexy in your plaid shirt

I wish I was brave enough to flirt

Your long hair was up in a bun

I knew you and I could have some fun

I could tell that you're really smart

The way you spoke Arabic melted my heart

I'm not sure but I think you noticed me too

You might have a girlfriend (?) but here's someone new!

When: Wednesday before break

Where: first floor lib

I saw: a gorg guy

I am: a distracted redhead

The Vegan Station, where I rarely go,

(being a Carnivore of pride quite great,)

Was where I spied a lass I do not know,

In whom my interest shall not soon abate.

Her almond shapéd eyes, so lovely were,

and perfect skin; a lightish shade of tan.

Her raven hair did cause my mind to stir,

as she got food from the Euro-bar man.

Though vague this is, (I doubt you know 'tis you,)

I hope my poem nonetheless did woo.

When: On leap-day, half 'tween six and seven.

Where: The Marche's where the scene was set.

I saw: A maiden, clearly sent from heaven.

I am: A serf whose chance did flee, I fret.

May 20th, 2012

When: every day

Where: everywhere

I saw: hope

I am: submitting this to graduate

tunes.



usher: a sextrospective

by dylanmccarthy

What the hell is this? An article about Usher? What is it, 2004 all of the sudden? Sadly, it's not '04, but you are in fact reading about R&B powerhouse Usher. Why? Don't you worry about that, baby, just sit back, relax, and enjoy this sexy retrospective about the work of a God-sculpted warrior of pure smooth.

Usher Terry Raymond IV (yeah, his real name is Usher) is one of the most successful recording artists of all time, having sold over 65 million albums worldwide, with 23 million of those sales in the United States alone. Usher's first studio album appeared when he was only 16 years old, in '94. It's nothing remarkable as far as R&B albums go, but at 16—goddamn! Credit given where credit's due. Tracks like “Can U Get Wit It” and “The Many Ways” foreshadow the youngin's future success. Usher's '97 *My Way* was his breakout album, going platinum six times and spawning 3 platinum singles. This didn't have any impact on us, though; we were somewhere between the ages of 6-10 worrying about cooties and missing *Hey Arnold!* It wasn't until the dawn of a new decade that Usher rose to absolute power. It wasn't until 8/7/01, to be exact.

Usher's *8701* was the first true taste of Usher our generation could've gotten. Usher's “U Remind Me” starts the album full force with sex appeal. This time, Usher's not sleeping with anyone. Usher knew he could pull that card out any time, but he knew if he was gonna follow up *My Way* he'd have to make himself unattainable. That's exactly what he did. “U Remind Me” lets us know why Usher “just can't get wit youuuu” over and over again. He's got some powerful emotions, and “U Remind Me” makes it clear that it doesn't matter how fine you are; if you're bringing Usher pain, you can't have him—that's not his style. Usher had no intention of alienating himself from his fans; au contraire, on “U Got It Bad,” every single lyric is relatable (to the teen+ crowd). “U got, u got it bad/ When you're on the phone/ Hang up and you call right back.” Too true Usher, too true. In spite of

its greatness, *8701* was just the tip of the iceberg...

Confessions is Usher's seminal work and has popped up in my highschool life and continues to appear (mostly against my own will or better judgment) in my college existence. I know, I know, you want to read more about Sex-God Usher, not white-boy Dylan, but you gotta understand, babe: the most important thing about Usher is the way he affects and imposes his seductively soul-filled sound on the lives of others.

It's 2004, you're in middle school, and holy fucking shit *Confessions* comes out. I was in 7th grade at the time, when music equaled Good Charlotte and Blink-182 and I hated anything having to do with rap and R&B. My mom played *Confessions* in the car 24/7. It was catchy, it was kind of weird and intense at places, and it was the first “popular R&B music” I absolutely loved. *Confessions* was a guilty pleasure then, a throwback R&B classic now, and will never be topped by Usher. Usher made a habit of putting his best foot forward: “Yeah!” is arguably the greatest club-track of the decade, and along with R. Kelly's “Ignition (Remix),” it's the only song you've heard at every rager you've ever been to.

Eight years later, Usher is still saving the day. Anyone who's had to travel by Greyhound bus is fully aware of the



carly macconnell

seemingly endless, stinky, and disease ridden ride that awaits them. Of course, this ride is made much better with the assistance of our good friend THC and an iPod, or at least one of the two. Can anyone imagine that ride sober AND without an iPod? I fucking can, it was almost the worst ride of my life... almost. The journey from Martha's Vineyard to Burlington clocks in at around 11 hours, and sometime over Thanksgiving break I lost my iPod. 2 hours into my journey the erudite and scholarly gentleman beside me, amidst his nap, started making sounds like a walrus getting a blowjob, and I needed some peace. Remembering that my crappy phone had a small storage capacity for mp3's, I figured I'd check out what younger Dylan put on there. A handful of Third Eye Blind songs, “Centerfold” by J. Geils Band, and the entirety of *Confessions* by Usher. The choice was obvious. My headphones were rapidly recovered from my baggage and throwback R&B took me away. Usher saved the day again, and he'll keep saving the day. He's helped me, and he's helped you and everyone else in more ways than we'd like to admit. ■

some nights: some good things and some bad things

by phoebefooks

When I first heard that fun. was making a new album, my initial reaction was not excitement, but anxiety. How could any indie pop album ever be on par with fun.'s *Aim and Ignite* of 2009, much less be greater than it? That's a bold statement, but so is the song “Be Calm.” Nate Ruess's impeccable voice pitches from belts to whispers over a continuous rolling highway of lyrical masteries, all woven together over simple

pop melodies, but with so many instruments and tempo changes that the band rarely preforms “Be Calm,” their best song, live because it's simply too difficult. I was lucky enough to see “Be Calm” played once, and by God I've never sung so loudly in my life. I thought I was going to tear my vocal chords and never be able to speak again. Although it would have been worth it.

Last month, the single “We Are Young”

had climbed to the number one spot on iTunes just as fun. released *Some Nights*. There is no saying that's not deserving; featuring Janelle Monáe (an up-and-coming Rihanna), it's a near perfect ear-candy anthem for our generation. That's been said before, but what I mean by “our generation” is those of us aged eighteen to late twenties who feel young, yet so old. Nate captures this perfectly, singing about bars and how his friends are all getting high in the bathroom but through the veil of an uplifting, catchy pop song.

As for the rest of the album, I was disappointed, yet unsurprised, to find that *Some Nights* contains fun.'s first ever filler tracks (ahem, “It Gets Better”). But don't worry; it gets better. (See what I did there?) “Stars,” “Why Am I The One,” and the bonus track, “Out on the Town” all meet the bar set by *Aim and Ignite* but with especially 2012-esque nuances: blurry, mumbly, semi-autotuned vocal solos that bring to mind the weird part at the end of Kanye West's “Runaway,” references to Twitter, and massive bass drops. Just kidding about that last one. In addition to avoiding the pseudo-dubstep dancepop trend, fun. avoided the lo-fi trend, the featuring-a-decent-rap-artist trend, and the hot female lead vocalist trend. Not that I don't appreciate Sleigh Bells and Lady Gaga as much

trends fun. avoids:

1. pseudo-dubstep
2. lo-fi
3. featuring-a-decent-rap-artist
4. hot female lead vocalist

as any pop-craving adolescent, it's just nice to know that traditional, yet oh-so-untraditional pop can still be made. And unlike Ke\$ha, fun.'s fans don't listen to them solely for the irony.

Some Nights is already climbing the charts, and simultaneously causing more and more listeners to download *Aim and Ignite*. This causes me to wonder if *Some Nights* is merely a pull for attention to fun.'s real claim to fame. Nate wrote “Some Nights” (the track after which the album is named) about fun.'s rapid growth in popularity. He says, “What do I stand for? / Most nights, I don't know anymore.” The road to fame is long, filled with existential crises, dog problems, and shows at Higher Ground along the way, but Nate Ruess is getting there. *Some Nights* is a fickle one, but if the fact that each of the songs has been stuck in my head at least twice already doesn't prove that fun. has done what indie pop bands do best, I'm not sure what does. ■

créatif stuffé.

empty

by j. m.aglio

Friendships have faded that were once held dear. It seems Life is doing this out of spite, flooding my soul with loneliness and fear.

Abandoned now, oh how I feel quite queer, bowing down before the cold empty might. Friendships have faded that were once held dear.

The bold line of purpose subject to smear, and with it gone my willingness to fight. Flooding my soul with loneliness and fear.

Now so far away, although once quite near— Ah! Your face, I have forgotten the sight. Friendships have faded that were once held dear.

As though I had felt the prick of a spear, winging as flesh gave way to its sharp bite. Flooding my soul with loneliness and fear.

Now alone, I cast stones at the still mere as I sit and contemplate my own plight. Friendships have faded that were once held dear. Flooding my soul with loneliness and fear.

there are no explanations

by laurafrangipane

For why you didn't get up today or yesterday or why, at six, I am proficient at telling the time from cooking you and me and brother TV dinners (knowing to silent the beeping, counting quietly.)

For why there are no pictures of you in the before, only the after, or why the pictures seem to hide how little we knew each other. For why the pictures make our shared lives seem so loud when they were counted quietly.

For the waiting, and the wanting of time to pass in digital clock frames (without a second hand it really feels like the drugs might kill you this time) so I count quietly.

I put a cigarette out on my skin to let you in and wait, quietly.

yiddle me this

by theyiddler

answers to last week's yiddles: a sponge, a microwave, and silverware

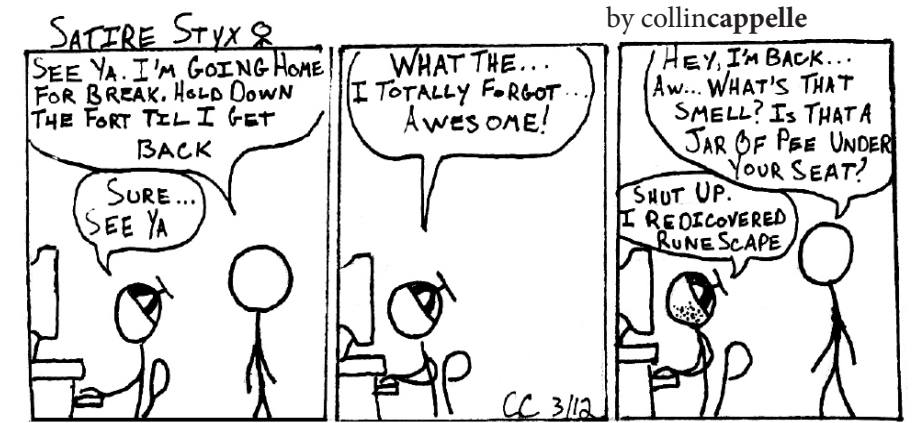
the cipher

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 hammer Beer Pong.

What else do we do with red plastic cups? You make shots til your confidence is on the ups It's deluxe, in a bro tank that feels like a tux Binge drinking, cup sinking, giving so few fucks If you've got two balls, you don't admit inferiority I make frat bros cry back home to the sorority Sink shots categorically, win games historically Don't want more beer, but beer wants more of me Pong ends nights that would have been long Puking strong, by the toilet asking “what went wrong” You'll pay the price if you make this habit lifelong Liver dead, skin color like Mao Zedong That was racist, this pong playing loosens my tongue It doesn't help that this PBR tastes like dung
by dictionary dick-master kerrymartin

Next week, we poach Twitter. 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 circumcise Rick Santorum (you can send me those raps too).



by collincappelle

smiles

by joshhegarty

Tyler's tattooed fist flew out of the dark into Scott's temple and Scott crumpled onto the pavement. A heavy boot flew into Scott's ribcage and he huddled into himself on the ground. His arms flew up in front of his face, his hands tightly gripping the back of his head. But they did nothing to stop the next boot aimed at his face and Scott felt something shatter inside of his mouth and he tasted the rich iron taste of his own blood. Someone shouted from a window, “Hey, I'm calling the cops.”

Tyler looked down at Scott with a coy smile and said, “Stay away from my sister.” Then he took off into the night, his boots making heavy gallops on the street. Scott coughed up blood onto the sidewalk and tried to sit up, only to fall onto his back. He lay there, assuming that his death would be coming shortly, and his eyes slid shut.

When they opened, he was in a hospital room with painkillers flowing into his arm and gauze in his mouth. He tried to move and felt stiffness on his chest and a pain in his ribs. Several minutes later, a doctor wandered in to explain that he had some broken teeth as well as a few bruised ribs. Scott tried to say, “When can I leave?” but the gauze left the doctor confused.

“We're going to hold you here overnight,” he said, “And there's a police officer here that would like to talk to you.”

“No cops,” Scott managed to say, but the doctor had already signaled for a man in uniform to enter the room. “Can you tell me about your attacker?” Scott looked at the officer and shook his head. He mum-

bled out the words, “No charges.” “Are you sure about this sir?”

Scott nodded. He was completely certain that he didn't want the police involved in his affairs. The officer told him to call the station if he changed his mind as he walked out of the room. The doctor asked, “How are you feeling?” and Scott signaled that he felt fine with a thumbs-up and a bloody smile. The doctor left and Scott let the painkillers help him drift off to sleep. He woke in the middle of the night and swiftly, as quietly as he could, removed his IV, gathered his clothing and crept down the hallway and out of the hospital. He hailed a taxi to bring him home.

When he arrived, he swallowed a handful of pills and sent a text up, only to fall onto his back. He lay there, assuming that his death would be coming shortly, and his eyes slid shut.

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“no charges.”
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cat litter.

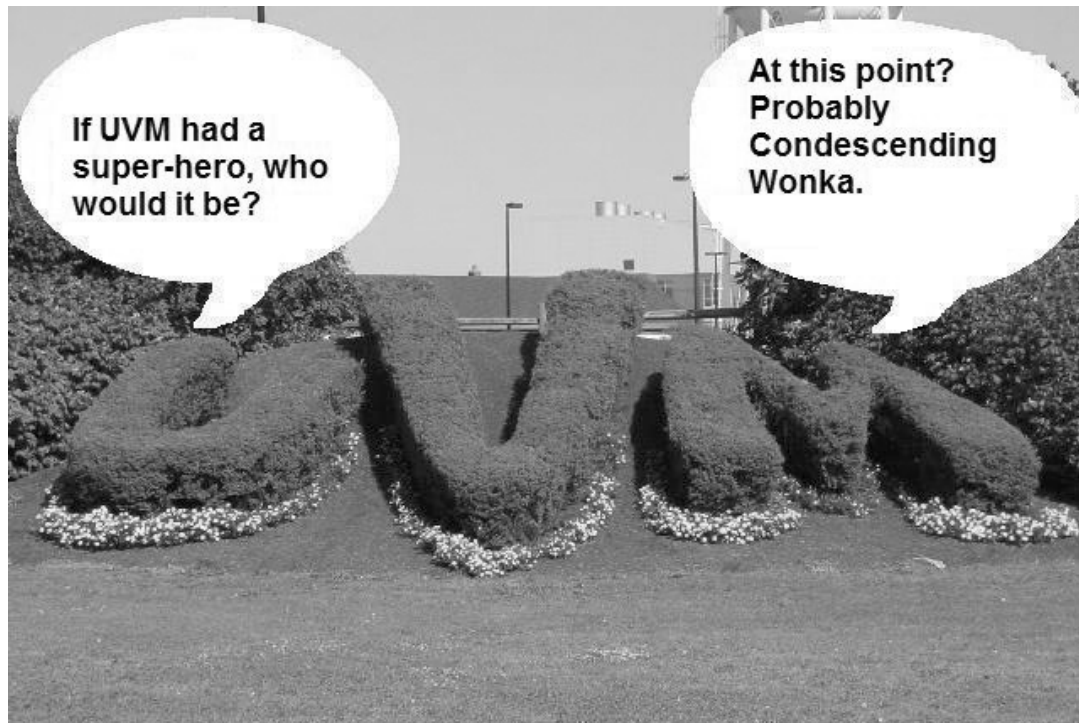


mis quotation
of the week



“Crazy? CRAZY?! Who said anything about CRAZY?! I just like ketchup, that’s all.”

- Ozzy Osbourne



florida. yep. it's like that.

by gregjacobs

It seems that everyone and their mother goes to Florida for spring break at some point. Unfortunately, living in the cold, dark north of Vermont, we have very little idea of what Florida is actually like. So, for a mini experiment, we have accumulated what Vermonters think they know about the Sunshine State.



the world's easiest maze

