



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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what professors don't know won't hurt them ... right?



by lauragreenwood

Professors at UVM know their shit. In each class, it's hard to find a teacher who isn't knowledgeable or capable of helping a student. For this we are thankful. However, we have each experienced a moment when a teacher is definitely in need of help, and yet, we fail to act. As uncomfortable as it is for us to witness their embarrassment, most of us prefer to just pretend it never happened.

We, the students, are guilty of failing to step up. In terms of the godforsaken Golden Rule, understand that the gesture of pointing out a humiliation is appreciated. There's no need to make it worse for professors (they already have to grade our last minute hangover papers), so work up the courage to politely lend a helping hand. Vow to warn our professors if they need to XYZ, because maybe they'll return the favor when you C an A. And so, let us finally address what exactly students are noticing and our thought process.

Dear University of Vermont Professors,

I'm sorry if you are not aware, but sometimes you do things that are pretty embarrassing and no one in your hundred-person lecture will point it out to you (guilty as charged). It's not that we take malicious pleasure in your unfortunate situations, but we are lazy and self-conscious and try our hardest not to associate with embarrassing situations more than is necessary.

Thus, we scrutinize every mistake you make, snicker at every unconscious embarrassment, and leave our hands down. Take this as an apology for our failure to act, but understand that you, too, would have a hard time pointing out to your role model a booger trying to escape.

Let us begin with your technological stumbles. As children of the nineties (and some from the late eighties), we grew up with a Gameboy in hand and our thoughts in Times New Roman. There's rarely a computer problem we can't fix or information we can't google. Moreover, technology is to some teachers as a map of campus is to accepted students, impossible to understand and use. Somehow they cannot comprehend that wires fit into jacks just like

it's not that we take **malicious** pleasure in your unfortunate situations, but we are **lazy** and self-conscious and try our hardest not to associate with **embarrassing** situations more than is necessary

ten minutes wasted on PowerPoint problems are the perfect amount of time to check out an album of someone's fabulous spring break trip. When all else fails, do as we do - Ctrl+Alt+Delete and say words like "troubleshoot" and "reconfigure".

Generally, we won't dwell too long on your inefficiencies with technology because we get it, different generation with different skills. But humiliating wardrobe malfunctions are by far the most difficult faux pas to call out. The bra bulge causes me to avert my

eyes. The boundless breasts make me shake my head. The half-popped collar makes me grit my teeth. But definitely the worst malfunction is the half-down zipper. There are some things as students we never want to know about our teachers. The open fly probably reveals a good 50% of what is better left private. It's horrible that one person doesn't have the guts to draw attention to their teacher's barn door, but noticing a downed fly instantly reveals that you were staring at their crotch. As your audience for fifty five minutes, you'd be surprised by the number of things we observe

... read the rest on page 7

see you soon, summer!

funtivities for the warm days ahead

by phoebefooks

Spring break has come and gone; the snow (or at least what's left of it out there) is taking on Slurpee consistency, professors are talking about finals, and lately Burlington has been looking a little more naked than usual. Say what!? It's springtime, and you know what that means—it's almost summertime. It's almost time to break out your favorite old pair of flip-flops and buy a new bathing suit. Ah sweet summertime, I can just taste you. You taste like a melty cherry popsicle, like a mouthful of salty ocean water, like watermelon margaritas, hotdogs and hamburgers, sunscreen, and iced coffee.

Chatter about summer plans is filling the air as well. And by the air I mostly mean the internet, and by the internet I mostly mean Facebook. Whether you are roadtripping to Bonaroo, lifeguarding, waiting tables, flying to Aruba, or bumming at the beach all summer, make sure you accomplish at least a few of these summertime essentials during the three most precious of months.

Drive with all the windows down. ALL THE WINDOWS! Even if it's just you in your mom's Honda Odyssey and you're on the way to pick your little brother up from soccer camp, get the wind blowin' though your hair and rock out to the Beach Boys like you're driving down Ocean Boulevard in a Cadillac XLR. Wearing your coolest pair of sunglasses is recommended, and gentlemen, shirts are optional. Just please no lax pinnies.

Day drink. Drinking with nature's lights on is a summertime classic. And damn those summer days are long. The acceptable time to begin drinking during the summer is as soon as you wake up. Make like Ke\$ha, and actually brush your teeth with a bottle of Jack Daniels—you'll need it after you finish that bowl of beerios—and then treat the rest of the day like your grandparents and great aunts do when you're all on family vacation. You'll probably pass out before the sun goes down, but that's okay because there's nothing wrong with a 14-hour hibernation period before another one of summer's spontaneous activities begins.

Go barefoot. Need this even be said to the University of Vermont? Unlike dining halls and libraries, the great outdoors has no footwear requirement, so there's no need to incite a political protest while going barefoot in the summer. On top of that, feeling the grass between your toes is significantly more enjoyable when the grass is actually green and you're also not wearing gloves or a winter jacket. Mmm warm sand, frothy ocean, and summer thunderstorm mud puddles are calling for me.

Pick fruit. The sweetest of plants ripen in the sweetest of seasons, so no matter where you are this summer, you should be able to find a fruit-bearing plant. Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and cherries are abundant throughout New England, delicious, and fun to throw at your friends. If you're down south, you must find a peach orchard. But go there at nighttime, and bring someone to kiss while your lips still taste like sweet summer peaches. If you're anyone other than the US this summer, I'll be sincerely disappointed if you don't pick bananas, oranges, starfruits, mangoes, papayas, and/or watermelon. Go crazy... or should I say, go bananas?

Do something you'll never have the time to do

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the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Greetings!

I just wanted to tell you that I really appreciated your Kony 2012 article, and the tone in which it was written. It wasn't completely subjective, but brought up several salient points, particularly about listening to Africans. I often try to share this sentiment with other people and you did so admirably, better than I ever manage. So thank you.

Sincerely,
Bria

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list with julietcritsimilios

The Hunger Games - I did not read these stories, and I have not seen this movie. Maybe I should, since children killing each other in some weird future society is cool or something. Until then, I wish you would all just shut up about it so I don't feel excluded.

People that are not upper to middle class white males - A new study has found that discrimination in the workplace costs businesses around 64 million dollars a year. If women, and non-whites, and the gays, and all those other crazy loonies weren't so terrible at their jobs, then maybe we wouldn't have a problem! Like, come on. You're costing these companies money. Sheesh.

Vermont Weather -A frequent cameo-maker on our list, Vermont decided to take all our clothes off in 80 degree weather, only to bundle us back up this weekend when it went back down to 40. Why you teasin' us, boo?!

Newt Gingrich - There's a lot of beef to be had with Newt, but his latest attacks on Obama claim that the President is making the Trayvon Martin case a "racial issue" are ridiculous—because the case does present racial issues (among many others). Why is he so unaware that issues surrounding race are still pervasive in American culture and should be spoken about in order to change rhetoric and perceptions? Oh, right, because he's Newt fucking Gingrich.

Football Trades - Tebow is with the Jets now, Peyton is on the Broncos, everyone is freaking the fuck out, and no one, as usual, cares about the imminent hockey playoffs.

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with jamesaglio

“And since a man can't make one, he has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one.”

-Tupac “Keep Ya Head Up”

I think 'pac is of a similar mind to our own julietcritsimilios.

“This is not about self-defense. This is about a man deciding somebody, based on who he was, was a suspect and that he would take matters into his own hands.”

-Al Sharpton on the slaying of Trayvon Martin by George Zimmermann

Last month in central Florida a 17-year-old black boy was shot and killed by a white Hispanic man who says he was assaulted by the boy and reacting in self-defense to a lethal threat. The boy was carrying a bag of Skittles and an iced tea. The trial isn't over yet, and it is hard to say what happened, but there's a whole lot of stuff going on in Florida—you should check it out.

“The guerrilla wins if he does not lose. The conventional army loses if it does not win.”

-Henry Kissinger

Speaking of people who may or may not be crazy but are great with foreign policy, Kissinger raises a point here that is as relevant to the US' current foray in Afghanistan as it was to Vietnam when he originally said it in 1969. As long as there are guerillas, they are winning, and the only method of America winning is total annihilation. But what is the cost of that? An in depth **water tower** article is forthcoming.

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New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
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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.**

news ticker: Americans continue to confuse the fundamental difference between a democracy and a republic +++ food court fight quickly becomes bloodbath, orgy +++ rain rain go away co- ■

cartoon by kevin kennedy

some choice words

by julietcritsimilios

Campaign rhetoric comes and goes, but some of the most stale and outdated terms are those that stick around election after election. While the economy is on everyone's minds (especially all my fellow Seniors that are panicking that Spring Break is already over), there are many social issues that the Republicans have been debating about. Still, that age old favorite of abortion makes Mitt Romney so damn mad he proclaimed that he wants to overturn that crazy case that allows women to decide what to do with their own bodies. Because he, and many other Republicans, are pro-life.

The democrats and their fellow grassroots mobilized groups are at an advantage fighting for a case that is already in place. In a piece (which you should read) by Mark Carl Rom, he explains, "groups that seek to change policy normally operate at a distinct disadvantage compared to those that want to thwart change." While it is normally Republicans that seek to thwart change (or it least it seems that way), the Democrats have the advantage that a case like Roe v. Wade just celebrated its 39th anniversary this year. Still, Republicans are significantly better at planning ahead than Democrats are in these instances (ie; Federalist Society) and have significantly larger donors (ie; religious institutions) backing them.

In the midst of this campaign season, the Democrats, Obama, Advocacy Groups, somebody needs to re-define the rhetoric of the abortion debate. For years it has been pro-choice vs. pro-life. Let's call it what it really is: pro-choice vs. anti-choice. Nobody (at least hopefully nobody) is anti-life. Have you seen a baby? Babies are cute! Babies are great! You were once a baby! What people don't like is when politicians tell them when they can have those babies, and why they can't terminate a pregnancy in their own uterus, even in a case of rape (cough, Rick Santorum, cough).

Having pro-life and pro-choice as the options in the debate makes the rhetoric muddled and makes the pro-lifers seem

chaste and cuddly (like babies!). An anti-choice label shows the true differences between the two parties because that is what the legislation would end up as-determining that a woman does not have the right to choose how, when, why, where, and with whom they have a child. The Republicans running for president need to be confronted with the idea of being anti-choice. The pro-life argument is a tired excuse that is largely based on religious views of conception, which fails to recognize the separation of church and state that exists in our country. The pro-life stance, as a whole, values an individuals' right to life that is unborn, and condemns abortion. What it fails to consider is the life of the woman, and her right to choose what she does with her body—yet the rhetoric of being 'pro life' doesn't make this as clear. Choice is what women, men, all Americans deserve.

And, choice is something all the Republican candidates have had—Newt Gingrich chose to cheat on two wives and still run under the Republican party platform of family values; Rick Santorum chooses to believe that marriage is not an evolving term in America despite the unprecedented increase in support of gay marriage; Mitt Romney chose to say that "corporations are people, my friend"; Ron Paul chooses to be a wackadoodle every day! What they forget is that we live in a democracy, and in order for them to get elected, millions of Americans must choose their name on a ballot. Members of a democratic society, regardless of gender, need to understand this fact now, more than ever, before going into the voting booths in November. (It's coming faster than you think).

Changing the abortion rhetoric in the presidential campaign to pro-choice vs. anti-choice is one step in helping people understand the true basis of the abortion debate, and it will make people more conscious about the importance behind the essence of the issues. While I have some other choice words for the Republican candidates, I think I'll leave it at that. ■



klansman in the county

by juliendarmoni

In northern Idaho, a white supremacist is running for sheriff of Bonner County (be as liberal as you want with the pronunciation of that one). While his prospective candidacy is sure to upset some, especially everyone, Shaun Patrick Winkler told MSNBC reporters that his affiliations to the Aryan Nation and Church of Jesus Christ-Christian (not to be confused with Church of Jesus Christ-undetermined) will not influence his policies. Winkler said that he was motivated to campaign in response to the increasingly aggressive federal presence in Bonner County, and not at all because of the blinding anger threatening to consume him from within.

Other stances include strengthening weaker policies against drug and sex offenders, which will in no way be determined by racial profiling of any sort, unless the offender is black, in which case come on, if you're guilty you're guilty. "Whether people will believe me or not, it will be en-

tirely up to their own discretion" he said referring to his "controversial" endorsement of unrepentant racism.

"I don't look at myself as a vigilante" said the 33 year old bleach-white Winkler, "I look at myself as a concerned citizen." Indeed. Though Winkler has not held office in the past, his views are by no means unprecedented. As a reported member of the Ku Klux Klan he represents a more traditional, if outdated, form of American politics, similar in kind to the form practiced by GOP candidate Rick Santorum, which also reflects a more insular, aggressively white-ier attitude towards other cultures.

Winkler is another in a long line of modern Republicans running under extremist banners. Should he clinch the election, which, fingers crossed here, he can look forward to sharing his constitutionally justified "concern" with the rest of his terrified county. ■

"two thumbs up!"

-Ebert and Roeper

★★★★

-Prince Harry

this summer's smash hit:

middle-east nuclear primer

"[this movie] [is]... awesome."

-Wall Street Journal

by juliendarmoni

This year's Middle Eastern controversy has the benefit of featuring a pretty A-list cast, stacking legendary figures like Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu against love-to-hate-him Iranian president Ahmadinejad, and featuring Democratic bad-boy Barack Obama in a rare supporting role. That's a veritable *Ocean's Eleven* of geo-diplomacy, and if the media-blitz surrounding Iran's controversial Nuclear 5 club membership application is any indication, this thing is bound to blow up at the international box office.

To give a brief synopsis, the American distributor is pitching this like a classic DeNiro vs. Pacino gangster flick circa '95's *Heat*, with both sides pushing morally ambiguous agendas in a town rife with crooked cops and worse politicians. In Ahmadinejad's corner, Iran's branding its nuclear facilities as an economic juicer of sorts, a way to beef up on alternative energy without dipping into their lucrative oil reserves—a fine cover, perhaps, but the audience suspects something a little more devious, and in the trailer Zinn's score peaks just as we get a brief glimpse into those secretive nuclear facilities—it's a shot straight out of *Moonraker*. Meanwhile, the hot-headed Netanyahu is sweating blood contemplating a dangerous military rush on the facilities that could have devastating worldwide implications, and Obama's right in the middle trying to calm everyone down. No doubt it's a tense trailer, and the marketing team's leveraged just the right amount of information and suspense to guarantee a swell turnout.

In the weeks leading up to its worldwide premier, **the wafer tower's** got the inside scoop on what the trailer doesn't tell you.

First and foremost, Iran's been pussyfooting around nuclear transparency for a while now (since Jan 2011), and while some see the newly negotiated peace talks as a coup for geo-diplomacy, many see them as a surreptitious (and well-precedented) ploy to buy up time while Iran continues working on their nuclear facilities under the umbrella of compromise. Speaking of the crisis, Shabtai Shavit, former director of the Israeli intelligence agency, said recently, "they didn't invent this ruse, they learned it from the North Koreans." Likewise on the home front, where Republican sacrificial candidates Romney and Santorum have taken the president to task, citing his weak foreign policy as a road block to neutralizing the Iranian conflict. Of the turmoil, Santorum said on Sunday that the talks were just, "another appeasement, another delay, another opportunity for them to go forward while we talk," with Romney echoing the sentiments, declaring, "the only thing respected by thugs and tyrants is our resolve, backed by our power and our readiness to use it." Ghandi couldn't have said it better himself.

Adding to global suspicions was the February U.N. report that Iran was developing another nuclear facility at an underground site—call it a lair—that "Israel and the United States have said is virtually invulnerable to attack."

And while Ahmadinejad's busy denying Lex Luthor associations, Netanyahu's assumed an almost Lord Farquaad-ian oppositional stance, declaring "We have a mighty country and a strong army" and (semi-hilariously) "we have many friends who stand by our side and who will stand by our side at all times." Of those many friends, only the United States could be reached for comment, who criticized the perceived jingoism of the Romneys and Santorums, while denouncing Republicans (and perhaps certain "friends," methinks?) for "beating the drums of war" so "casually."

There you have it folks—this has all the makings of a *Dark Knight* level smash. Iran's got the world in a tiffy the likes of which we haven't seen since Bush's war on...whatever that was, and it's nearly dominated political water-cooler discussion concerning the upcoming election season (though don't expect it to trump the economy issue). Are we making progress on the dubious nature of these facilities, or are we merely running the clock on what some see as Ahmadinejad's impending acquisition of nuclear weaponry? Is Obama being too passive playing peace-keeper or is his non-intervention a refreshing change of pace for a country weary of Middle-Eastern conflict? It's a question not easily answered, but as wise man Murrow used to say, "good night, good luck, and god damnit we're all doomed." ■



barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



pressures of a prospective med student

by caito'hara

I spent high school as the kid who knew what she wanted to do with her life. Full of ambitions and dreams, I just knew that I was going to be a doctor. And I went about life with that confidence in my future; with a self-assurance that what I was doing was right for me and that I would get there regardless of the obstacles and difficulties.

But over the past several months a growing feeling of doubt has been creeping up on me. Where I was once so completely assured that I knew exactly what I wanted and how to get it, I now find myself questioning whether it's all been one big delusion. I've never been able to imagine myself doing anything other than going into medicine, and never considered any other options. And now, here I am, confused as hell and unsure of where to go with it.

I refuse to believe that the pressures of everything got to me. Medical schools, undergraduate schools, yourself and those around you are all capable of putting an enormous amount of pressure on someone to perform well and achieve. Because of some minor pit falls from first semester, I have the joy of meeting with a member of the UVM faculty every few weeks to discuss my progress. At our first meeting, he said to me, "You know you won't get into any medical school with grades like these. You show an aptitude for writing and language-based classes, have you considered switching to something like that? You probably should consider it."

Huh?

This gentleman, and I use that term loosely, knew me as the sheet of paper in front of him. He had rarely spoken to me nor interacted with me, and knew me as my transcript from my first semester as a student at this university. And apparently that predicted whether or not I would actually be able to succeed. Bullshit. Absolute bullshit.

I've stepped up, worked hard etc. etc. And it's not the pressure of the situation that bothers me. I'm a stubborn asshole, giving up on something because it's a little difficult is not an option. It's more a matter of self-examination. I've wanted medical school for so long, and now I'm beginning to wonder if I want it for the right reasons. Do I only want it because I can't see any other options? Because it's the only thing I've ever imagined? At this point, I have no certainty about it. What was once completely assured is now on incredibly rocky territory.

I suppose there are two real points to this. One being that there are incredible tons of pressure placed on students who desire to go to medical school (which I can't necessarily argue with) but I can argue that it's probably not being done in the best way.

There is never really any way to be sure of what you wanna do. I believed for so long that this was right, and it scares me shitless that now I really have no clue. And I guess in some manners, regardless of how damn wrong it feels, it might actually be ok in the long run. ■

treasure map 'o burlin'ton

(how to find ye way below to north beach)

by georgeloftus

Y'vast! It's another beautiful day and your friends have decided to rope you into an adventure spanning the seven deadly Burroughs of Burlington, leading all the way to Burlington's finest (and pretty much only) beach worth going to! It's painfully simple to get there too, although it's kind of an involved process, one rife with danger! Intrigue! Political corruption! Drug abuse jokes! Huzzah!

Step 1: Start on Main Street. Cross to get to the side that the Davis Center is on. This part is really important-- DON'T BE AN ASSHOLE WHO JUST CROSSES WHENEVER THEY WANT. That person sucks, seriously, it's terrifying driving there, just be patient and wait the minute it takes to get the crossing light.

Step 2: Walk down the entirety of Main Street, but take heed at Church. There have been increased reports of Kornbread in the downtown area. Not only was he see walking into JP's three weeks ago, but he was also seen driving a U-Haul truck down Pearl, and I shit you not, he popped his head out the window and just said "Yeah! Yeah! I'm drive a motherfuckin' UHAUL BABY!"

Step 3: Take a right onto Battery Street and follow that until you get to the lake front, y'know, the place you went to a lot during Orientation Weekend because it felt liberating not entering contests for frisbees made out of flimsy plastic. Be careful though, this is where the strong are separated from the weak, you will probably see a lot of overweight shirtless people here because they were too tired to actually make it to the beach.

Step 4: Follow the Bike Path north. This is the same thing as getting to the lake and taking a right. There's not really a lot to explain here.

Step 5: Keep taking the bike path. Be careful though, there's a lot of places where people can hide and eventually come out and stab you. Whenever I went with my friends, I always played a really fun game that passed the time well. Double your pace for every used condom you see, triple your pace for every time you think you hear children laughing, and quadruple your pace for every time you see a hypodermic needle lying on the ground.

Step 6: I know, it sucks. It takes FOR-EV-ER. Keep following it though.

Step 7: Retrieve the Sword of a Thousand Despairs from the fiery pits of Achhenon: Beneath what looks like the most normal of elm trees, there's actually a labyrinth left behind by the Dwarven forebearers that initially



malcolm valaitis

seeded this land for farming and local business. Once you've bested the mad wizard who resides in the tallest tower, you can lay claim to the Sword of a Thousand Despairs. It gives +4 attack with a chance to set on fire if you roll an 8 or higher.

Step 8: Arrive at North Beach. This is the most important part. Hopefully those O'Douls you brought with you are still warm, that football you brought is still inflated, and that you didn't actually get too bored and decided to

say "fuck it" right before you got the sword, because you actually need it. How do you think you fight off seagulls from taking your shit, little kids from knocking over your sandcastle, or sparking that hookah when it's windy out? Answer: Flaming sword. The one last thing is when you go into the lake and you come across a surprisingly warm spot, don't fight it, and pay no attention to all the kids nearby, because they definitely didn't just go into the lake to pee. ■

living/learning gets a facelift: what the new mural should really look like

by lizzcantrell

If you diligently read those short and sweet emails from Gary Derr, you know that the El Salvador Mural is getting a makeover. So, since you have never read one of those damn things in your life, you had no idea that the big ass wall at L/L (also known as the El Salvador Mural) is getting a fresh new look.

The mural is in such bad condition that chunks of it have been falling off like it's the fucking Antarctic ice sheet, except there's no Dennis Quaid to come save it. Supposedly, there will be an online poll to decide what the mural will actually consist of, but the water tower is way ahead of the university's efforts. We've compiled a list of the best options for your voting pleasure:

A giant crossword:

Got some time to kill between classes? Fancy standing in front of the world's biggest fucking crossword puzzle with a delish Marche smoothie and plugging in a clue or two? Know a nine letter word for raunchy or a five-letter word for a long, narrow inlet with steep sides or cliffs, created in a valley carved by glacial activity? I think we all do. (btubs, if you were keeping score the words are: salacious and fjord).

A larger than life edition of the ear/iwysb:

If you need to immediately profess your love or jot down a hilarious convo you eavesdropped on, just grab a Sharpie and pen that gem for all posterity to see. The major problem with this is, of course, that some people think they're Billy effing Shakespeare and will hog the space with their sonnets and iambic penta-whatever. If this was to be erected, there would have to be strict rules governing the number of lines of love one is allowed to confess.

A montage of celebrities and dignitaries offering wisdom:

For example, Newt Gingrich, "A mere forty years ago, beach volleyball was just beginning. No bureaucrat would have invented it, and that's what freedom is all about"; Mel Gibson, "What are you looking at sugar-tits?"; Mariah Carey, "I just want one day off when I can go swimming and eat ice cream and look at rainbows"; or Hilary Clinton, "Motown, Motown, that's my era. Those are my people."

A Portrait of Champ Fighting Rally Cat (Done in Ed Hardy Style):

Imagine this: Champ is riding a tidal wave on Lake Champlain with bursts of fire shooting behind his head. As Rally Cat swipes his paw across Champ's face, tons of rhinestones emanate around them to form a skull, through which roses spelling "rock n roll" have grown. A banner emblazoned with the words "Universitas Viridis Montis" scrolls across the top, and pot leaves are scattered tastefully around the display. Sound tacky? Sign us up. ■

too early for spring

grievances of the warm season

by phoebefooks

Don't get me wrong, I love to frolick half-naked in the grass as much as any human being, however we arguably could have done without this unplanned pregnancy of early springtime weather produced by global warming and a bit of luck. Coming from the south for my first New England winter, saying that the past few months have been a disappointment is an understatement. I came to college in the good old Green Mountain State expecting to ski more frequently than walk, meet Frosty the Snowman himself, and skip classes because I would risk getting hypothermia from going outside—not heat exhaustion.

Let's face it: a student body whiter than the very ski slopes they shred cannot handle 80-degree weather in March. Sunburns have spread across campus as if the Sunburn Club was handing them out in the Davis Center. And while I don't mind slip-

ping on my shades and checking out most shirtless dudes on the green, there are certainly a few beer guts, milky thighs, and wookie chests my peripheral vision could

blunts for me.

Furthermore, springtime in early March has caused an unfortunate spew of ever concerning girl problems. Although J-

"i came to college expecting to ski more frequently than walk, meet frosty the snowman himself, and skip classes because I would risk getting hypothermia—not heat exhaustion"

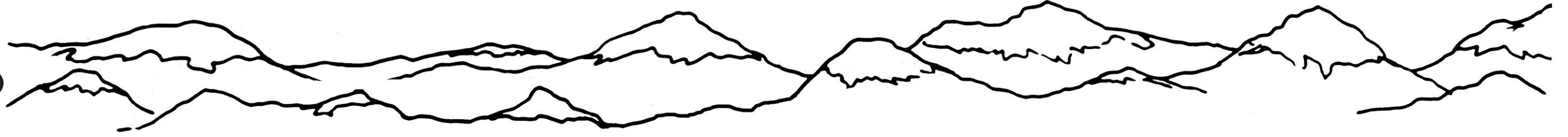
have gone a few more months without seeing. Seriously, whose balls produce enough testosterone to grow a shoulder beard? Are there people that are half-human half-chia pet? I want to adopt one and train it to roll

Crew mailed out their bathing suit catalogue in January as per usual, summertime fashions have yet to hit the racks in most stores, nor are any of us prepared to stop eating Ben and Jerry's everyday in prepara-

tion for bikini season. Such a disaster has led to sightings of makeshift bikini tops cut out of flannels and ugly sweaters. "We don't know what's in style for this season yet, so the hipsters don't know what's out of style and no one knows what to wear," says Harrison Gessow, a first year in the College of Arts and Sciences, expressing extreme concern about the onslaught girl problems.

On top of all this, mosquito breeding season has been significantly extended and only half of the buildings of campus have air condition. Say hello to spending all your money on Off! and someone else's thigh sweat on your seat in the Williams lecture hall. Here's to hoping that next winter will be what it's supposed to be, and hoping that those chubby wookies get sunburned and retire to the privacy of a tanning salon as opposed to the Bailey Howe Green. ■

reflections.



in defense of wrestling: why i'm a mark

words and art by carlymacconnell

When you're first thrust into the wide, wide world of college life, it's expected that you're going to go a bit hog wild in one respect or another. You're going to discover new interests, make new friends, become a little less wholesome, and somewhere in the process you'll learn things about yourself that you never in a thousand years would have expected. For me, that unforeseen, never-woulda-coulda-guessed-it thing was none other than the good ol' WWE.

Now, I know what you're probably thinking (or maybe not, but you will be now): how could I, a reasonably sane, well-educated, self-empowered female like the sham of a sport that calls itself professional wrestling? It must only be because prime cuts of male flesh, spray-tanned and baby oiled-up, spend a lot of time rolling around together in the ring wearing Speedos.

Well, ok, yes.

That's part of it. I'm not going to deny the fact that I enjoy all of the macho flexing and posturing and, sure, the shameless flaunting of muscles and preternaturally waxed chests isn't hard to endure but there's more to the wrestling entertainment industry than first meets the eye.

To debunk the most common misconception: it's not fake. Wrestling is very, very real. Sure, it's no UFC or MMA and I'm pretty damn sure the winners of most or all the matches are called backstage, but those fancy shmanxy top rope and turnbuckle maneuvers, high-flying shooting star presses, superplexes, moonsaults? Senton bombs off ladders? Chokeslams through tables? When the wrestler hits the mat, they hit the mat. No ifs, ands, or really tight butts about it.

So while you might recognize that a stamped foot timed precisely with a right hook creates the sound that would be expected from the significant impact that never actually happened, or that John Cena's fist slams into the mat next to his opponent's face during a Five Knuckle Shuffle rather than the victim's face itself, give the guys (and gals) some credit. Done correctly, the trademark moves and finishers cause little to no damage to the wrestlers, but done incorrectly...hello, broken neck.

I've only been able to call myself a mark (that's wrestling speak for "crazy-ass fan") for the past couple years,

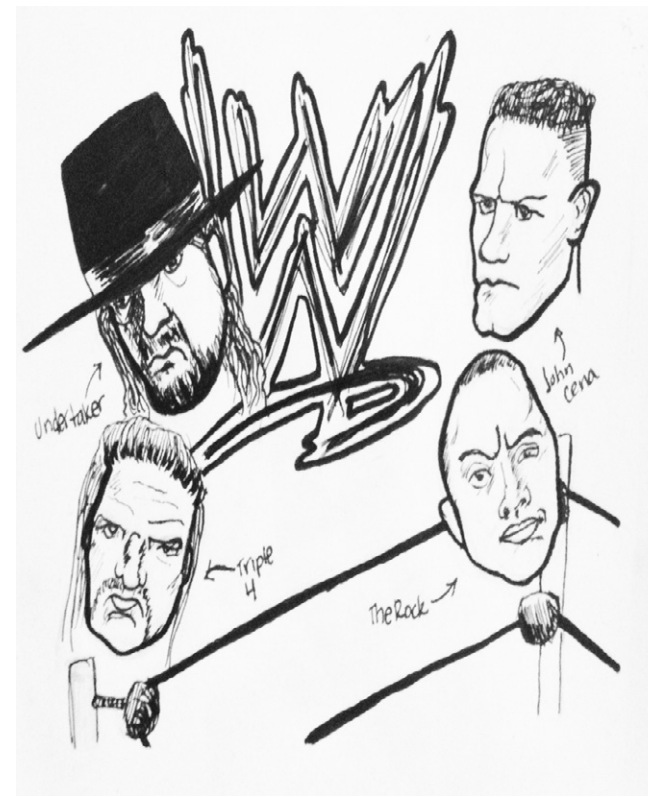
so I've always been aware of the kayfabe nature of the entire outfit. WWE is entertainment. It's in the name, folks. Sometimes it's nauseatingly, blatantly fake, and I have to hold my breath until the segment is over. However, when someone skilled is on the mic, or working the crowd... hoo boy, does WWE know how to put on a show. And there are some superstars that you know, you just know, are going to deliver that palpable energy and charisma that helped make WWE what it is today.

So, how can YOU, a WWE newb, get in on the action? WrestleMania 28 throws down on April 1st, and this year it's featuring two matches that no self-professed mark can afford to miss (though at \$54.99 for the PPV and the status of my bank account, I might just have to miss it). My favorite wrestler, The Undertaker, is apparently back for another streak match, gunning for the big 20-0 after last year's win over Triple H. That's right, this stalwart figure of doom who enters to the tolling of a death knell has

won 19 almost-consecutive matches at WrestleManias, making his first win at WrestleMania VII in 1991 (!!!). For some, this match-up is going to be nothing more than two geriatric dudes pounding on each other—they're both in their 40's—but for myself and countless other fans, this Hell In A Cell match (go on, Google it) will mark the end of an era.

The other match to key into features the doctor of thuganomics, John Cena, and the one and only simply electrifyin' people's champ, The Rock. Cena, the man who everyone can see despite his frequent gesticular claims to the contrary, and The Rock, the only person who can declare himself to be "25% black, 25% Samoan, and 50% Clydesdale!" and have that pedigree be a legitimate possibility—have you seen the guy lately?!—have been dueling with caustic wit for weeks now, slinging names like "fruity pebbles" and "kung pow chicken shit" back and forth for weeks. They'll unleash the fire in Miami on the 1st.

In the meantime, at least on RAW (Comcast sucks so I can't watch SmackDown on Fridays), we've got more than enough spectacular talent from the guys and top-heavy Divas to create a sizeable inferno of our own. Often the matches that make a show great aren't the headliners, but



the ones who go out mid-card and keep the energy roiling, the temperature in the arena rising.

Maybe you'll just have to take my word for it, but if you've never given the WWE a shot, for once, for me, suspend your disbelief; break down your walls, smell what's cookin', let yourself be drawn into the WWE Universe, and I guarantee you'll have yourself a good time. If you're like me, your friends might think you've started hearing voices, but in the end it's all about the game—let yourself play it.

So if you're ever looking for me around 9 o'clock on a Monday night, you only need look as far as my living room couch. Feel free to come over and join, but don't you dare block my view of the TV, jabroni. RAW is on.

PS—If you caught all those references, let's go for a drink sometime. I know we'll be friends. If you didn't, see the **Wf**'s trusty wordbank below for a good start.

Wf dictionary

smackdown lingo:

Kayfabe- Yep, this is a word! And no, it doesn't mean "ok, fabulous" like I first thought. Kayfabe refers to portrayal of events in the WWE, especially feuds and romances, as real, natural, un-fabricated... Pick your synonym. Supposedly it's a derivative of the Pig Latin pronunciation of "fake."

Gimmick- Every wrestler has a gimmick, a character or alter-ego, that they become on camera and in-ring. These can range from the relatively understated to the completely outrageous, and the success of the wrestler depends in large part on the popular appeal of the gimmick.

6 Babyface- Faces are the good guys in the WWE, the crowd favorites, the ones everyone roots for because they're so darn cute and upstanding.

Heel- The bad boys, heels are the ones you're supposed to hate, the ones who are especially inclined to cause excessive harm and use underhanded, sneaky tricks to secure victory.

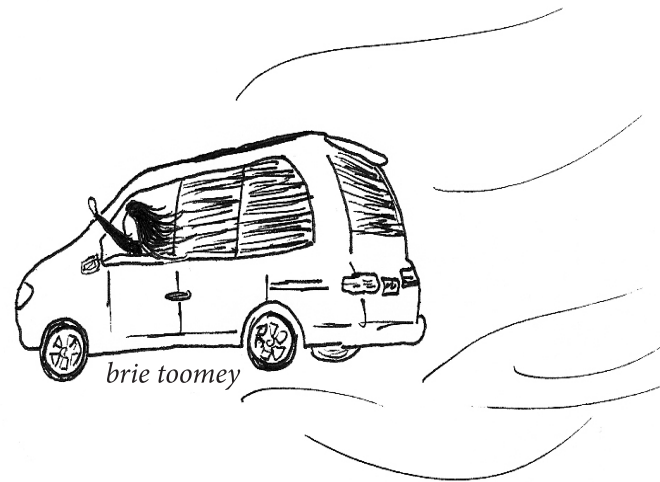
Divas- Every female wrestler in the WWE is a diva, both in official title and often in personality. Regardless of how (in)significant a role sex appeal may play in their character, or how stony their demeanor, a female wrestler is a diva. 'Nuff said.

TLC- One of WWE's myriad concept matches, this particular theme is worth mention simply because it's the antithesis of tender loving care: in a TLC match, tables, ladders, and chairs are the eponymous items, and I'm sure there's nothing more tender and loving than being whacked with a folding chair by a man whose biceps are bigger than his brain. ■

SUMMER-continued from pg 1

ever again in your life. Learn how to basket weave, break out the old pogo stick in your garage, climb a fire escape naked, plant an avocado tree, crash a Hungarian wedding, write a short novel, grow a handlebar mustache, dye your neighborhood swimming pool pink, or ride a moose. Summertime is all about carpe diem, so seize the day and waste it like you've never done before in your life.

So here you have all the essential summer essentials. Make sure you wear sunscreen, drink water (sugary alcoholic drinks and radiant sunshine can make for some delirium-inducing dehydration), and don't forget to come back to reality in the Fall. I would say YOLO



but I'm not nearly drunk enough to do such a thing, so alternately (and much more eloquently) I'll tell you that summer is much too short to be spent on the internet and sleeping in until 3pm like we all do over winter break. Roll the windows down, crack open a cold one, kick your shoes off, and grab some strawberries – summer is on its way. ■

PROFESSORS-continued from pg 1

about you, and yes that means every once in a boring lecture we'll glance at some unspeakable places. After scrutinizing an open fly throughout class, I've thought of every possible way I could have gestured a warning, but I still don't. When presented with the choice of you having a breezy crotch for an hour or having awkward eye contact with you all semester because I was "The Crotch Looker", we will all chose the selfish route. Embrace the aeration is my only statement.

There is an endless list of things teachers do that we students fail to help you work through. Slip ups like saying "free weed" as opposed to "free will" are fleeting mistakes; however, chalk smears across your face, butt, or any other location are the gift that keeps giving, when left unmanaged. With one swipe across the upper lip, a once innocent science teacher can transform into a feverish cocaine addict. Gradually, every person in the

lecture hall will become aware of the white streaks on their professor's face and yet none of us can muster up the courage to embarrass them even more. Unfortunately for teachers, the setting of a lecture hall deters most people from helping ease your embarrassment. Things like pit stains, smudged make up or food in teeth are an odd combination of mortifying and amusing for us to observe. It's selfish that we don't help the cause, since if it were the reverse, we'd probably never be able to face the class again.

And so, teachers of UVM, we thank you and honestly extend our sincerest apologies. Humiliation is a fact of life that we all must face, and unfortunately for you all, you've chosen a profession where your humiliation is subject to an audience. The best we can say is keep calm and carry on. See you in class!

Sincerely,
Your Observant Students ■

identity undefined: the canadian in crisis

by lindsaygabel

On the world stage, he is unmistakably himself. He speaks, with much pleasantness and humility as befits his nature, of a land renowned for the diversity of its geography as well as its people, of universal health care, and of cultural blandness. He quotes with shy wit that if Canada were a flavor, it would be celery. *Quel charme!* muses the world. Ladies and Gentlemen, the good Canadian!

When the audience clears, however, they take his identity with them, because it is they who define him. He clings to notions of hyphenated citizenship and shallow roots in a land of "not enough history

would find its way", says Walrus journalist Allan Gregg. Now, on the cusp of maturity in the throes of a new century, the Canadian has stalled in the midst of an identity crisis.

"to the world he is a static symbol of peace and neutrality, but to himself he is a stranger"

and too much geography". To the world, he is a static symbol of peace and neutrality, but to himself he is a stranger.

Centuries of cultural tension, between Native Canadians and European settlers, French and English Canadians, and the emergence of multiculturalism, have defined the Canadian as one who is perpetually at war with himself. "One hundred years ago a young nation trembled before the twentieth century and wondered how it

Decades of open immigration policies, culminating in the 1988 Canadian Multiculturalism Act, transformed the blank slate that was Canada into a rich cultural mosaic. Today, one in five Canadians was born outside the country, and in the Greater Toronto Area, cultural minorities make up the majority of its five million people. The Canadian today wears turbans and hijabs, saris and t-shirts, moccasins and mukluks. He is Muslim, Catholic, Buddhist, Atheist. He speaks the English and French of his country's founders, but also the Russian and Swahili of new immigrants.

But in progressive multiculturalism, he finds himself in a new war between a unifying nationalism and the celebration of uniqueness and differences. Cultural tension smolders beneath the flames of celebrations of distinction, because human nature says, in the words of Gregg, that "separate can never be equal." The Canadian has an increasing sense of alienation and

a decreasing sense of civic nationalism, and his sense of belonging dwindles with each generation. He knows that, "if you are Canadian, home is the place that is not home to you...[and] the words of home are silent", says Ontario author Debbie Ouellet.

Despite the inner conflict that consumes him, to the world, the Canadian presents an image of pacifism. His opinion is tempered and his spirit mild; he is celery. "Everyone he knows may unambiguously support press freedom and agree that it is a pillar of democracy", notes Toronto Star journalist Kathy English, "but almost no one he knows does it with any evident passion". In the age of globalization, he suffers from an inferiority complex, maintaining the idea that the rest of the world is invariably grander and more interesting than himself. He does not impose his thoughts on the world's most powerful economic and political mind, but he knows that for it he makes a very fine hat. He gladly imports the art and media of his neighbor so his son can hear Obama speak only to forget the name of the prime minister. Clinging to shallow roots in search of the connecting thread that defines what it means to be himself in a world in which he is everything besides, the Canadian hesitates at the crossroads of his future and past. He does not know where he is going because he does not know the direction from which he came. ■



lauryn schrom

fork it over.

“i like big nuts
and i cannot lie”
-sir trail-mix-a-lot

by ellieseitz

Well, it's been one of those weeks, gang. The temptress she-devil of 75-degree weather lured us out of hibernation this week, only to swiftly mock our sundresses and shaved legs with a rapid departure. If you're anything like me, then you're sitting in bed, swaddled in flannel and quietly sobbing. It's times like these when I know I need a high-energy, sugary-sweet, suck-it-38-degree-weather kind of snack. Look no further, folks, I've got ya covered. There's one surefire treat that packs enough energy to pull you out of a funk, and I think we all know what that is: NUTS!

Now, there exists a wide variety of nuts and recipes that include them. When picking the nut that's right for you, it is important to keep size, shape, and texture in mind. Some prefer a smooth, sleek nut like the almond. Many enjoy petite, compact nuts like peanuts (technically a legume, I know. Stop being so nit-picky, alright?). As for me, I like 'em large, misshapen, and wrinkly. Give me a walnut, pecan, or even a robust hazelnut, and I'm your girl. What can I say, I like a nut with character.

The great thing about nuts is that they're delicious on their own, but if you spice them up a little, you can create a taste explosion. So, without further ado, I'll put an end to these terrible nut-puns and give you the recipe you're after. This one is for pecans, but before you bust a nut (sorry, last one), remember that you can substitute with whatever indehiscent fruit you prefer. ■

Ingredients:

- 2 egg whites
- ½ tsp vanilla extract
- ½ tsp water
- 1 pound pecan halves
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- ½ tsp salt

Preparation:

Preheat oven to 250°F
Line baking sheet with parchment paper

Step 1: put egg whites, vanilla, and water in a gallon sized baggy
Step 2: put sugar, cinnamon, and salt in a different gallon sized baggy
Step 3: shake pecans around in the baggy with the wet stuff until they're evenly coated
Step 4: transfer pecans to baggy with sugar 'n stuff. coat evenly.

Step 5: put your nuts on baking sheet and bake for an hour, stirring every 15 minutes.
Step 6: now do the same with the pecans. HAHahaha I'M SO FUNNY.
Step 7: let those suckers cool and then go to town on them.

cinnamon sugar pecans

from Baked Perfection

fashion five-oh.

beyond the beach: boardshorts, the not-beach, and you

by colbynixon

As the weather warms up and you're more inclined to skip that 1:55 physics lecture for a trip to North Beach, you might find yourself searching for a more suitable alternative for the jeans you've been wearing all day. Shorts would work fine, and maybe athletic shorts if you're thinking you may possibly test the water at some point during your voyage to Burlington's most popular beach. However, your best bet would be board shorts for an overwhelming number of reasons (no mesh, don't really cling, dry quickly, ex-

tremely breathable). The thing about boardshorts, is that outside of a beach/pool/Jello wrestling setting, these oft-times fluorescently patterned bottoms make you stand out, and not in a particularly great way. In fact, board shorts may be downright frowned upon by some individuals. A wearer of shorts may hear such comments as, "you headed to the beach today?" or "How's the surf, brah?" I feel that all board short wearers should be free from this mockery. What if when I saw you at the beach in your knee-length

black Nike basketball shorts I said, "yo dude, what's good, you ballin' later?" 1) It would be weird, 2) It would get annoying after the fifth or sixth person said anything. However, I do respect there are some places you should and should not rock those dope Billabong Nomad Boardshorts (\$59.50, swell.com). Here is a comprehensive list of where it is and is not ok to wear boardshorts.

boardshorts are....

[acceptable]

[unacceptable]

<p>the beach 'nuff said.</p>	<p>indoor pool tried it a couple of times, felt like a complete goon, so I bought some jammers (just don't wear those outside the pool).</p>
<p>city market everyone wears weird stuff there anyways. Odds are that in the checkout line you're going to be between someone in overalls and someone using an oversized t-shirt as a dress, so I really wouldn't worry about it.</p>	<p>leunig's pretty sure this is just common sense.</p>
<p>burlington bay this eatery was basically made for you to wear boardshorts to. It's like they want you to show up with a lei and a straw hat.</p>	<p>job fair if you've made this mistake, you have bigger problems- just try to stand behind the guy in the jorts (I shit you not, I one time saw some kid in jorts at a job fair).</p>
<p>in class use your discretion, but as a general guideline it's fine. In a large lecture class, there's a good chance you won't be the worst dressed person there.</p>	<p>with a lax pinnie unless you're looking to fit a certain stereotype. You may as well get a visor or backwards hat while you're at it.</p>

trash.

i want you
so bad

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

I see you around campus in so many places,
Just like Jim Carrey you have oh so many faces,
Without any thought, you throw your cigarette butt in the grass,
Feeling like a real life Tyler Durden, you walk away feeling badass,
You never think nothing of it I mean there's cigarette butts anywhere you look,
Outside dining halls, on the greens and walking to the library to check out a book,
You are everywhere always smoking, littering, smoking more, littering more,
I'm tired of it, I really am, I mean this isn't a lot to ask for,
So please stop throwing your cigarettes butts on the ground and put it where it should be,
Who knows maybe once we get passed all of this we can be friends and play frisbee,
When: EVERYDAY
Where: EVERYWHERE
I saw: Littering smokers
I am: A frustrated bystander

This is out of the blue
But you must know I stalk you
Creeping behind bushes
Hiding my blushes
I saw you cooking with a crock pot
Baby I can make your bed rock
When: Every day at lunch
Where: The Grundle
I saw: Mister Bumble
I am: Your Misses Bumble

An image of beauty,
wearing a black and flowery dress,
In the land of milk and honey,
Your legs I want to caress,
Polite and kind,
A smile divine,
I know you're fine,
How do you unwind?
When: Monday
Where: Blood Drive
I saw: Scoring Redhead
I am: poor at bleeding

To the beautiful blonde soprano,
The one I'd like to know,
Sporting the ruffled red top,
That sets me aglow,
Sorry for staring,
But I couldn't help myself,
Your beauty is overwhelming,
I'm beside myself,
Sitting to the side,
Catching your eye,
I wonder,
Who are you?
When: Tues/Thur
Where: Choir
I saw: a beautiful blonde
I am: blonde bass

I don't speak Arabic, but that's not my thing
"Working" at the computer, I wonder if you sing,
Smiling on your way, in and out the door,
A smile returned is never a chore,
It'd be kinda rude, to interrupt your class,
But I wanna know your name, and check your sass,
Go for a stroll in this beautiful weather,
Can you think of a way to spend it better?
When: Last monday
Where: Arabic class
I saw: a sexy smiling brunette
I am: bored at work

How nice to gift a guy
Whose love luck ran all but dry,
A pleasant evening for two,
With a girl sweet as you,
You were just so inviting,
It's just so easy to start writing,
'bout this awesome person I met
For delight is hard to forget.
Three things, that blew my mind,
Your style, smile and voice so kind.
Three things, I must confess,
To see made me thrice blessed.
So come of this what may
If I'm not your type it's okay,
Just say.
But for now...
When sunny turns to blue
My thoughts, they turn to you.
When: here and there
Where: Music Building
I saw: A super cute girl with glasses
I am: Hobbling after her

Think it's cool posting my number on the internet?
It's not.
Your truck is sexy as hell,
Too bad you're not.
I'll find myself a cowboy
With BALLS and a truck,
Because it's actually a MAN
that I want to...
When: St Patricks Day
Where: H/M Parking Lot
I saw: a no show
I am: disappointed

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

Baby I like the way you rip that bong
Your huge hits make me grow long
I like a girl who knows how to corner
The lighter in your hand is no foreigner
Chilling with you almost everyday
Sometimes neither of us has anything to say
I have something I need to get off my chest
Insert distracting line about your magnificent breasts
There is one thing I must know
Do you like me or are you just some ho?
Using me to smoke the mary
I'd like to know before things get hairy
When: erday
Where: Wherever
I saw: A seductive stoner
I am: torn

the ear

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

Outside Davis Center

Girl 1: Would you rather give up oral sex for the rest of your life, or give up cheese for the rest of your life?
Dairy fanatic: Oral sex, no question.

On South Prospect.

Sassy Girl: I made some cupcakes filled with hate. I hope you choke on them and die.

Williams Fire Escape

Boy: Since I got my iPhone, I've thought seriously about becoming a photographer.
Girl: Do you have instagram?
Boy: (holds up screen) Dude, I'm 'grammin right now!

Cook dining hall

Nerd 1 to group of nerds: It was like if you went to a math majors convention and the speakers just talked about physics.

Marche

Funny-looking dude: I prematurely shot my wad on what was supposed to be a dry run, so now I'm afraid I have something of a mess on my hands.

Wilks stairwell

Girl: If you got me pregnant, you'd totally be paying for the abortion.
Hipster douche: I think we should go halvesies. It was fully consensual.

North Beach on St. Paddy's Day

Girl on phone in green: Wait, I think I might see you. Are you wearing a green shirt? You are?! OK! I think I see you!

Marsh Life

Professor: Who here has tried tequila?

The corner of Church and King

Woman (in response to the weather): It's raining men!
Man (very sternly): No. No it's not.

Outside Angell

Bro 1 : Doesn't matter if it works, long as it looks good
Bro 2 : Yea like you, you got diabetes, but you look good

Outside a sorority, Main St.

Girl: Your penis is NOT a winged dragon.
Boy: No, but listen...

Greene Street

Bro: Why would I bring a girl back to my place instead of hers? That's like against the rules.

L/L by the Fireplace lounge

Boy to friend: Something smells good... did you fart?

WDW

Girl: Guys, I have been with a tiny tiny tiny penis... and let me just say... I do not condone it. You cannot base a relationship on a small dick. It just doesn't work out.

Votey

Girl: Now that you're a classics major you should learn Latin.
Boy: Why?
Girl: In what other language can you write poems with sexual insults about ancient people?

Orchard Terrace

Girl: I'd rather have love handles and be able to eat cheese than be skinny and cheeseless.

tunes.



triple take: thoughts on *port of morrow*

“What are you listening to?”
“The Shins. You know ‘em?”
“Nah.”

“You gotta hear this one song. It’ll change your life, I swear.”

And with that—a ten-second exchange between Natalie Portman and Zach Braff in Garden State—the Shins exploded. They became the go-to indie band. Melodic without being overbearing and edgy without being too trendy or weird, the Shins were a band that both you and your mom would probably like.

But being the Ultimate Indie Band is a big burden

to bear, which is probably why *The Shins* have been less than prolific when it comes to releasing new material. They’ve only released four full-length albums since forming sixteen years ago. Geez.

But, lucky for us Shins fans, the latest of those albums was released just last week! Curious to know what it sounds like? Here’s are some opinions from three **WF** writers—and Shins fans.



dylan mccarthy, **WF** staff writer

I never really listened to much of The Shins. What I heard (“New Slang,” “Phantom Limb”) I loved, but I never went out and bought a CD. Listening through *Port of Morrow* made me regret all these Shins-less years, and consequently subject myself to 40 lashes with a wet noodle as penance for my insolence. Just about every current indie rock group should take a cue from The Shins, mostly in the not-being-so-goddamn-pretentious factor. James Mercer’s voice sounds like Ryan Gosling looks, and the chemistry between the bandmates allows both the instrumentals and Mercer’s voice to share center stage, with one never overpowering the other. No track is weak, and all tracks give off that wonderful “springtime chill” feeling, with the title track just barely squeaking ahead as my favorite. Don’t make the same mistake I did, and listen to the fucking Shins.



sarah moylan, **WF** tunes editor

Five years after the wonderfully edgy and catchy *Wincing the Night Away* was released, The Shins are back with their fourth full-length, *Port of Morrow*. The release of this album seemed like is a pretty big deal to me—before this, no new material had emerged from The Shins since I was a junior in high school. And The Shins, who are indie-rock VIPs, don’t usually disappoint. I have fond memories of riding in the car with the windows open, letting the strange, beautiful melody of “Phantom Limb” seep into me as the sun grazed my seventeen-year-old skin.

But after listening to *Port of Morrow* a few times, I don’t know if its arrival is cause for celebration. *Port of Morrow* lacks the simple paunchiness that was so vital to earlier Shins releases. Standout tracks “Bait and Switch” and “The Rifle Song” are okay, but they don’t stand up to “Australia” from *Wincing the Night Away* or “Car-ing is Creepy” from *Oh, Inverted World*.

Perhaps all of these personnel changes and, hell, age (James Mercer is now 41) are beginning to take their toll on the Shins. *Port of Morrow* is just too...chill. It is (and it pains me to say this) boring. *Port of Morrow* sounds like an afterthought, and after five years, an afterthought is not what I was waiting for.



laura frangipane, **WF** staff writer

I first got into The Shins the way almost everyone got into The Shins—yes, through *Garden State*. And I’m not ashamed to admit I didn’t discover them before everyone else did. When rumors began swirling that lead singer James Mercer would put out a new Shins album on his label after breaking up with Sub Pop, I waited. And waited and waited. I knew that it would be something great, because duh, it’s The Shins, but I was worried. I fell in love with Mercer and Danger Mouse’s side project Broken Bells—but I was concerned it was a distraction, and the album would never happen. I was worried electronic trends had sucked my scruffy songwriter away. The Shins, with a kaleidoscope of past band members, had always sounded the same. After most of the founding members had left, I didn’t want them to change, or evolve, or try to be anything different.

So when I bought (yes, I actually bought this album) *Port of Morrow*, I was nervous. But I put it on

my good speakers, opened up the window, and upon hearing the opening to “The Rifle’s Spiral”, I knew it would all be okay. I am not lying to you when I tell you that I literally haven’t put this album down. It made getting up at 6:45 AM to teach less painful; I already know some of the lyrics to the songs from replaying them over and over. This much is clear at this point: The Shins are James Mercer. This kind of bums me out—I like bands that aren’t cookie cutter and can’t necessarily pick up a new drummer or keyboardist. I want there to be something about the way the guitarist plays that says ah, yes, The Shins, other than Mercer’s, don’t get me wrong, very, very beautiful voice. Aside, the lyrics are beautiful; you take any song on this album, you’ll find something to quote or make the epigraph to your next love-fused summer poem. This is album is timeless like all of the other Shins albums, and it better be, because who knows, we might be waiting another 5 years for the next effort from The Shins. ■

say anything else, please

pop-punkers fail to impress with their latest release

by dylanmccarthy

Say what you will about pop-punk. Say what you will of the genre’s over the top cheesiness, the Warped Tour, and the infinite supply of high pitched male leads in skinny skinny jeans—cause pop-punk is not trying to fool anyone. It sticks to its simplicity and delivers what it promises: verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, and chorus with little variation.

For me, Say Anything was the previous decade’s best pop-punk band. Their relatively unknown debut, *Baseball*, presents some of the cheesiest and most shameless lyrics the genre has ever seen. Their follow up, *...Is A Real Boy*, shattered all expectations promised by *Baseball* with hooks so catchy it didn’t matter. If only they quit there—their next two albums were lacking in almost all musical departments. *In Defense of the Genre* was a double album loaded with filler, and the horror that is their self-titled release can be summed up by the lyric “he’s like a Wal-Mart version of you/ but he’ll have to do.” I could go on, believe me.

On March 13, the boys decided to release their latest album, *Anarchy, My Dear*. At album number five, it is sink or swim for these boys. Is it a return to form or another musical blunder?

Opener “Burn a Miracle” is pretty basic in its delivery. It keeps a steady, poppy and upbeat tempo as band leader Max Bemis showcases his voice’s frustration and awkward confidence that got the alternative music fan base’s attention in the first place. Bemis keeps his energy up without

trying to show how energetic he is for next two tracks as well. Their instrumental sections sound relaxed, and these songs are truly the first SA tracks that could be described as anything closed to relaxed. Good for them.

Track 4 is where things get absolutely awful. The band was clearly yearning for a return to their *...Is A Real Boy* days, as they threw in “Admit It Again”, a sequel to *...Is a Real Boy’s* epic closer “Admit It!!!” The pure, fury filled vocals on “Admit It!!!” were the product of an infuriated young man, who actually meant everything he was saying

“anarchy, my dear is a pretty bad experience, and i didn’t want to waste my afternoon listening to it”

and felt genuine disgust towards pretentiousness. “Admit it!!!” was the half rant/half hook based kind of an anthem every misunderstood teen needed, but here on “Admit it Again” Bemis just sounds like a moron. I don’t know how such great songwriting ability can disappear like this, but how could anyone think “Don’t wanna hear how the latest Rihanna single is a postmodern masterpiece!” is a good lyric?! And for that matter, who the fuck has ever said that ever?!

“So Good” once again presents Bemis sounding like a dunce, as he sings “You look sooo good tonight!” over and over again. “So good”?! Really? That’s the best you could

come up with? What happened to all the emotional complexity? Where did it go?! Why are you doing this to your fans?!?!?!?!?!?

“Overbiter” is a stronger point, featuring beautiful guest vocals and an extra pop-y piano at its center. Bemis’ vocals don’t sound forced, the lyrics are honest and more creative as Bemis asks his love to “Spurn all the pop stars sucking at Satan’s teet/I’ll give you so much more, cause you believe in me now”. However, this song would still only make an okay song by the *...Is A Real Boy* standards they were trying to meet.

To be honest, after the dull title track was over I wanted to shut off the album. It was a pretty bad experience, and I just didn’t want to spend any more of my afternoon listening to it. In the end, I decided to let the final track take its toll. 8 minute long “The Stephen Hawking” is arguably Say Anything’s best song since their work on *...Is A Real Boy*, and that’s probably because it sounds just like the stuff on their magnum opus. Strange, cryptic lyrics that could be about... anything really, and the occasional burst in larynx straining shouts makes this song truly worth your time, whether you’re a fan or not.

Overall, we’re sadly looking at another musical blunder, but this is much, much better than their 2009 self-titled outing. Yet it comes nowhere near as close to *...Is A Real Boy* as they hoped. This is a bad place for fans to search for SA’s definitive emo-inspired lyrical power, and even worse place for new fans to start out. ■

créatif stuffé.



on borrowing

by laurafrangipane

I sit wholehearted, wanting to be taken care of when sick, wanting surprise flowers (yellow daffodils), to wake up to your exuberant face, freckles grinning, eager to see me as you.

I am aware this isn’t working: the jolt I feel walking down the street to your apartment is not butterflies, but a defense mechanism (it speaks to how we are that I can convince myself it’s just the feeling of falling in love again).

I know there are reasons, why our bodies fall quiet faced opposite bedside, the space between the small of our backs speaking volumes, each with an exit. We are tea leaves, and one has but to divine the pattern in them.

I am a visitor, a best kept secret, a library book you have borrowed and picked up; engrossed, you caress its history and smell. I wonder when you will get to the chapter that tells you what to do, I am impatient waiting to be forgotten, or well worn with dog-ears.

I do my laundry for the first time this month and like an archaeologist, I examine the detritus of us, the dresses and lace panties matched painstakingly, the running clothes self conscious of a body exposed to the light again, the shirt you wrapped me in used to smell like you (of tobacco, whiskey, stale air) but now smells like me. I plan on returning it, but I can’t figure out how.

I’m sorry, I say, for nothing. You say you’re sorry for nothing as well. We are vaguely aware we exist on borrowed time, that because we do this dance of weekends and mixed drinks we will have to return to the before, the nothing.

I ask you for a pen. You smile and hand me a black BIC, letting me know you need it back, it’s your only pen. I was running late and forgot to return it.

I borrow, or more accurately, steal a glance across the crowded room. I won’t catch your eye because you never look back. I watch you walk away, driving you home, (I like the movement of your hips, the fit of your jeans, admittedly) there is no uncertainty: you won’t look back.

o mighty winooski

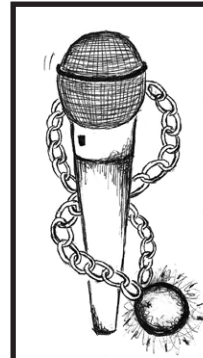
by j.m.aglio

O mighty Winooski how you do ebb and flow, fed by streams, half dozens of them each emerging now from that icy web your floe, winter now gone that did they stem.

O spiteful daughter you now do me fill with cheer that you did not us once more spurn, left in the cold ‘til end of year, but still you jeer me because it will yet return

O flighty waters why can you seem so clear at times and yet so muddy now? Inland runoff now causing you to teem, so dear, even flooding with waste of cow.

And so already I begin to pray For when again you are shored up one day



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 impeach Rick Santorum.

It’s amazing how you manage to disgrace two races
The presidential and the one of our white-ass faces
With your dumb racist claims that have no basis
I’ll wire your mouth shut with titanium braces.
More brutal than your last name typed into Google
When you find your virgin daughter blowing my bugle
You steal all my condoms and call yourself frugal
But on your free time, you enjoy raw sex with a poodle.
The prez should have no say over social issues
Don’t call it murder when I jizz into tissues
Your welfare reform? Give the poor fish food
Only ignorant fucks would vote for this dude.
So if you want to vote against your economic interest
Pick the candidate whose mind is the simplest.

by clamor of the Coloradans kerrymartin

Next week, we undercut Capitalism. 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 rat out Drug Dealers (you can send me those raps too). Anybody, PLEASE SUBMIT RAPS!!!

true til death

by joshhegarty

We had our war anthems
and our party songs
and our way we communicated
through sharing albums.

We had our petty problems
that never got cured
and we’d never know how long
until the next breakdown.

We never quite figured out
how to connect with
people that weren’t there
in church halls and basements.

And when everything died,
no lessons were learned.
We just got left on the tracks
without any direction.

And we’re still the same,
fueled on bullshit and outrage.
We don’t stop falling into
mistakes and old habits.

I don’t want this to be
who we are. But it is.
We’re all getting older
but we’re not growing up.

ode to assholes

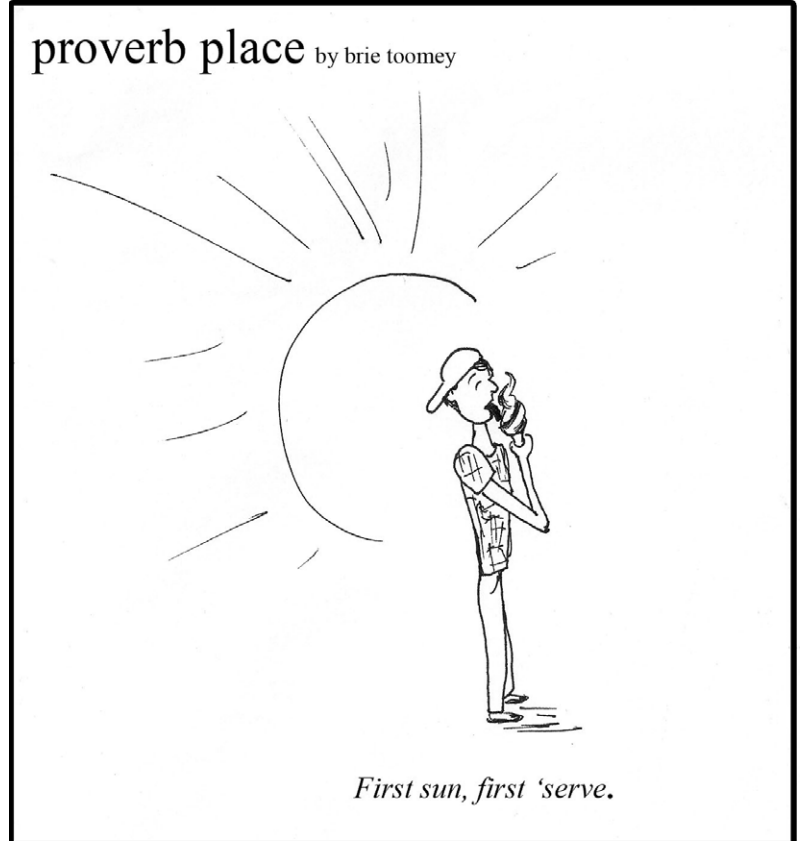
by louisalipschitz

Hey you!
Yeah, that’s right! You.
You know who you are,
You, with the
tiny, flaccid penis,
heinous acne,
and excessive crotch hair (which you never once thought to trim?)
So you never called me back, huh?
You thought to yourself,
“Gee, why would a king among men,
such as myself,
a shimmering bronze Adonis,
like, for instance, me,
bother to give her a call
when I have all this
Internet porn?”
So here’s a thought,
while you’re at home
playing with yourself
(assuming that is that you can finally get it up)
I won’t be telling you to go fuck yourself
(because I guess you’ve already done that)
I’ll be remembering when I met you
and I said to myself
“I guess
he’ll do.
Because
I’m desperate.”

cat litter.



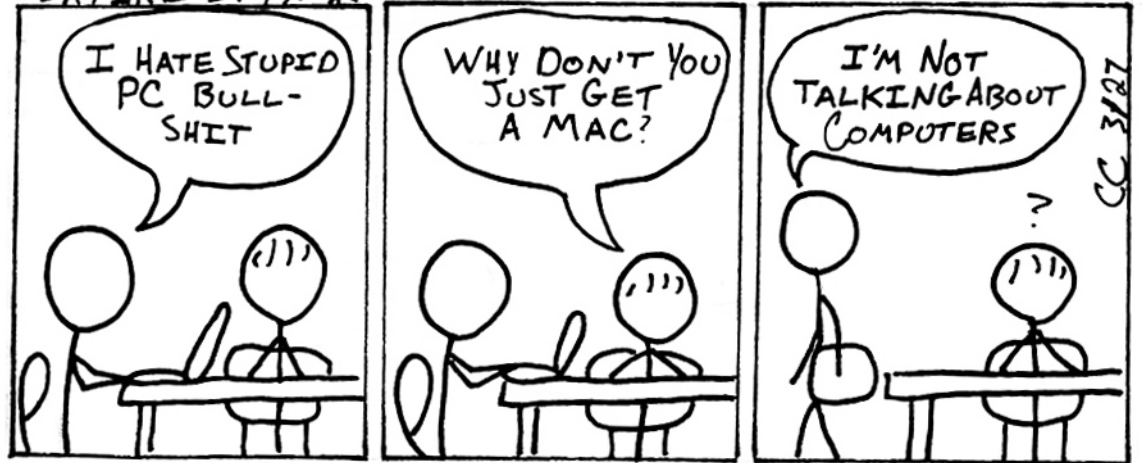
by gregjacobs



band names for the *creatively impaired*

by gregjacobs

SATIRE STYX ♀ by collincappelle



- Mainstream Children
- Baroque Mushroom
- Clandestine Baby Poppers
- Coniferous Fail
- Illicit Cupcake Shenanigans
- Assheat
- Menstrual Gnomes
- Corpse Waffles
- Seizure of Love
- Opulent Foliage
- Protective Paunch
- Halloween Baptism
- Motherless Onion
- Paranormal Fruit
- Sex Robot Disaster
- Socially Awkward Vampires
- Total Cupcake Oblivion
- Hydraulic Erection
- Balls of Apathy
- Crotchmeld
- Sociological Renegade
- Euphemistic Dairy
- Peacoat Parade
- Crotch Lichen
- Literary Botulism
- Licorice Ghandi
- Feather Orgy
- Full Blown Man Tantrum
- Lovecraft's Penpals
- Inebriati
- Cougaresque ■

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