



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

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

# the tragic death of trayvon martin

by joshhegarty

There's so much to say about Trayvon Martin's death. I could make this about gun laws and self-defense and about how an innocent child was killed, but then I'm just ignoring the issue of race that some people want to say doesn't exist in the first place. I could make this all about the fact that a child was slain with a gunshot to the chest for being black in a neighborhood where being black is suspicious, but then I'm ignoring the absurd use of the self-defense law that has kept Zimmerman from being charged.

I guess I'll start with the facts. On February 26th, Trayvon Martin, a 17-year-old boy, left the home of his father's girlfriend in a gated community in Sanford, Florida to go to a 7-11 where he bought Skittles and an iced tea. On Martin's way back to her house, around 7pm, George Zimmerman saw him and decided to do two things: call the police to report suspicious behavior and follow Martin in order to make sure he didn't commit a crime. Recordings of the police call show that Zimmerman described Martin as, "just walking around looking about," and looking like, "he's on drugs or something." After Martin noticed that he was being observed and followed, he ran and when Zimmerman said he was in pursuit the police dispatcher told him that they "[did] not need [him] to do that." After this, things become murkier.

Within the next half hour, there was some sort of confrontation be-



carly macconnell

tween the two. Zimmerman claims that Martin attacked him and then he, fearing for his life, fired his handgun, a weapon that he is licensed to carry. According to Martin's girlfriend, Martin had called her because he was afraid of the man following him and

By 7:30, police and paramedics had arrived and Martin was declared dead. Zimmerman alleged self-defense, citing bruises and bleeding from his nose and the back of his head. There is footage, however, of him entering the Sanford police station after these events where none of these signs of attack are visible.

Despite all of this evidence, Zimmerman has yet to be arrested, although it is looking more and more like he will be in the near future. The

reason for this is Florida's Stand Your Ground law, a self-defense law that allows a person all the same rights to self-defense that you have if someone invades your home, extended to any public place. This style of law allows that if you are attacked in public and can only reach safety by either fleeing or using lethal force, you're allowed to do either. The key difference is that in a state without this style of law if you choose to use force without first trying to escape, if it can be shown that you could have escaped, you can be charged with homicide.

**when zimmerman said he was in pursuit, the police dispatcher told him that they '[did] not need [him] to do that.' after that, things became murkier.**

she heard the two share words when suddenly there was a pushing sound and Martin's phone went silent. During the confrontation, phone calls from members of the community flooded the police and in some you can clearly hear the sound of screaming for help followed by a gunshot, after which the screaming stops. Zimmerman claims that these screams are his, while Martin's parents recognize it as their son's voice. Voice recognition experts have analyzed the screams and feel that they can confidently say it was not Zimmerman.

# going veg

by lauragreenwood

A month ago, my lifelong consumption of meat ended. I've joined the 3.2% of Americans avoiding meat and am strangely ambivalent. After 18 years of practice, nothing has ever felt as foreign as vegetarianism. It may sound a bit melodramatic, but it is not until you remove something from your daily life that you realize how much of an impact it has. Strangely enough, the act of being a vegetarian has in itself been pretty easy, despite a few moments of temptation. The biggest question people ask me is why. Why have you made this change? Is this for a diet? What message are you trying to spread? You must really love animals. And thus far, I've struggled to form my arguments.

Before college, I always knew I wanted to at least try being a vegetarian once. I was curious about what it would be like, but mostly I wanted to try as many new things as possible while in college. Fall semester came and passed without meat leaving my life. Every dining location on campus offers vegetarian options, and yet I chose meat. It wasn't until the car ride back up with a friend from spring break that we decided today was the day (well, really tomorrow since we had just eaten turkey sandwiches). And just like that, I no longer ate meat. I quit cold-turkey (ha ha) and haven't touched it since. For other meat-eaters who might want to give vegetarianism a kick, I say just go for it. It was easiest to completely eliminate meat than take the weak man's "gradual reduction" of meat products. On campus now, I eat vegan chili, eggs, nuts, beans, salad, and any vegetable in sight. That was March 11th. Thus far, we've celebrated 3 week milestones over carrots and hummus.

Truthfully, the experience has made me feel detached from meat eaters and feel like I'm being pretentious. It's as if I've just dropped my lifelong membership to the omnivore club. I've been welcomed by other veges, but I feel like a traitor to my previous diet. At a slope-side BBQ, I had to refuse a hamburger from happy-going, middle-aged man. Since when have I ever been a picky eater? And yet, there I was asking for American cheese between two burger buns, easy on the burger grease. My modified grill cheese sucked, and I drooled as my friends scarfed down burgers. I'm not saying vegetarians are stuck-up, but it felt rude to not be able to accept the food that was offered and ask instead for my own private meal. Vermont and UVM have made this feeling less prevalent though by always having vegetarian meals available. The vegetarian community will embrace you, whether on campus in dorms like Slade and the Greenhouse, or at vegetarian restaurants like New Ethics Café or Stone Soup.

Being a vegetarian means paying more attention to what you eat and why you eat it. And oh the lectures I've received since becoming a convert. In the past month, I've been told about inbreeding in the fishing industry, how meat sits in your stomach before digesting, that chocolate milk has protein, about "pink slime", how good veal tastes, how great kale tastes, etc. etc. It's as though everyone has an opinion about food, and vegetarianism is the excuse to dispel any food facts you've ever learned. I've been told watch this, try this, quit now, and why bother. I had no idea becoming a vegetarian would be such a public effort.

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inbox 

## My Dearest water tower,

I recently read and enjoyed the article in the March 27th edition of **the water tower** entitled "Some Choice Words". While I agreed with the anti-pro-life sentiment of the piece, I did harbor some minor disagreements. First of all, I don't believe simply renaming the pro-life position as anti-choice is enough. This reasoning permits application of the same logic to the pro-choice position, changing it to anti-life. The author tries ineffectively to refute this by stating that "Nobody (at least hopefully nobody) is anti-life." Is this not exactly how Republicans would defend their pro-life position (i.e. being pro-choice is clearly a cover for being anti-life, because "Nobody (at least hopefully nobody) is anti-choice")? As easy as it is to view Republicans as backwater inbreds, none of them are truly opposed to choice. This is where the reasoning in the article falls apart: it justifies the similar but opposite reaction from Republicans against the pro-choice campaign.

What I believe is a more effective strategy is to enact a thorough analysis and dismantling of the pro-life rhetoric. For the simplest example, the common bumper sticker "It's not a choice, it's a child" enacts a logical paradox at the level of grammar (I have stolen and mangled the following argument from Lee Edelman and his excellent book No Future, which I believe is available at the Bailey-Howe): the recurring form "it's not... it is" works for the first half of the sentence ("it's not a choice"), but in the second half it runs into the sticky situation of referring to a child as "it" ("it's a child"). While it seems simple to explain this by the fact that the bumper sticker is meant to apply to both male and female children(/choices), what we are actually witnessing in the example is the unraveling of the logic of pro-lifers. This bumper sticker slogan flat out ignores the civil rights-based argumentation and goes for the throat by attempting to imply that abortion is murder. If we refuse all attempts of the pro-lifers to circumvent the civil rights framework of the abortion debate, we can prevent it from devolving into the slippery slope of what constitutes a life (any second trimester fetus? any fertilized egg? any sperm?).

What I was even more frustrated with, however, was the author's assertion that "Ron Paul chooses to be a whackadoodle". A person's intellectual orientation is not the fault of the person! Ron Paul was BORN a whackadoodle, so we must avoid discriminating against him on that basis!

Sincerely (for the most part, anyway),  
Wes

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

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**“These also shall be unclean unto you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the weasel, and the mouse, and the tortoise after his kind, and the ferret, and the chameleon, and the lizard, and the snail, and the mole.”**

-**Leviticus 11:29-30** If there is one thing that the great book of Leviticus has taught me, it's that creeping things that creep are bad. So bad, in fact, that eleven verses later the sentiment is repeated, "And every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth shall be an abomination; it shall not be eaten." Beware the weasels, people, beware them.

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

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**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.



## the shit list

with julietcritsimilios

**Awareness Months** - While I support Women's History and Black History Month, and Sexual Violence Awareness Month (which is this month, April), it's important to remember that these issues and other issues affect us beyond singular months out of the year. While I wish these issues affected us for only 30-31 days out of 365, that would be weird, and they don't. Getting a month doesn't excuse society for not being aware any other time of year. That's a cop out.

**Chocolate Easter Bunnies** - For not being around all year. So cute, with the ears and the tails and the chocolate and the om nom nom.

**Catholic Lady Priests** - The Pope recently took a long-ass trip to Mexico and Cuba and did some things, but mostly he is just annoyed at all these ladies that want to be priests. Not allowed, he says! Because of old traditions and rules that make a lot of sense now since they happened a lot of years ago. Or something. So just be quiet already, isn't being a nun fun enough anyway!?

**Some person in Kansas** - The anonymous winner of the over-200-million-dollar mega millions jackpot is somewhere in Kansas, being rich and hiding from everyone, but hopefully moving the fuck out of Kansas real soon because it doesn't matter how much money you have, Kansas is pretty terrible.

# the news in brief

with jamesaglio

**“I never intended to kill anyone... God knows this truth.”**

-**Victor Bout**, noted Russian arms dealer in reference to his newly acquired 25 year sentence. Bout, known best to the general public for being the inspiration for the relatively not terrible movie Lord Of War featuring Academy Award winner Nicholas Cage, denies any involvement in arms trafficking, despite being dubbed "international arms trafficking enemy number one."

**“By doing so, he [the pilot] mitigated what could have been an absolute massive, massive fireball and fire.”**

-A one **Bruce Nedelka** referring to an incident last Friday where an F-18 crashed into an apartment building in Virginia Beach. The pilots were able to eject, but before doing so, as they were crashing, they managed to dump the fuel, effectively stopping the plane from acting as a giant bomb and probably saving dozens of lives.

**“I am the liquor.”**

-**Jim Lahey**, character from Trailer Park Boys  
This one's pretty self explanatory, I think.

news ticker: Study shows percentage of students desiring to work in meat-packing inversely proportionate to maturity level +++ audentis fortuna iuvat +++ Buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo. ■

# finger-pointing in afghanistan



staff sergeant robert bales and the death of 17 afghan civilians by bendonovan

Two weeks ago, Staff Sergeant Robert Bales allegedly left his post outside Camp Belamy in Afghanistan's Kandahar Province around 3 AM and walked to two nearby villages. Dressed in traditional Afghan clothes over his Army fatigues and armed with a 9mm pistol and an M4 rifle, he reportedly went from house to house and murdered 17 people, including nine children. After collecting some of the bodies and burning them, he returned to base, laid down his weapons, and told his superiors what he'd done.

Those are the basic facts of the incident, as the Pentagon and the news media are reporting them.

Beyond the immediate who, what, and when, however, there remains a much broader question that has not yet been, and may never be, fully answered.

What the fuck happened?

How did an otherwise normal person from Norwood, Ohio, by pretty much all accounts a good soldier and a stand-up guy for most of the last 38 years of his life, turn into a mass-murderer? What caused Bales, a married father of two with no significant history of violence or mental illness, to kill unarmed Afghan civilians in cold blood, in the middle of the night, and then calmly walk back to base to confess his actions? What was the catalyst that made this apparently decent guy go so bad?

Some have speculated about possible financial troubles or marital strife and pointed to a 2002 misdemeanor assault charge stemming from a fight with a security guard outside a casino in Tacoma, Washington as an example of past violent behavior. It might be convenient if we could write Sgt. Bales off as a nutcase. But family-related stress is something soldiers have had to cope with since the beginning of time, and one case of drunkenly punching out a bouncer does not a pattern of sadism make.

Simple answers do not seem forthcoming—which means we're on track for a very uncomfortable round of soul-searching. This is the point at which people typically start pointing fingers, an activity that can certainly seem attractive, if only to make some sense out of such a mind-bogglingly awful tragedy.

It'd be easy, for instance, to point the finger at the United States government, for sending so many thousands of men and women, many of them younger than us, to fight for increasingly nebulous and ill-defined goals in a country almost none of them know the first thing about, and for frequently dropping the ball when it comes to taking care of them when they return. Our soldiers in Afghanistan work long hours for little pay, and many of them sustain debilitating injuries in combat, and many more come home with psychic wounds we can't see. Alarmingly, Fort Lewis, the base Bales' unit shipped out of, has been accused

of papering over cases of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and traumatic brain injury (TBI) in order to send otherwise unfit soldiers on additional tours of duty; the New York Times reports that Bales himself may have had a TBI that would render the decision to send him back for a fourth tour questionable. Sgt. Bales, and thousands like him, have been burning the candle on both ends, and they've been doing it for years. And when enough people are forced to do that, for long enough, something is going to give.

That said, it would also be easy to lay some of the blame at the feet of the Afghans, who for their part seem stunningly apathetic about the future of their own

country, on a good day, and openly hostile to the American and international presence in their country on bad days. Ten years after their country was invaded for harboring the Al Qaeda terrorists who planned 9/11, Afghans continue to be among the ranks of an incredibly violent insurgency with a thoroughly medieval worldview and staggeringly brutal tactics. Even the worst excesses of our soldiers still don't hold a candle to the everyday tactics of the Taliban, who routinely attack civilians and mete out horrific punishments to those who run afoul of them. Efforts to build a stable, modern state that might drag the country, kicking and screaming, into the 21st century have been hobbled by corruption, fanaticism, and ambivalence on the part of its leaders, many of whom retain ties to the opium trade and the Taliban. In such an environment, it's often incredibly hard to tell the good guys from the bad guys, and the mental toll that takes on troops on the ground cannot be stressed enough.

It would also be uncomfortably easy to blame ourselves. After a decade of war, the American public at large remains shockingly disengaged from the reality of what's happening in Afghanistan. "America is not at war. The Marine Corps is at war. America is at the mall," goes a saying popular with returning veterans. It's depressingly true. Few of us really have any idea what these folks go through. We voted for the leaders that started the war, and we voted for the leaders who've continued it, but outside of a handful of military families, most Americans have sacrificed absolutely nothing in seeing it to completion. Every day, soldiers return home to a society that too often doesn't understand them and fails to deliver them help when it's needed; an appalling 18 veterans kill themselves every day, many while awaiting help from a Veteran's Affairs Department that is notoriously slow and disorganized. This isn't how it's supposed to be. Americans are supposed to be in this together. We can only let so many of our own people down before we stop being worth defending. Slapping a yellow ribbon on the bumper and calling it a day isn't cutting it.

**“how did an otherwise normal person from ohio, turn into a mass-murderer?”**



cartoon by kevin kennedy

**TRAYVON**—continued from pg 1

But so far, I've left out how racially charged this event and the reaction to it has been. Zimmerman is being painted as a monstrous xenophobe, who hunted down a child because of the color of his skin. And, for all anyone knows, that may be what he is, but is there sufficient reason to think that? People want to point to his description of Martin to the police as evidence of racism, but it's important to remember that the description of "a black guy" came after being asked what the suspicious person looked like. There are only two potential reasons that Zimmerman found Martin suspicious in the first place, his dark skin or his hoodie. The first is obviously racist; the second is also an invalid reason to gun someone down. Why exactly Zimmerman felt suspicious is hard to pin down. But none of this is to say that he isn't racist. In fact, I believe that he is. When Martin started to run from him, Zimmerman's voice drops on the police call and through some static he says something that sounds very much like, "fucking coon." Perhaps that isn't what he said. Maybe I'm just hearing what I want to hear to justify the idea that Zimmerman is a racist. But as strange as it may sound, Zimmerman's racism isn't the main issue here. Rather, it's the way that the Sanford police handled the situation, clearly caring less about the dead black child than the white adult that shot him.

Imagine for a second how this would have played out if a black man chased down and fatally shot a white child. Is there any doubt that the black man would be in jail? As horrible as it is that there would be a difference, the only way to deny the difference is to deny that white privilege exists. The police did not arrest Zimmerman because a black child was killed. When pressed, the police chief stepped down instead of making an arrest or trying to justify the department's behavior. When Martin's parents were told about what happened, police told them that Zimmerman

At a certain point, though, this is all just navel-gazing. All the finger-pointing in the world won't bring those 17 dead Afghans back, or the 1,800-odd dead Americans. It certainly won't bring any more clarity to the question of what the fuck we're still doing there. In the end, this will probably go down as one more depressing chapter in the book of an incredibly depressing war in an abysmally, irredeemably depress-

had no criminal history even though he has been charged with domestic violence as well as a violent resisting arrest in the past. And worst of all, even though Martin's phone was on or near his person, no attempt was made to contact someone to identify the body. He was brought to the morgue and labeled a John Doe until his father called the police the next morning to say that his son never came home the night before. A child was shot in the chest just a few blocks away from his father's house and police did not make the effort to find out if he had reason to be there because he looked like a hood, because he allegedly attacked a white man, because being black, to the officers on the scene, was more important than being a dead child.

I wish this didn't have to be racially charged. I wish we lived in a better society. But white privilege makes white people do racist things without realizing it, while still condemning racism. Barack Obama's commentary on this situation was this, "If I had a son, he would look like Trayvon." It is a beautiful sentiment that ought to resonate with all of us. Although my skin is white and my hair is red, I'm a biracial person and I have cousins who look like Trayvon Martin. None of us should have to feel fear from police or overzealous neighborhood watchmen. What happened to Martin is a tragedy that we as a nation have to learn from in order to stamp out the sense of fear that non-white citizens have to feel from white men with authority.

What's my point? I don't know. I believe Zimmerman is guilty. I also believe he is full of remorse. I believe it is a great wrong to Martin and his family that Zimmerman has not been charged. Being found guilty in the court of public opinion is not enough. A child was shot in the chest. And if the rights of Black Americans continue to be negligible in the eyes of the law, then we live in a country that's okay with that. ■

ing corner of the world. More human life wasted. More seeds of hatred sewn. More half-assed apologies. More war.

It's time for some real, honest-to-god soul-searching—about Afghanistan, about America, about where we go from here. It'd be nice if it were as easy as pointing fingers, but it isn't. The really important questions—like why good people go bad—never are. ■

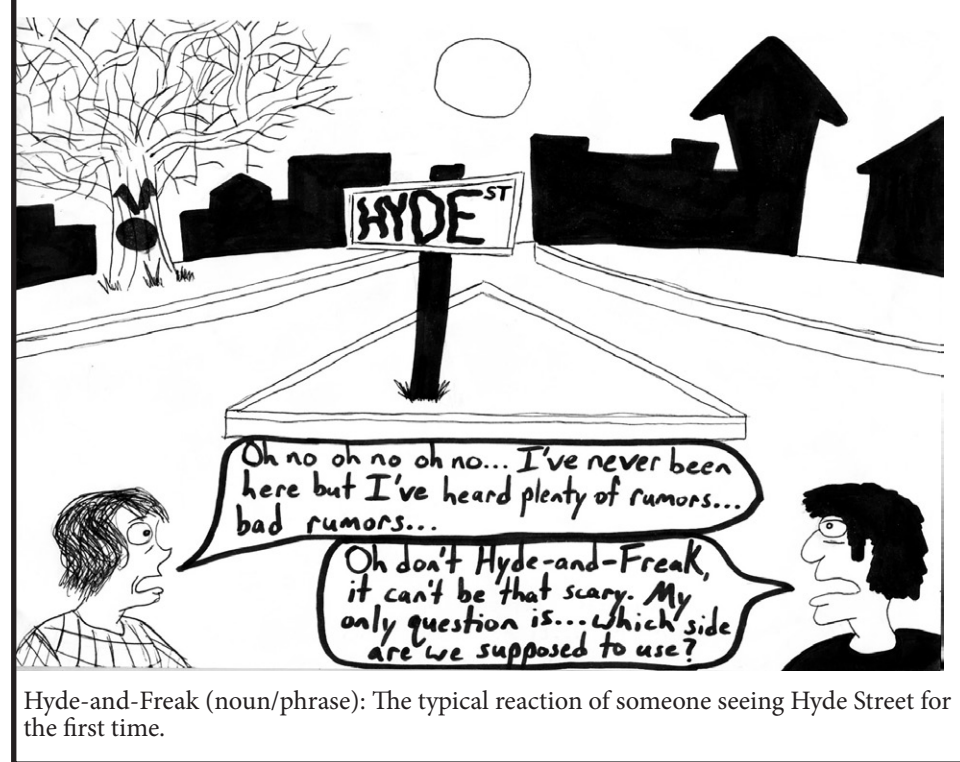


# around town.



## barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



## college uniform

laundry rituals of the collegiate *young adult*

by robintucker

**Undershirt:** you probably have two or three, four if you're lucky. You do not dare put this undershirt in the laundry basket until you are walking out the door to the washing machine (with the occasional exception of an extremely sweaty night at Raspie's or a rumble-tumble sesh that has stretched it out beyond repair... or both).

**Shirt:** Remember in elementary school when you used to wear your favorite shirt three days in a row and it wasn't gross or weird? And then in high school when you realized that it was both of those things and you immediately began throwing your shirts in the laundry when taking them off after one day's use? And then in college when you realized that the elementary-you knew what was up (kind of like how you used to wear dorky leggings and rompers (except back then they didn't have a fancy name they were just clothes)) and that the college schedule of having the same classes every other day was perfectly conducive to wearing the same shirt two days in a row.

**Jeans:** Yeah, contrary to what some may say, jeans never get dirty. Period. I myself have worn the same pair of jeans every single day this year, and you don't want to know how many times they have been washed. But it's okay, because jeans never get dirty.

**Jackets:** You may have a variety of cool fall-weather jackets that you get excited about breaking out when you feel the first crisp autumn breeze in September, but the season for fashionably cold weather clothes does not last long (Winter 2011-2012 not included). Once the real cold hits somewhere in October, you get pretty up close and personal with that one winter jacket that might as well be your skin for the next six months. Effectively, because of what we saw about jeans, this means that at least the outer layer of your outfit will be exactly the same everyday for over half of the school year.

**Socks:** I know, ew, right? Sock cleanliness is a little less lenient than that of shirts, nevertheless, each pair gains a few more uses once in college (kind of like spoons and cups...). Sock cleanliness tends to vary more from person to person than shirts and jeans. For example, I recently enlightened a friend with the (seeming) epiphany that socks don't have designated feet while shoes do (weird, right!). She quickly disagreed however, claiming that her socks are definitely shaped each for a particular foot. Oh, I realized, dirty socks are shaped to the feet that you wore them on, but clean socks are all the same. She wasn't convinced of the existence of the latter.

**Shoes:** Dirty shoes look better. Yay.

**Hair:** When I first got to college I used to take a shower every morning before breakfast. Ha! Then I would take a shower every morning before class. Then one day I just got out of bed, put on my trusty jeans and walked up to campus, and guess what? I felt right at home with my halfway greasy hair and shirt from the day before.

**Sheets:** Now, sheets are not clothing, but they do come into the laundry equation. Don't sit there and tell me that you have never lied about how many times you've washed your sheets this semester, or this year. Pillow cases are easy, you just pull 'em off and throw 'em back on before you go to bed. Sheets though, that means remaking your whole bed. Enough said. ■

## mock trial's standout year ... your club could be next

by georgeloftus

She walks into class still wearing sunglasses. Her hair is relatively straight and she's wearing a light denim jean jacket over her dress. She looks good, but something seems off. The teacher is trying to set her on fire with her eyes and when I look at the clock I realize why; she's ten minutes late to a fifty minute class. Finally, she takes her sunglasses off and I see her eyes: Mary is hungover as fuck.

The Mary in question is Mary Kenah, a name most seniors might know from starting the University of Vermont 2012 facebook group before timelines ruined things. On top of being the founder of, to my knowledge, the largest collective of students graduating this year on the interwebs, Mary's also the president of Mock Trial, and guess what? They had an absolutely banner fucking year.

"When I got here the program barely existed. There were six people on the team, and they were dedicated, but we couldn't convince anyone to join. SGA was ambivalent towards us."

A lot can change in two years. She started the program in September of her freshman year, and was president by the time she was a sophomore. This year they made it to national championships, beating out all the teams from Yale and taking out Harvard at Regionals (no, it's not like Glee).

"We tried to do things differently. We got more people involved and built the program around solidarity, around companionship. We also went to four invitationals and personally I would've liked to have gone to more than that, but that's opposed to only one the year before [editor's note: her junior year], basically any opportunity to compete. Whenever you're not just sitting in a room hypothesizing about what could happen, the better, you need to get out there."

Why should you care, even slightly? Because it's the closest thing UVM has had to a Cinderella story since beating Syracuse all those years ago. The program essentially wasn't taken seriously when she got here four years ago, and now UVM's team is essentially first alternate for Mock Trials Final Four equivalent. She helped turn the

**"when i got here the program barely existed. there were six people on the team, and they were dedicated, but we couldn't convince anyone to join."**

club into a successful entity that was acknowledged by SGA and awarded more funding than it had ever seen before.

It's important to know and support Mock Trial because this is something that can happen to any program: any small anti-deforestation club you're in can totally get turned around. Any competitive group like water-polo or club tennis has a fighting chance to get out there and re-

ceive the funding they need to flourish, and has a chance to be recognized on a national scale. During a more candid conversation, Mary revealed one of the biggest boons was getting to know people in the SGA office who can help, and more importantly who want to help. She acknowledged that it's easy to feel marginalized or disregarded, but there are people in the SGA who genuinely care and will do everything they can to help.

She also said advertising is important. She said how often she'd bump into juniors who had nothing to say other than "I had no idea we even had a mock trial". If you want to get your club off the ground she recommends putting up fliers for events, doing shout-outs in class, always be recruiting new people, and basically doing anything you can to keep your club on the student body's mind. When talking to Mary, it became clear that the most important tool to getting things done was passion. That was the drive that pushed her into butting heads with SGA, that made her do heavy-duty recruiting, and ultimately what got her club recognized on a national scale. Not bad for a club that couldn't even fill a table in the fishbowl three years ago.

This is Mary's last year here at UVM, so it goes without saying that this was her last year doing mock trial. After all these years, what was her greatest accomplishment?

"Actually, that was at regionals, the meet where we qualified for nationals. I made somebody cry, and it was awesome. It was really... I'm not a mean person, but when I do mock trial I can be this very mean-spirited... not mean spirited... I don't know. I got to yell at someone when there were no consequences, make someone cry, and on top of that it was a boy. I was like 'suuuck it' in my head after it happened, it was very rewarding." ■



by julietcritsimilios

We are bombarded with event invitations on a daily basis, and our schedules are booked, so we decide which events are worth our time and energy to attend. Usually the events we choose will give us extra credit for a class, or have free food (double whammy if you score both). Take Back the Night doesn't have free food, but you could probably convince a teacher to give you extra credit for coming. But that's not why you should go.

You should go because every 5 minutes in the United States, a rape is reported. *Reported.* Think about how many are left unspoken about. Actually, don't think, know: on college campuses alone, less than 5% of rapes are reported to law enforcement officials. Nationally, for every 1,000 college women on a campus, 35 rapes will happen every academic year. To put that in perspective, there are 10, 459 undergraduate students at UVM. Sexual assault is the largest violent crime committed in America. Sexual violence, gendered violence, and domestic violence are prevalent in the Burlington community, and your community at home.

Take Back the Night is an event that aims to raise awareness about sexual and non-sexual violence through a rally and a march. It aims to "Take Back the Night" so people can feel safe within their own communities. This year, on the steps of the Royal Tyler Theatre on April 11th, at 5:30pm, there will be a rally for Take Back the Night. The UVM Top Cats and Cat's Meow will perform, and UVM Alumni and Vermont State Representative Keshia Ram will be the keynote speaker. After the rally, there will be a march downtown to City Hall, where there will be a speak out. If those musi-

cally talented people from UVM, an awesome state legislator, and a speak out aren't enough to entice you, I've got more.

H.O.P.E. Works (formerly the Women's Rape Crisis Center) is hosting the event. You know, they also hosted Mardi Gras, and you probably went and had a great time. Right? Well, if you can come drink for a parade, you can come to a rally and march to end violence within our community. H.O.P.E. Works is an amazing Burlington non-profit that seeks to end sexual violence within our community. They work with survivors of rape and violence, and do fantastic education and outreach in schools all over Chittenden County. They empower people regardless of the time of day. They aim to take back the lives of people who have been victims of sexual abuse, and also raise awareness among other community members by encouraging them to be allies and fellow advocates. Supporting them for Mardi Gras was easy, so supporting them now means more.

Skeptical? Let's look at Take Back the Night's history and it's importance worldwide. Take Back the Night has been happening in the U.S. since 1975. It was started after a woman was murdered just a block away from her home on her way back to her apartment one night. Her community rallied together and marched against the horror of her murder and the importance of speaking out against violence in all forms. Today, there are rallies and marches all

## take back the night

the concept, the event, and why you should attend

**"take back the night is an event that aims to raise awareness about sexual and non-sexual violence through a rally and a march"**

countries with a message that is important and powerful.

Still not convinced? Think about everything that has happened on the UVM community this year. Think about what is happening in political spheres right now. Think about the pervasive issues of rape, and violence, and how they affect you. In 1998, 1 in 6 women reported being the victim of a rape or attempted rape; today, 1 in 4 women report this same statistic. Are you uncomfortable with these statistics? You should be.

Maybe you're still on the fence. And so I ask, personally, if you have ever been afraid walking somewhere at night. If you've been in a city far away from Burlington, or if you've been here, have you ever been nervous, or afraid? Walking from downtown to your apartment after last call? Walking up College Street back to the dorms? Walking back alone, or with a group, or with one other person, but still afraid? The

whole way back, or for just a minute, have you ever been afraid? That fear, that nervousness, that is what Take Back the Night is about. Because these statistics, whether we know them or not, affect us. Because we all know someone who has been sexually assaulted. They

may never tell you, or you may be the first person they come to right after it happens, but sexual assault and violence is more common than you think. UVM does a lot

to increase awareness about these issues, but there is obviously more to do. Because we've all been afraid, even for a brief moment, and that fear comes from the reality that sexual assault and rape rhetoric is prevalent on our campus.

There are plenty more reasons why you should come, but the truth is the event and its purpose should be enough. After the march (when you go, because you will), you can do more. You can volunteer, you can take a class, you can work with organizations and places on and off-campus that aim to end sexual violence every day-not just at a rally once a year. Those places, and they people that work for them, are truly exceptional. At the end of the day (or night), it matters that we come together as a community and march together to show that sexual violence, and violence in general, is not welcome here. I'll be there. You should be, too. ■

## pass the bubbly

a review of bubble tea at my h2o

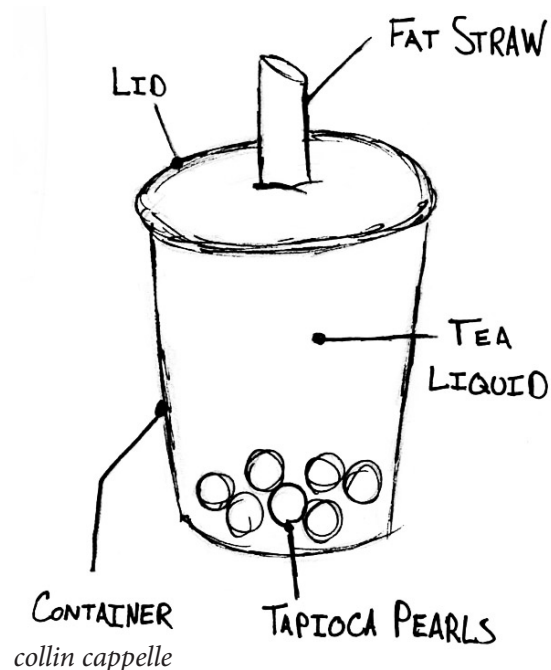
by phoebefooks

I'm sure you've heard as many varying things as I have about the mysterious Taiwanese trend coined "bubble-tea". Those varying things might be anything from "it's Asian", "it has weird jelly balls in it", "I don't really know what it is", "it's like nothing ever before", "it's delicious", or "it's gross." Well my friends, as I write this, I am sitting in the Burlington Mall drinking a banana buzz bubble-tea at My H2O, our very own local bubble-tea shop. Have you ever seen that weird place in the mall with all the Asian stuff, the mirrors, the green walls, the odd machinery, and the discontented angry teenage employee? Well, maybe the better question is have you ever been to the Burlington Mall? Not a lot goes on there, but the trip is worth it if you make it to My H2O.

Bubble tea is made over ice with milk, black tea, and tapioca pearls—marble-sized chewy balls of cassava starch. It is sipped through a wide straw which the tapioca pearls can fit through. Flavors can be added to bubble-tea and My H2O has all types you can think of—from cantaloupe to red bean. They also sell fruit smoothies, Myccino (blended slushies), espresso

drinks, juices, milkshakes, ice cream, and traditional Vietnamese sandwiches and cream cakes. Tapioca pearls, or "bubbles" as the menu calls them, can be added to any beverage. The employee, although appearing like another teenager who hates their father, is actually quite friendly and willing to let customers experiment with flavors and ingredients. My banana buzz tea, consisting of chocolate, a fresh banana, coffee flavor, and extra bubbles, tasted heavenly, like a blended banana split with a slight herbal nuance due to the tapioca pearls. Bubble-tea is a unique flavor.

The only downfall I have encountered is that although My H2O advertises free wi-fi, their employee couldn't think of the password and, from the dining area, I only had one bar of signal strength anyway. Nonetheless, one's experience drinking bubble-tea should be spent reveling in this cultural phenomenon, not wasted away on the Internet. Bubble-tea is a nice change-up from the usual Church Street stop at Ben and Jerry's or Dobra Tea—in fact, it's an exceptional fusion of the two. What more could one ask for? ■





# reflections.

who says

words and art by  
rachelbennett

## tv melts your brain?

When kids are little, parents have a habit of telling them that television is bad for their brains, and usually there is a constant battle over what TV shows are appropriate. When I was in seventh grade I started watching *The O.C.* (so damn good right?), and my parents soon decided that the show's steamy drama was not appropriate for my age, banning me from watching it. Oh, hell no, one does not separate a girl from her soaps.

I began watching it in secret, hiding in my basement in the dark with the sound down low. I eventually got caught, and my parents reamed me out for going against their rules. If I had been

the well-educated, quick-witted cat I am now, I would have explained to my parents that I was watching *The O.C.* because it was incredibly educational, and watching an episode was like being in class for forty-two minutes.

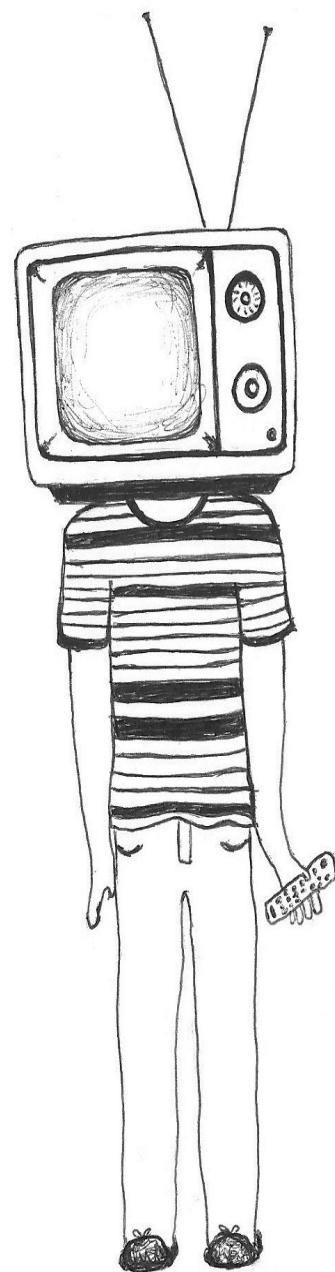
That's right—I believe that one can learn important life lessons and skills from watching television. Who needs to go to school when there are thousands of TV shows out there, waiting to teach you about the world? So put down your books my friends, and start watching these goldmines of knowledge.

### How I Met Your Mother, Arrested Development

We love to laugh at these silly sitcoms, but while you're splitting your sides at the hilarious jokes, look out for the moments of educational value.

*How I Met Your Mother* has many essential things to teach our society, but most important is the Lemon Law. If you are on a date and you're not feeling it within the first five minutes, you can just tell the other person and split. Genius.

*Arrested Development* may have been cancelled, but the network soon realized they had taken away a piece of incredibly influential, intellectual programming. When you watch this show, you can learn that you're not the only one who's in love with their cousin (it's still wrong, though—sorry, people), and you can even learn how to speak Korean. Anyong!



### The O.C., Skins

These two dramas have so many lessons to offer, where do I even begin? Seeing as the stars of *The O.C.* consist of two power couples, let's talk relationships. As Marissa demonstrates, the best way to react to an argument or conflict in a relationship is to cry and run away. Don't talk it out, don't be honest with each other, just pout your pretty little lips and run out the door. As you can see by the quality of her and Ryan's relationship, this strategy will have you and your beau closer than ever!

The English know what's up, and the gritty, real vibe of *Skins* is a tribute to this. The teens on this show demonstrate that the best way to celebrate life is to do drugs and party all the time with your friends. Also, if you find random mushrooms in the woods when you are camping, definitely eat them because you'll trip balls and have a great time.

### CSI

Do you want to be a forensic biologist or crime scene investigator? This show is basically a step-by-step tutorial and is 100% accurate in portraying the life of forensics; if you want to face criminals head on, carry a gun, and break into people's houses, don't become a police officer—crime scene investigators do it all, and they do it better.

### Weeds, Breaking Bad

These two shows have one clear message: drug dealing is incredibly lucrative, so if you want to make millions quit your day job and start growing/cooking! Being a sexy MILF or a nerdy dad is strongly suggested, because then people will be less suspicious of your shady ways. Have kids, deal drugs, live the American dream.

### Dexter, True Blood, and The Walking Dead

These three shows contain some of the most important survival lessons. By watching *Dexter*, you can learn how to kill people cleanly and subtly: get a horse tranquilizer, cover everything in plastic, and be sure to don some gloves. Seriously, guys, don't be sloppy and get caught murdering people, because everything you need to know is in this show. Ok, so maybe you don't want to kill real people, but you want to know how to kill a vampire or a zombie? According to *True Blood* and *The Walking Dead*, it's all about aim: to kill a vampire, get a stake or some silver bullets and aim for the heart. Zombies go down if you shoot 'em in the brain; just be careful they don't nom on you while you load your gun.

There you have it. From reading this article, you have just gained a whole school week's worth of valuable knowledge! These tidbits are just some of the vital things you can learn from television, so don't feel bad the next time you skip class and bum on the couch. ■

## walk of (no) shame

by caito'hara

Ladies, we've all been there: the dreaded "Walk of Shame." Oh boy. It's never fun stumbling back home in last night's party clothes. If you feel rough around the edges, imagine how that translates to your appearance. Well, folks, I'm about to make your Walks of Shame a hell of a lot less shameful. Through some trial and error, I've come up with a few easy ways to appear somewhat normal as you struggle towards home and that first cup of coffee.

The absolute most important thing, like really the absolute KEY, is to think ahead. A bit of foresight will make everything that much simpler come morning after. First and foremost, dressing considerations should be taken. Have no fear of skirts and heels, embrace them! But consider the potential impact they will have tomorrow. While I'm a huge advocate of pants (skinny jeans = sexy), I understand the need to flaunt

what you've got, and there's no denying that skirts do that very well. If you want to go bare legged, by all means—go for it! But consider throwing a pair of leggings in your bag; they'll instantly add that put-together element usually so lacking from the morning after walk.

Going back to the heels, let's think for a second. Do you really want to trudge home in those 4 inch stilettos? I agree, heels are hot, but I'm just saying—comfortable shoes rock. Be they an absolutely adorable pair of your favorite ballet flats or your beat up old Converse, flat and comfy shoes will be your best friend the next morning. If you're still insistent on wearing those death daggers on your feet, let me clue you in to a little secret: collapsible flats. Yes, ladies, you can buy a pair of really cheap, foldable flats from your local drug store (dancer friends swear by them). Throw 'em

in your purse and BAM, walking instantly becomes easier.

Let's face it; we know the real torment of the Walk is makeup. What may have looked simply stunning the night before will most likely have shifted to give you the



brie toomey

appearance of a crazed raccoon, and no one needs to be subjected to that. Makeup removal wipes. Do yourself, and all of us really, a favor and invest in some. Yes, I am telling you that you'll have to carry things

**"that's a much better option than waking up as a hungover zombie complete with errant glitter the next day."**

around with you, but that's a much better option than waking up as a hungover zombie complete with errant glitter the next day. With the ability to clean your face up, your skin will thank you (translation: fewer breakouts), as will those you come across on your walk.

MINTS! No one likes morning mouth, and it's highly unlikely that you'll have access to a toothbrush. Altoids, Mentos, honestly whatever floats your boat will remove

some of that pond scum feeling from your mouth and might just help to cut through that fog clogging up your brain.

Beyond dress codes, there are several other ways to successfully handle the Walk. Caffeine is important. I don't function normally without it, but on a morning when you're feeling more than a bit rough around the edges, a good cup o' joe will do wonders for your brain function. Try to aim for a good amount of caffeine, but balance it with your water intake. The caffeine will wake you up, but coffee also dehydrates you, which will just make the pounding in your head even worse. While food may not be the first thing on your mind, breakfast sandwiches are both delicious and a godsend when it comes to getting your body back to a functioning level. While I'm sure there are several other fantastic spots, Henry Street Deli makes some of the best sandwiches I've had. Eggs, cheese and a pork roll nestled in the toasty center of an English muffin; my go-to sandwich and my savior on so many occasions.

Plan your route carefully. Be aware of where your exes and your friends live, and consider whether or not you want them to see you in your current condition. Cut through parts of campus that people only go to for one reason: they're trying to avoid an extreme Walk of Shame, but planning ahead is really the most vital. Consider the next day walk and how exactly you look stumbling across campus. Embrace your wild side and have a blast, but do so with the power to strut back home with your head held high. Rock on, ladies. Let's go. ■

## VEGETARIAN—continued from page 1

This may be because vegetarianism is so "trendy" these days. Fair warning if you're becoming a vegetarian to follow the trend—you won't make it past your first "I'm starved" meal. Your appetite for chicken will return long before you're a cool, recognized trendsetter.

A month later, I'm still unsure as to whether or not I'll continue this diet for life. It's my failure to find a reason that makes it difficult to have this change feel permanent. Here's what I've concluded thus far:

**1. Meat is not unnatural.** No matter how many times I've been told our bodies aren't equipped for the meat we eat, I will never believe this. I ate meat, I survived, and I was healthy. Everyone is justified to their opinions, but information from clubs or extremists is not the best way to have the

unsure join an effort.

**2. I am not trying to lose weight, but rather gain knowledge.** While being an omnivore, my perception of food was limited by tunnel vision. Before eliminating meat, I wouldn't look twice at lentils or legumes if I could just have chicken parmesan. I'm so much more willing now to try new foods and appreciate them. Maybe that's because I have no other choice, but maybe it's because vegetarianism is making me more adventurous.

**3. There are hundreds of PETA videos and Netflix documentaries about what we should eat.** I don't think I'll ever be horrified by the food industry (I mean, come on, what really goes into mayonnaise or Oreos?), but I do support the necessity for a sustainable food system that is less en-

gineered and more natural.

My best argument thus far for being a vegetarian is testing my will power. It's been fun to see if I can really follow through on a daily mission; Lent restrictions and New Year's Eve Resolutions never worked for me. Within weeks, I always caved and went about my normal routine. In college, I always wanted to disrupt my normal routine. Sure, moving to Vermont has done that, but becoming a vegetarian is a characteristic that has altered my identity. Will power is a testament to our strength as humans and comes in the form of action or restriction. It's truly been an educational experience, and even if I'm not a veg for life, I recommend it to other people taking a whack at broadening their perspectives. ■

## spring scopes: astrological advice for you

by lizcantrell

drawings by caney demars

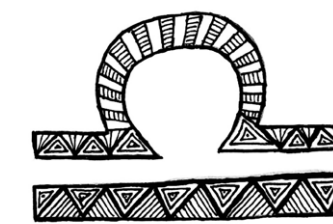
### Aries: March 21-April 19

Happy Birthday to all the Arieses out there. This year's day of jubilee brings you a sweet surprise, most likely in the form of one of those photo cakes. Whose pic is gonna be front and center? That's for the stars to know and you to find out (hint: rhymes with Ran Vogel).



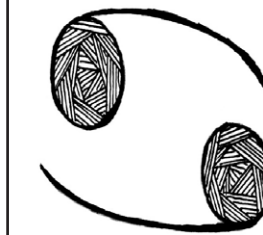
### Taurus: April 20-May 20

For the next few weeks, beware the following words: "catapult", "kangaroo", and "curtains". The stars foresee that contact with these words will have dire consequences for you.



### Gemini: May 21-June 20

So you want to get in shape for summer, eh? Instead of clocking in at the ol' Campus Rec, try a new sport that is sure to get your heart rate up and keep you fit, such as toe wrestling or underwater hockey.



### Cancer: June 21-July 22

You get into an altercation involving an iguana, someone from your class, and a pizza with green peppers. Sounds like a tricky sitch; the stars predict you'll handle it with your usual Crabbie panache.

### Leo: July 23-August 22

Oh, Leo. You've been party rocking too hard recently and you need to check yourself before you wreck yourself. Take a night off from swigging the liquor and sleep.

### Capricorn: December 22-January 21

You've been stressed recently, so take a week off from school and go compete in The World Bog Snorkeling Championships in Wales.

### Virgo: August 23-September 22

This month brings you shocking news: you may, in fact, have royal blood in your lineage. Will and Kate invite you to the court to check out the new digs and pick yo'self out a castle or two.



### Libra: September 23-October 22

Libras are traditionally indecisive, and this month is no different. Around the 15th, you face a decision involving Fruit Roll-Ups and the meaning of life.



### Scorpio: October 23-November 21

The weather's been heating up like Ryan Gosling's bedroom, but you are just not ready to embrace the onset of spring. Saddle up, Scorpio—this spring is shaping up to be a hot one, so break out the shorts and flippy floppies and STFU.

### Sagittarius: November 22-December 21

Around the 24th, you should resist the temptation to skip class. If you don't, you'll be sorry, because the stars predict that a certain love interest will have written a cute handwritten note for you, but will feel rejected by your absence.

### Aquarius: January 22-February 18

The celestial skies see that you and your roommates are considering getting an animal. They suggest a hedgehog. These lil' guys are mild tempered, cuddly fellows who like to nuzzle up next to you and will create a nurturing environment you've been needing.



### Pisces: February 19-March 20

Mighty Fish, things have been going your way recently, but the stars sense some negative vibes coming your way. Don't fret, just take arms with some papaya leaves and ward off the evil. ■



# fork it over.



## get some legényfogó leves in yo belly

by ellieseitz

This past Christmas, my wonderful mother gave me a pretty awesome home-made gift: a collection of my fave recipes, neatly packaged in a super-nerdy binder. You can take your excess gratitude for most of the recipes I've shared with you and send it to my mom in Ohio, if you so choose (do it, you dickheads, she worked really hard on this).

Anyways, I was recently paging through my yumyums binder, as I like to call it, when I came across one of the several recipes written by my Hungarian grandmother... in illegible handwriting... in Hungarian. So I called up the old G-ma and said, "Yo Anyja. What's this 'legényfogó leves' shiiiiit you gave me a recipe for?" (Hungarian is a beautiful language, is it not?). Then my grandmother responded with the greatest thing I've ever heard: "Oh! This is Hungarian Man-Catching Stew!" I shit you not.

I now proudly possess the secret, ladies and dudes. According to my grandmother, "All you need to do is whip this up, open your windows, and wait for the peens to arrive." Her words exactly. With some of mine thrown in. I don't even care if you dumb bingbongs don't cook this, I just wanted a public forum to talk about how awesome my grandma is. Seriously though—this shit is delicious, and my grandma translated it into English for you all, so JUST COOK IT ALREADY. ■

### hungarian man-catching stew

#### shit you need:

- 1 big onion, minced
- 2 tbsp oil or butter
- mixed cubed veggies: carrots, celery, peas, green beans, whatever
- some sliced mushrooms, doesn't really matter how many
- 1/2 lemon, sliced
- dill, parsley, tarragon, salt to taste
- 1/2 pound cubed pork or dark chicken meat
- 1 cup cream
- 2-3 tbsp flour
- some lemon juice
- 1 bouillon cube

#### shit you need to do

1. Sauté the onions in oil or butter
2. Add veggies, meat, herbs, salt, lemon
3. Add 4 cups water and bouillon cube
4. Simmer for a few minutes
5. Thicken with cream mixed with flour
6. Serve with a dollop of sour cream on each serving. Or not.

# fashion five-oh.



## layering

(cuz winter ain't coming back)

by colbynixon

So you step outside at approximately 8:07, headed to your 8:30 class. By the time you hit Pearl Street Bev (or whatever landmark happens to be 0.2 miles from your house/apt/camper), you're warming up. Damn, this isn't good—a sweater (along with milk) was a poor choice for a blistering hot day such as this (coming in at a balmy 56°). So how to combat this global warming phenomenon? Layers. Lots of layers.

Layers are not a new concept—they've been used in baklava and seven layer bars for years. All kidding aside, though, many outdoors people have promoted the idea of layering as a method for regulating your body temperature when the mercury decides to either rise or fall. Chances are, you won't have a tauntaun available to keep you warm until you get the shelter built, à la *Empire Strikes Back*, so you'll have to get creative. Here are some of my favorites for layering:

## rain jacket

These suckers aren't just for rain anymore. Weatherproof and fashionable, the rain jacket is a classic go-to, especially on days when the cold winds are rising.

## vest

It keeps you warm without making your arms too warm (think North Face, Columbia, etc, not three piece suit). Besides, vests are classy.

## windbreaker

For days when a rain jacket is just too aggressive, a windbreaker will generally suffice. Because they are lightweight, these work great if you need to stash them somewhere.

## wool

Remember that scratchy, itchy stuff you used to wear under your Halloween costume every year? Well, it was so popular with turn of the century explorers that there must be some sound reasoning behind it. It makes a great mid range layer, and it's not synthetic (for whatever good that does). ■

# 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/~wafertwr/ear.html](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html)

A pair of post-cross'd lovers live their life; whose misadventure ended in killer postcards Doth with their pen-pals bury their polish love I want to be the Morris to your Kapowski  
**When:** 8 days a week  
**Where:** Poland  
**I saw:** writeous lady  
**I am:** literary lad

I saw you playing pool so focused and cool. You looked so cute in that sweater despite the change in the weather. Your striking good looks have me avoiding my books. So intent on the game, you never saw me staring and now you'll never know what fun we could be sharing.  
**When:** Monday afternoon  
**Where:** At the pool table  
**I saw:** A handsome player  
**I am:** the cute girl by the fire

catching some dinner with friends in the DC you were there as i walked out, right behind me I stumbled, stuttered, and fumbled a little bit The way you looked at me really had me lit We exchanged a few glances, as i was befuddled you were unbelievably cute, wish we could cuddle unfortunately, i turned and walked into wall instead of giving you my number, so you could call  
**When:** Tuesday night  
**Where:** New World/B&Js in the DC  
**I saw:** a cute girl with a killer smile  
**I am:** a guy who missed out (also walked into a wall)

You're beautiful smile blows me away I see it almost everyday. Your hot dreads and sexy sax make me wanna do more than chat. Hope you see this so you know That I'm secretly lustung for you. Come visit sometime sexy sax player. We can chat.  
**When:** Almost err' day  
**Where:** Music building  
**I saw:** A girl with hot dreads  
**I am:** Someone who loves you

You're blonde, I'm not. You're tan, I have potential. You wear crimson lipstick, and I thoroughly enjoy it. I've seen you around for 1, 2, 3, 4 years now. The first time was in Harris. I think your boyfriend had a mustache. Then it was a class we had, some reason to talk to you (you're short, I'm tall) (you're blonde). Today it was in the library (I'm not). You were at a table with a flowery laptop case and I was in line at the printer. I think you smiled in my direction but I don't think at me (you're tan). You probably still have that mustached boyfriend but (I have potential) now you have this poem about you getting stuck in someone's head too. (you're blonde) (I'm not)  
**When:** tuesday/11:30  
**Where:** library  
**I saw:** blonde  
**I am:** not

Your smile is your nicest accessory. You forgot what you were going to say and had a giggle-fit. It was actually really cute. We should be debate partners sometime.  
**When:** Wednesdays  
**Where:** Citizen Debate and Advocacy  
**I saw:** The cutest girl in class.  
**I am:** Trying to learn to debate.

I see you around from time to time Oh, what I wouldn't do to make you mine. The way you stroll, so nonchalant-Dude, I'll do whatever you want! This is a little bit creepy, but I know you see me too So hit me up, I'm down for a little rendezvous. And excuse me if I come off as an easy whore- But imagine, together, we'd have headbands galore. I want you so fucking bad.  
**When:** Tues/ Thurs.  
**Where:** Psych  
**I saw:** A sexy headband boy  
**I am:** Your headband lady

I hope you aren't too cool or too old To read **the wooder tower** Because as I watch the semester unfold Ever nearer draws the hour When the Pres. of Nickelodeon speaks and you graduate Then what the deuce will I do? Because thinking about it, at least, to date, I've never known UVM without you. I didn't see it coming but you've come to be The dino crunch to my mello-yellow I'm kind of laid-back and a little bubbly You're a cool and crunchy fellow. Just don't forget the 7 D's, my dear And make sure to stay in touch You're an LNT master but you left a trace here I might VOEmP, I'll miss you so much! So as your college career approaches the end It's not that IWYSB I'm just saying thanks for being my friend And for all of the laughs that we've had.  
**When:** on good days  
**Where:** in the mountains, around campus and on the New Jersey Turnpike  
**I saw:** my TREK leader, prom date, ride home  
**I am:** not a biddie, I just like big sunglasses

To the girl dressed in a top, black and white Or perhaps a sepia photograph Etched onto my retinas in the light Though we've not met, I write the epitaph I approached Bailey-Howe from the Deathstar Upon a concrete block, you ate your lunch I took no heed, a quick glance from afar Though I took a startle from your food's crunch Next, I realized, I was arrested The refined development of your gaze My male subjectivity was divested I was the only one it could faze Hesitant emotional inertia Perhaps a reunion by Minerva  
**When:** 2:30, Fri, 3/23  
**Where:** 'tween Bailey and Davis  
**I saw:** a fine lady  
**I am:** Bright blue sweater boy

# the ear

someone on campus catch your eye? couldn't get a name? submit your love anonymously [uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html)

**1st floor Bailey Howe**  
*Girl 1:* nice shoes!  
*Girl 2:* FOOTLOCKER, MOTHAFUCKAH!

**Brennan's Saturday Dinner Rush**  
*Respectable Young Lady 1:* You know what we should do tonight?!? Pauses... Get Drunk  
*Respectable Young Lady 2:* Well, I was going to go to Barnes and Noble to read and try and meet a mature guy.... But I guess we can get drunk instead.

**Fitness Center**  
*Guy:* You like a strap on?  
*Girl:* I like two strap ons.

**Patterson 3rd floor**  
*Bro 1:* (to Call Me Maybe playing): you guys are stupid.  
*Bro 2:* guilty! I love this song!

**In front of Bailey Howe**  
*Girl 1:* Yeah I mean you looked like a fish but it was fine  
*Girl 2:* Really?  
*Girl 1:* Yeah everybody looked like monsters but once I just accepted it, it was fine

**Ake's place, sundays, 4:30 pm**  
*Drunk girl:* He just didn't care! It's like, great, I just got hit by a car, now I'm dead, have fun dating a dead person. Sorry, I'm being dramatic.  
*Less drunk guy:* So... you're fine?

**Buell St.**  
*Intellectual:* Admissions officers are the reason for the Holocaust! Everything makes sense now!!!!

**Bailey/Howe lobby**  
*Bro:* Besides my Sperry's, look how 'Vermonty' I look (unzips Northface jacket). I'm wearing a vest!

**Walkway to the Davis Center Tuesday**  
*Girl:* Yeah? You had a date? Did you get a little handsy?  
*Guy:* I really don't think this is the time or place to talk about this. Besides a gentleman never asks and a lady never tells... Hold on, is that saying for weight or age?  
*Girl:* It's for everything. Girls shouldn't talk because it's not their place... hahahahahahaha, sexism jokes, huzzah!

**Brennan's**  
*Girl:* So he went to the doctor today. Got some anti-fungal cream... for his penis.

**Outside Mason**  
*Freshman Bro 1:* Dude, we NEVER leave our dorm...  
*Freshman Bro 2:* Yeah, I've never even been to the Marche...

**Library, 3rd floor**  
*Girl 1:* so my grandpa just called me and asked me how I was. And when I asked him he said, "Fantastic. I just smoked a lotta pot".

**Outside Rowell**  
*Mild mannered gentleman:* "Dude, I just have this perfect booger I can't wait to pick!"

**U Heights North 1**  
*Girl 1:* What's your favorite STD?  
*Girl 2:* \*awkward pause\*  
*Girl 1:* Well mine is chlamydia. Trust me, I know my STD's.

**Thursday exiting Terril**  
*Surprised birthday girl:* "Snowing? It's birthday snow. I don't get birthday sex, I get birthday snow..."

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# tunes.



## tallahassee turns ten:

or, if you don't know the mountain goats already, **now is the time**

by katjaritchie

John Darnielle is a lyrical god. For those of you who don't know whom I'm referring to, he's the lead singer of the Mountain Goats, who were founded by Darnielle in Claremont, California in 1991, and have been providing quirky acoustic lo-fi recordings full of pure poetry ever since. I worship this man.

Granted, the Mountain Goats can be a little tedious to get into. Many of their early recordings sound quite similar at first listen—fuzzy sound quality, lots of acoustic guitar, and Darnielle's voice more than a touch on the nasal side. But it's all balanced out by the fact that the guy is a poetic goddamn genius. Never before have I heard anyone or anything capable of stating such emotionally charged and powerfully relevant sentiments so simply and concisely. He can basically encapsulate the meaning of life in one sentence. It's never how I would even begin to think of it, but it's always fucking spot on.

For instance, he ends "No Children," an easier listen that is wonderfully equal parts bitter and lyrical, with "I am drowning/There is no sign of land/You are coming down with me/Hand in unlovable hand." In "Going to Georgia," a highly anticipated reunion laden with all kinds of implied post-relationship baggage, is summed up with "The most remarkable thing about you standing in the doorway, is that it's you, and that you're standing in the doorway." It takes a little while to get habituated to the slightly off-kilter-ness, but it's well worth it. For some other good places to start your Mountain Goats addiction, I'd recommend those two songs, "Love Love Love", and, hell, the entirety of

*The Sunset Tree* album. If nothing else, just pay attention to those lyrics. Seriously. Go.

That said, there are still upcoming projects for the Mountain Goats. *Tallahassee*, which includes "No Children", came out on November 5, 2002, and was Darnielle's first-ever studio album—before that, he'd been putting together cassette and vinyl recordings from home. The album incorporates a more diverse set of instruments played by various musical acts that Darnielle has collaborated with over the years and, obviously, is of a higher sound quality. Now, ten years later, aspiring producer Blade Barringer has taken to the web via Kickstarter and compiled a bunch of obscure indie artists to contribute to a cover album of *Tallahassee*. The album isn't up until November 5th, but the track list and who's-singing-what is out—plenty of time to get

hooked on the original before going out and getting the new versions.

Under the name *Tallahassee Turns Ten*, the project can be found on Tumblr and Facebook. The list of cover bands proved too obscure for me to recognize many artists, but

you can expect an appearance from Kimya Dawson covering "Game Shows Touch Our Lives" (another lyrical fave). Upon further extensive research (read: light Soundcloud perusal) on these hip motherfuckers covering the rest of the album, I found some pretty interesting contrasts from the original Mountain Goats album. For example, a guy



collin cappelle

from Chicago called Daniel Albert, who musically goes by Bullfighter Jacket (?) is set to cover "No Children". The original piece, simply stated, is raw and fresh and full of eloquent rage, on the backdrop of a piano and Darnielle beating the shit out of an acoustic guitar. Bullfighter Jacket, by comparison, sounds quietly psych-rock, with lots of softly crooned falsetto, heavy on the reverb effects.

On the other hand, the duo of brothers Lee and David Ketch who call themselves Mooner sound pretty well suited to cover "Southwood Plantation Road", which is a quick and simple melody meant to be belted and ended abruptly. Mooner is a little more straight-up rock, but they seem as though they'll have the right vibe to fit the part, and are actually not a bad listen overall. I'll be anticipating the new album wondering how the hell anyone can do nasal acoustic Darnielle poetry better than John Darnielle himself, but admittedly, I'm pretty stoked to see how it works—and if nothing else, the track list is a whole mess of new indie shit to explore for the next few months. ■

## a-trak, juicy j, and danny brown talk about drugs

by joesiebert

Two weeks ago, New York-based artist A-Trak released a new song. Although you may not recognize his name, A-Trak has been making good music for close to 15 years now. He started as a DJ in the mid-1990s and since then has expanded his work into electro house music and hip hop production, providing electronic-tinged beats and remixes for rappers such as Kid Sister and Lupe Fiasco. Most notably though, he produced 2010's party hit, "Barbara Streisand" as one half of the electronic duo, Duck Sauce. He also owns the independent record label, Fool's Gold. All of this makes him, in many ways, a poor man's Diplo.

Anyway, his new song is, more or less, exactly what I expected. I mean, a hip hop cut entitled "Piss Test" produced by an electro DJ and featuring Juicy J and Danny Brown, two drug-craving lunatics, can only do one thing: reject urine testing as a means to celebrate drugs.

To be fair though, reducing Danny Brown to a "drug-craving lunatic" is perverse. Last year, after releasing his album *XXX*, to

critical acclaim, Brown emerged as the most promising new rapper circulating in the blogosphere. On *XXX*, Brown balances anthemic drug raps like "Blunt After Blunt" and "Adderall Admiral" with satisfying introspective hood narratives.

**"a hip hop cut entitled 'piss test' produced by two drug-craving lunatics, can only do one thing: reject urine testing as a means to celebrate drugs."**

With that said, "drug-craving lunatic" perfectly describes Juicy J. As part of the legendary Memphis hip hop group Three 6 Mafia, Juice has sustained a 20-year career by glorifying his sex-filled, violence-plagued and drug-addled life. But that's alright, because as Danny Brown puts it in the last line of his verse, when "Uncle

Juice up in the party, you know we gettin' trippy." And, after all, gettin' trippy is the aim of "Piss Test".

Juice lets A-Trak's weird-ass beat loop a few times before he takes to the mic and begins chanting, "Fuck a PO, fuck a drug

test." After a few repetitions of this unrhymed, yet sincere pair of lines, he jumps into his verse, which he spends both counting his money and describing his current state of fucked-upness. Lines like "You say no to drugs, that means more for me," and "Pockets fulla dirty money, body fulla drugs," give you an idea of what to

expect. His vast wealth funds his enormous drug problem, which, for him, is not a problem at all.

Danny Brown enters after a second refrain of Juicy J's heartfelt chorus, bringing with him loads of raunchy sex and, of course, more drugs. En route to that final line mentioned earlier, Brown defiles the Jack and the Beanstalk fairy tale, asks the listener to call him former NFL quarterback Troy Aiken and French kisses someone else's girlfriend with some MDMA under his tongue. Such is life for Danny Brown. And, to go along with the outlandish content, Brown delivers his lines with an erratic flow that complements the strangeness of the whole song.

After he finishes, it's clear that Danny Brown has stolen the show. In Juice's defense though, Danny Brown is probably the only rapper weird enough to take full advantage of A-Trak's bizarre, party-synthesized production. Regardless of who outshines who though, "Piss Test" leaves me wondering why this is the first song to bring these rappers together. ■

# créatif stuffé.



## thursday morning, 2 a.m.

by carlymacconnell

Somewhere amid these dusty tomes of alchemy  
I lose my heart, I lose my mind. I fragment  
Every day, yearning for the baptism  
Of your touch, this holy water my reflection.  
I haven't slept in days; you say it's folly,  
But I won't rest 'til I sate this hunger.

These words, my heart is racked with hunger;  
With all that I am I strive for you, for alchemy.  
You tell me thoughts of love are folly,  
Yet you leave out the verb; it's just a fragment.  
In these waters, I catch your reflection  
As we meditate in our mutual baptism.

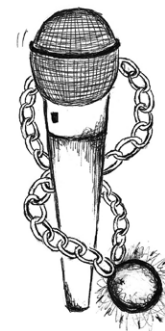
Reborn in your eyes each time, my baptism  
Is a futile act, insatiable, born of hunger,  
For in your shadow I'm a sad reflection  
Of my own true self. Can't practice alchemy  
With no want of gold; this sorry fragment,  
Me of you, screams that I am naught but folly.

Shall I, then, resign myself to flights of folly?  
Forget my hallowed search for baptism—  
Let what's left of you and myself fragment.  
Maybe it would feed this strident hunger  
This drive, this urge for alchemy  
With me, unchanged, cleansed of your reflection.

If I close my eyes to my reflection,  
Maybe I'll see I'm only chasing folly  
Hoping against hope that this alchemy  
Will work. No river here for prayer or baptism,  
No Heaven's manna to salve my hunger.  
I'm no longer content to be your fragment.

When I leave my pen to rest, this fragment  
Of a thought returns, its own reflection  
Burning, seething, with a hunger  
That won't be eased; it's my own folly  
That brought this end. No rest, no baptism,  
No calm for the girl who tries to live through alchemy.

If it's a fragment of a girl you want, then it's your folly  
And your shame if my reflection doesn't match. If baptism's  
As useless as this hunger for you, I'll become golden on my own; no need for alchemy.



## the cipher

with 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 form a commune against Capitalism.*

*Next week, we snitch on Drug Dealers. Send your flows to kmar-ti15@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 write up The Cops (you can send me those raps too). Anybody, PLEASE SUBMIT RAPS!!*

## victims

by kerrymartin

*On Sunday, March 11th, Sgt. Robert Bales broke into an Afghani home and massacred sixteen civilians. It was his fourth tour in Afghanistan, and in 2010 he sustained a traumatic brain injury but was later diagnosed fit to fight again.*

There were sixteen in all, nine of them children  
When the eleven-year-old war broke the door of the building.  
Faces frozen in the fear with which we've instilled them,  
As the white madman filled them with bullets and killed them.  
After America wept for 9/11's disaster  
We've fought fire with fire, massacre with massacre.  
Obama said sorry, it was just one sick bastard  
Bred deep within the heart of American plaster.  
Uncle Sam perpetrated this social condition,  
The supposition that Muslims are voodoo magicians.  
The media maintains xenophobic superstition  
So Islamophobe recruits never fail on their mission.  
Some go further, itching to use the weapons they wield.  
Back on the field before his head injury healed.  
He knew his purpose, as his victims pleaded and kneeled,  
To show that all war is hell the deal is sealed.  
We cook our meals big but we like our wars bigger  
And after four tours, your rank is gravedigger  
The pins on his lapel, stepping-stones to hell  
So who are we to tell him "Let go of the trigger"?

## south station

by katjaritchie

I like the feel of those words on my tongue,  
South Station.  
It reminds me of going  
And I'm never still for long.  
I watch the people as they hustle,  
Like I do,  
To terminals, gates, and loved ones,  
And wonder where they'll lay their heads.  
As I state to myself in a whisper  
The place where this Greyhound is hurtling,  
(The alliteration rolls out smoothly,  
South Station)  
I know what to expect from Boston.  
It will be loud and rude and the coffee will be cheap,  
And I'll want a cigarette and not get to have one,  
Because I forgot a new pack,  
And because, for once, you'll be waiting.  
This isn't my first time I've wound down these pine tree highways  
To feel my boots on the concrete,  
Sigh with joy at the corner of Beach and Atlantic,  
But I've never gone without tricking myself  
Into thinking you'll be there to pull me together  
And pick up my bags.  
Now that I'm indifferent to being alone,  
At last I'll be seeing you  
When I get to South Station.

We're all hands, every working person is hands  
Every country's labor, Kazakhstan's and Japan's.  
All your favorite bands that sell out to brands  
Everyone's a victim but no one understands.  
The American Dream? An American Myth  
Made to look easy by Adam Smith.  
He failed to see the avarice that would come with  
That a fat paycheck is like drinking a fifth.  
It's the root of all evil, but I need some cash  
To buy a car, wear a suit, fill my weapons' stash  
So we can bomb all our excess shit in a flash  
And a new economy can be born from the ash.  
Til then, we float around in supplies and demands  
And try to show the world that we've got more than hands.  
*by Marxist masturbator Kerry Martin*

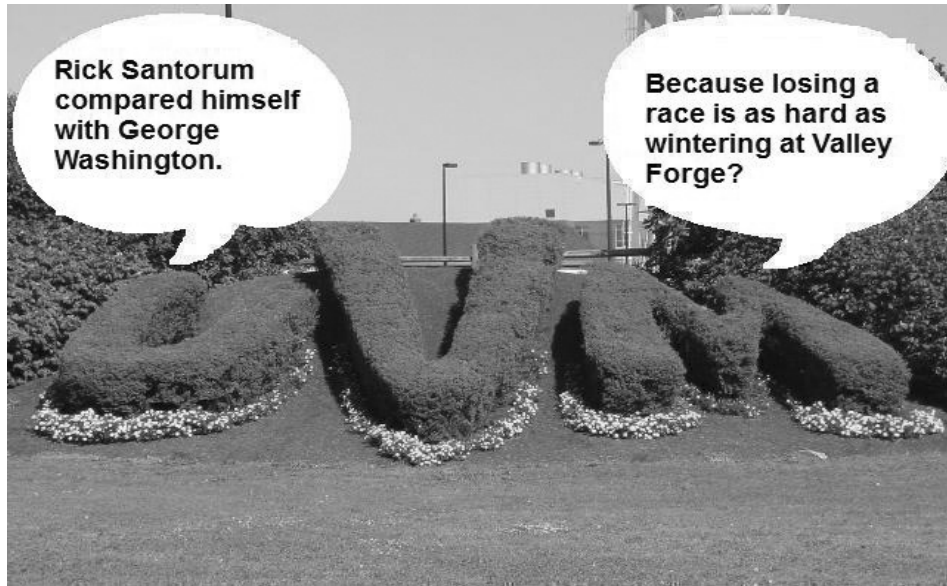


# cat litter.



## uvm plants

by gregjacobs



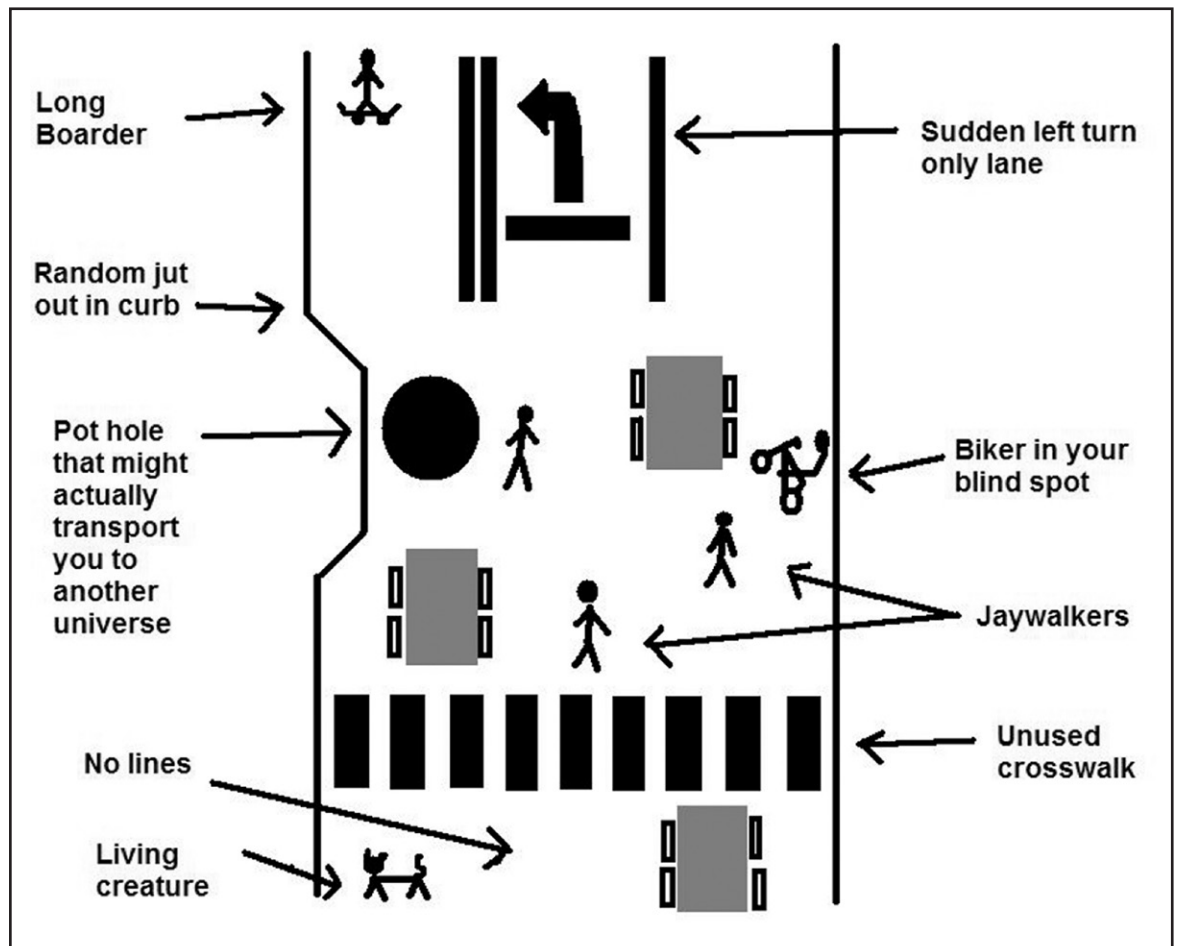
## possible kony 2012 sequels

by gregjacobs

- Dances with Kony
- Kony 2013: A Space Odyssey*
- The Land Before Kony
- My Little Kony**
- Teenage Mutant Ninja Kony
- A Very Kony Christmas*
- Kony vs. Mothra
- Not Another Kony Movie**
- Bring It On, Kony
- Kony in Boots**
- Kony Goes to White Castle
- Kony: The Far Side of the World
- Kony vs. Jason

## driving in burlington: perils, *potholes*, and pedestrians

by adrikopp



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