



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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another **generic** article

about
being

single on

valentine's day



by marissabucci

julianna roen

As it always does without fail, February 14th is about to roll around, and for us single people that means an uncomfortable day of watching couples get flowers, make dinner reservations, and generally be gooey and in love. It's very easy to fall into a pattern of bitterness and self-loathing when it feels like you're practically the only one without a honey on Valentine's Day, but there are so many other (more positive) options than drowning your sorrows in a bottle of Yellow Tail and a roll of cookie dough.

The Dating Game: Just because you're single now doesn't mean that your one true love isn't waiting just around the corner. Join the cast of UVMtv's Dirty Pop to participate in their dating game from 5-6pm in that Mecca known as Brennan's Pub. Dirty Pop's bangin' crew has been working tirelessly to perfect their matching formula, so the odds of getting lucky are majorly in your favor. Here's how it works: you're placed on one side of a curtain, and three potential mates are on the other. You ask questions to the contestants and then pick one based on the answers (rumor has it that there's free Ben and Jerry's for the winners, so play wisely). And if things don't work out, you can always get a milkshake and proceed to Option #2.

The Fake Date: The art of the Fake Date is so elegant in its simplicity that it is nearly impossible to mess up. Pick a friend of the opposite sex (or whichever gender you're into), and go on a date. Here's the catch: this has to be a friend that you have never, are not, and will never be attracted to. The two of you can go out for a platonic dinner, send each other flowers, or snuggle and watch a movie. The point is to remind yourself that Valentine's Day isn't just about

valentine's day when you're single doesn't need to be the equivalent of not having hot water when it's -8 degrees outside.

romantic love. The love between friends can be even more fun and fulfilling than gushy love letters and roses. All you need is a pint of Half Baked, *Grease*, and the Pon de Floor music video (shout-out to Harry Dowden, Valentine's Day 2012 4ever). Bonus points if you go out to a restaurant and make a game out of observing couples and taking bets on how long they're going to last.

Girlfriend/Bromance Movie Marathon: The key here is to pick friends of

the same gender as you. You'll enter into a euphoric state of estrogen or testosterone overload that will make you forget all about the fact that you're single on the Most Romantic Day on Earth. Pick a theme for your movie marathon (I recommend Johnny Depp—his varied roles will keep you entertained for hours, specifically the *Edward Scissorhands-Blow-What's Eating Gilbert Grape* sequence), gather snacks and libations, and commence your descent into movie worlds that bear no resemblance whatsoever to real life. Bonus points if you turn each different movie into a drinking game (and successfully complete all of them).

Single-ish Plans: Trust me, you know if you fit into this category. You've been seeing someone new but you're not exactly sure what the terms of your relationship are. You've fairly consistently been waking up next to each other, maybe you two grab the occasional meal, but nothing has been set in stone yet. This is your golden opportunity to decide where you want to take your relationship. Not sure how to approach the holiday? Last V-Day, my roommate made her then hookup a mix CD and gave him candy. The result? He was surprised by the gesture, but they've been going strong ever since.

Valentine's Day when you're single

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dodecahedron(e): an argument in twelve paragraphs

by jamesaglio

The international codes for acceptable conduct during warfare are largely based on the theory of just war. Set forth primarily by Cicero, Saint Augustine of Hippo, and Saint Thomas Aquinas, it is a longstanding tradition that has changed relatively little during the past two millennia and shaped the Hague and Geneva Conventions. The basic gist is that war, though unfortunate and preferably avoidable, is a natural part of international relations. In light of this nature, war should only be waged when there is no other option, it should be waged for valid reasons, it should be conducted in a decent and fair fashion, and it should be settled cleanly and without lingering strife among the belligerents. Recently, unmanned aircraft systems (UAS or, as they are commonly called, drones) have created some new and serious issues with just war theory.

The idea of just war is effectively divided into three subgroups: *ius ad bellum*, which covers the justification for declaring war; *ius in bello*, which governs appropriate behavior within war; and *ius post bellum*, associated with the diplomacy and negotiations that necessarily follow conflict. UAS, when armed with weapons, fall definitively within the area of *ius in bello*.

The fundamental element of *ius in bello* is the discrimination of combatants from non-combatants. Non-combatants are ideally immune from direct attack, and warfare is confined to warzones. Drone strikes complicate this for two main reasons. First, although the imaging systems onboard UAS units are highly sophisticated and allow for a great deal of finesse, an inordinate amount of civilians have been killed as a result of their use. Speaking in 2009 about the missions in Pakistan, David Kilcullen—an Australian counterterrorism expert who served under General Petraeus in Iraq—noted that, "Since 2006 we've killed 14 senior Al Qaeda leaders using drone strikes; in that same time period, we've killed 700 Pakistani civilians in the same area." Considering that that was four years ago, and the UAS programs have increased nearly exponentially during the Obama administration, it is safe to say that those numbers have become even graver. Compounding this issue is the fact that the civilian deaths are shrouded under the veil of military action, preventing that information from being made public and creating a responsibility vacuum.

Second, a problem arises when determining which United States citizen count

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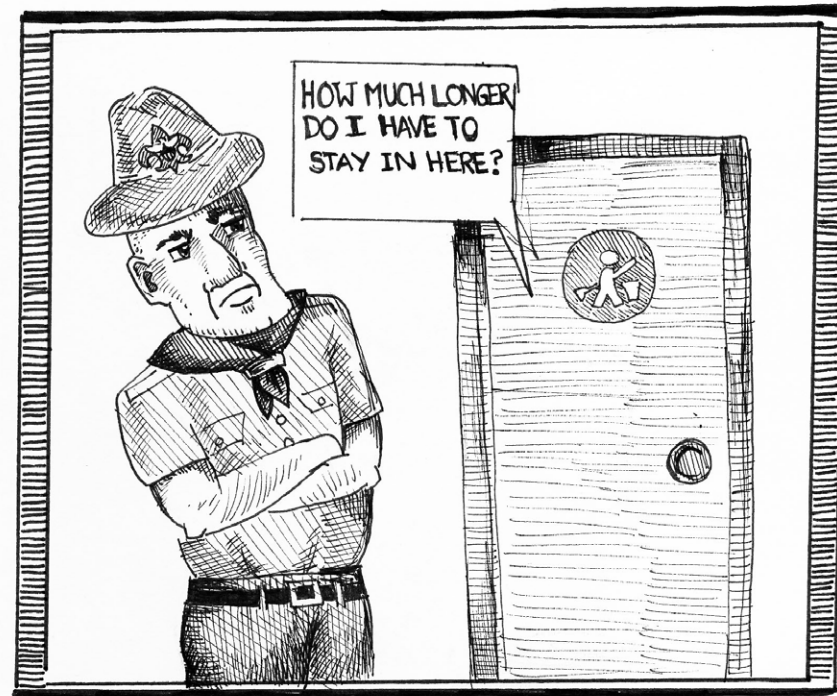
the shit list with jamiebeckett

Long Lift Lines – Nemo has come and gone and the few inches of snow that caused a clusterfuck of traffic in Burlington lured hoards of mountain-goers this weekend. While the skiing and riding was good this weekend, waiting anything more than five minutes to get on the lift is just unacceptable. The crowds had the runs skied out by noon, and there was not nearly enough fresh snow for everyone.

Valentine's Day – It is officially February and that means a whole slough of things, including midterms, papers, and suddenly presents? What are presents? How does one buy love on this Hallmark Holiday? I'll take some Chinese take-out and an empty dorm room. Lower your expectations ladies.

Roses – Roses are corny, thorny, and not romantic. At best they can be bought cheaply at a gas station in a hasty attempt to kiss ass; otherwise they are a waste of money. Not to mention that if you lean a little closer you will realize that roses really smell like poop.

Missing Socks – My feet are precious and need to stay warm at all times. This is becoming increasingly difficult as multitudes of socks are just walking out of my life. I brought at least ten pairs of wool socks here a month ago and now I only have four mismatched pairs. Vanishing socks of this magnitude can only mean one thing: gnomes. ■



katharine longfellow

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

“Tunisians, come together. The revolution continues.”

-**Hamma Hammami** inspiring fellow attendants of the funeral of opposition leader Chokri Belaid, who was assassinated outside his home on Wednesday. Belaid's death came as a blow to secularists and other groups opposed to Tunisia's Islamist Prime Minister Hamadi Jabali and the much more extreme Salafi Muslims. Violent protests in both Tunisia and Egypt echo the revolts that ousted those countries' dictators two years ago, but with perhaps less hope.

“Maple Grove Farms purchased the maple syrup in good faith with no reason to believe that it was coming from Quebec or that it may have been stolen.”

-A statement by **Maple Grove Farms**, a firm based in St. Johnsbury, VT that's been accused of buying twelve tanker trucks of “hot” maple syrup (worth a cool \$20 million) stolen from a Montreal warehouse during 2011 and 2012.

“I have seen him put on an impromptu show for guests, using the hats as costumes. He has kept a whole party in stitches just by making up a play with kitchen knives and spoons for the actors.”

-**Marnie Geisel** in a 1937 interview describing the peculiar hat collection owned by her brother Theodor Geisel, better known by his penname Dr. Seuss. Marking the 75th anniversary of his beloved *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins*, Seuss's secret hat collection, including everything from a plastic Viking helmet to a poof of Technicolor feathers, is now on display at the New York Public Library and will be touring the nation soon after.

“The people behind the Citadel are like 12-year-old boys talking about the tree house, or the secret underground city, they're going to build some day.”

-**Mark Potok** mocking a movement to build a medieval-style compound in rural northern Idaho. Considering the Citadel website's explicit suggestion that “Marxists, Socialists, Liberals and Establishment Republicans” will not feel welcome, I think I'd rather die with the zombie apocalypse.

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join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Chittenden Bank Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. 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: India celebrates Maha Kumbh Mela, a once in 144 year event +++ Zhuang Zedong, ping pong champion who won the heart of the West in the 70s, has died +++ Richard III!!! ■

DRONES - continued from page 1

as combatants. Traditionally, the soldier holding the killing weapon is considered to be the agent of the action. It is the unalienable right of enemy soldiers to attempt to eliminate that agent—that is the essence of war. In the case of UAS strikes, the closest thing to an agent is the person piloting the drone via satellite from an air base in Nevada. Does that mean that an enemy combatant of a country we have used drone strikes against can just walk up to said pilot and shoot him dead on the streets of Las Vegas? The part of our conscience that wants America to be neat and orderly screams, “No!” but if the pilot is the agent, is the combatant, then the answer must be yes according to the international codes of warfare.

Such an attack in the streets of Las Vegas remains strictly theoretical due to the inability of enemy combatants to penetrate that far into United States borders, and so this remoteness calls into question whether UAS strikes are *mala in se* (evil in themselves). Basically, in a just war, soldiers cannot use weapons that are inherently evil. This ranges from actual munitions, such as chemical warfare and land mines, to more abstract, but equally if not increasingly vile policies such as systematic rape or ethnic cleansing. UAS strikes, because they leave the enemy unable to retaliate (which, as already observed, is the basic right of a soldier), create a situation in which the two groups are not truly at war, but rather one is murdering the other. This inability to fight back arguably makes UAS *mala in se*.

Related to this disagreement over agency is the notion of responsibility,

which UAS partially erodes. As previously mentioned, there is something of an issue of who is responsible for drone strikes. This ambiguity pales in comparison, however to muddle that would result from the possible development of AI controlled UAS that can identify targets and act on their own initiative. It would sound paranoid and ridiculous if we were not openly funding research for such systems with billions of dollars. The proponents of such technology anticipate the increased efficiency and reliance of such smart drones, while opponents insist that it will remove any human, moral element from warfare.

The next area of *ius in bello* affected by UAS is the concept of proportionality. Proportionality is the principle that there is a moral quantity of force acceptable in each situation. Remember a decade ago when US intelligence was trying to convince the world that they had enough evidence that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction to justify a full-scale invasion, and the opposing parties were insisting that the amount of evidence did not justify such an invasion? That is proportionality at work. You do not bring a gun to a knife fight, and you do not level a city on the off chance that a single enemy is hiding in one of the buildings.

In modern military action, proportionality mainly comes into effect when planning out individual operations—deciding whether a goal can be accomplished via diplomatic and economic measures, or whether a target can be captured without using deadly force. UAS challenges this idea because it simply makes killing an

enemy target so much easier than every alternative, and once deployed, a Predator or Reaper drone really lacks any options beyond ‘kill’ and ‘do not fire.’

Lastly, UAS strikes challenge the notion of chivalric honor in warfare. It has long been considered, and not only in the West, that the most honorable method of warfare is direct confrontation. This belief is especially true among several of the peoples we are currently targeting with drones, such as the Pashtuns in Pakistan. Kilcullen says that to them the use of drones “looks both cowardly and weak.” The fact that the Obama administration refuses to acknowledge that a UAS campaign even exists—despite the estimation that there is a drone strike there every three to four days—does nothing to make the United States’ position more honorable; nobody likes a secret war. While it arguably does not matter what an enemy thinks of one's combat strategies, the civilians in the area also hold this viewpoint. It does nothing to persuade them of the goodwill of the United States, and arguably radicalizes them in favor of Al Qaeda and the Taliban according to Sherry Rehman, Pakistan's ambassador to the United States.

The main supporters of the United States drone program, particularly the Obama administration, tend to rely extensively on the argument that the drone strikes are legal in the event of imminent threat against the United States. The fact that the White House has proposed a “broader interpretation of imminent,” however, weakens this defense somewhat. Any argument that hinges on changing the fundamental

definition of a word reeks of insidiousness. The increased safety of American troops is also frequently brought forward in support of the UAS missions. While this holds slightly more water than the legal argument because it at least has a human element, the removal of troops from the line of fire is not necessarily a positive development in warfare. Army Chaplain D. Keith Shurtleff observed that as “soldiers are removed from the horrors of war and see the enemy not as humans but as blips on a screen, there is a very real danger of losing the deterrent that such horrors provide.” Exposure to the results of war provides one of the greatest arguments against future conflicts, and it has been well argued that modern Americans are already far too divorced from the realities of armed conflict.

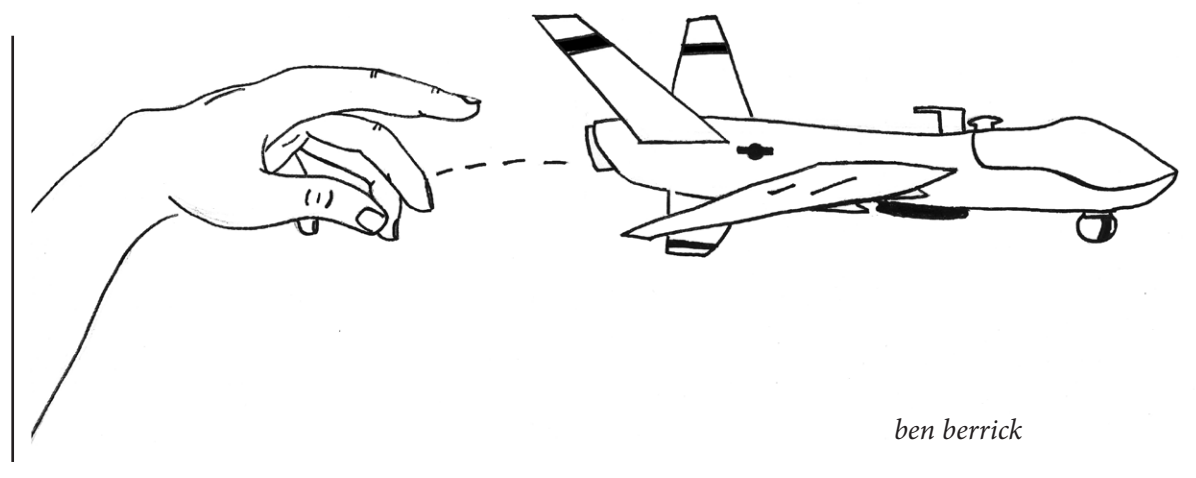
I empathize with the White House's position, I honestly do. I personally have several problems with the drone program, and it saddens me that President Obama favors it so, but at the same time I am generally supportive of his other policies, and I trust that in this too he has the best interest of the nation at heart—regardless of whether I personally agree with his methods. As an American citizen I obviously want other Americans, whether military or civilian, to be safe and to live in peace, and I understand the role that UAS technology can play in making that happen. But I seriously believe we need to evaluate how technologies like UAS work within or without our centuries-old ethics of warfare, and whether we are honestly okay with it. ■

rhinoplasty: hunt for horn devastates population

by kerrymartin

There's a war on rhinos. Well, there's been a war on rhinos for years. In Africa, white and especially black rhinos were poached nearly to extinction by Western tourists looking to bag a new beast, or by desperate Africans looking to sell the precious rhino horn—prized in Eastern medicine as a panacea—on the black market. Science has proven these horns medically useless, made from the same fibers as hair and fingernails. While some countries like Japan, Taiwan, and Korea have banned the rhino horn trade, others have yet to call this ancient alchemy into question, and the demand for horn in China, Vietnam and Thailand is growing as quickly as their economies. And with African food prices also rising and the rhino horn price coming in at \$65,000 a kilogram, there is little to hold back a needy African father from killing the most threatened of the continent's beloved “Big Five” game animals.

The numbers tell it all. At the start of the 20th century, there were 500,000 rhinos across Africa and Asia; by 1970, there were 70,000; today there are less than 29,000. The white rhinos of the open savannah have landed on the “Near Threatened” list, while the black rhinos of the jungle are now “Critically Endangered.” Conservation efforts have had some success at turning this fatal trend around, with white rhino numbers rising by 9.5% annually and blacks by 6% as of 2007. South Africa has seen the most progress in this department, considering that of the 25,045 rhinos in Africa (as of 2010), 20,711 of them live in South Africa.



ben berrick

Other countries didn't witness this degree of rhino conservation, but they at least resisted the terminal trend that dominated the 20th century. But the past few years' increased demand for rhino horn has sent the war back into full swing. South Africa's successful conservation has ironically made it a prime target for these poachers. The country's ranchers and park rangers lack the resources to combat poaching gangs, some just groups of needy tribal men, others full mobs organized by foreign investors and equipped with night-vision goggles, gun silencers, and helicopters. As a result, the South African poaching rate has spiked 5000% since 2007, rising from 13 rhino deaths in 2007 to 668 in 2012. The rhinos spread throughout the rest of Africa suffer too, and one subspecies, the Western black rhinoceros, was declared extinct in 2011.

So what do we do? This is not a local problem; in fact, if Africa were independent of the globalized world, it would never have a rhino poaching problem. Tracing the rhino horn trade is a trip around the world, and conservation activists have tried to enact change at every link in the chain. The nonprofit Rhino Reality fights to raise awareness in East Asia of the rampant poaching and the fact that rhino horn is about as medicative as chewing your fingernail, but these traditions don't change overnight. Western government agencies try to capture and prosecute members of wildlife crime, an \$8 billion annual industry (third to arms

and drug trafficking), but as deputy chief of law enforcement for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Edward Grace points out, “Criminals see the wildlife trade as low risk, high profit. Get caught smuggling a kilo of heroin, you will probably go to jail for the rest of your life; smuggle a kilo of rhino horn, which nowadays is worth more than heroin or gold, in several countries worldwide you may only go to jail for a couple of years.” Both the South African government and international nonprofits have pumped increasing sums to combat poachers on the ground, but the rhino death toll keeps rising. Some groups lobby to legalize rhino horn trade, in order to reduce the demand and regulate the conservationist harvesting of horns (which can be done lucratively without killing the rhinos). Others argue this will have the opposite effect.

I can't say which causes are worthier than others. But conservationist efforts to repopulate Africa with both black and white rhinos have shown signs of success, so we can't let armed poachers or Asian medicines deter us. Other African conservation issues, such as elephant poaching, habitat destruction, and of course rising planet temperatures, are equally contentious for distinct reasons, but the approach to all of them demands first, broad-mindedness, and second, perseverance. But for now, I leave you one request with infinite interpretability: Respect the Rhino. ■

around town.



fake it til ya make it:

by benberrick

a guide to faking the perfect v-day

Valentine's Day is almost upon us, and if you are anything like me, the "true meaning" of the holiday is swallowed up in all of the colossal resentment of all those couples (and aren't they just fucking adorable) whose presence seems to be entirely motivated by making you feel like a lonely lump. But why just take it when you could strike back and show the world how magnificent Valentine's Day can be without ever actually having to gather the simple strength to rise from your bed? Fortunately, between the social media boom and the massive ordering selection of the web, you need not brave the outside world or lose the comfortable sweatpants (actually, why even wear pants at all?).

First, you're going to need to let everyone know how much fun you're (not actually) having. Head on over to CouchCachet.com and download their app, which connects to your foursquare and other social media accounts. Simply select the kind of night you want others to think you're having; from "Artsy Fartsy" to "New in Town", there are plenty of preset trope options. From here, the app takes the wheel and checks you into local events which match your trope, sending out tweets and pictures about how much fun you're having the whole time. Won't your friends be jealous when they see you'll be heading down to the Roxy to see the latest quirky Inde Rom-Com? Certainly the subsequent candlelight dinner at Leunigs will elicit envy. Meanwhile, you can enjoy your dry cereal (directly out of the box, of course) with the simple satisfaction derived from

knowing your imaginary exploits will be the talk of the town.

But romantic events aren't enough- Valentine's Day comes but once a year, after all! Pull the computer back out and check out Edible Arrangements. For a chunk of change, you can pick from a massive catalogue of artfully assembled fruit bouquets.

There are more customization options than there are paint swatches at Lowes, so feel free to make something which feels as though it represents the essence of "you". When ordering time comes, write a nice note and leave the sender info anonymous, ship it to your address, and make sure you select a delivery time early enough that it'll be there for everyone to see. Remember not to act too surprised when you receive it-fakers are easy to spot. If food isn't what you're into, just browse Amazon or 1-800-Flowers and find some nice arrangements which can be left at your door.

With your chocolate and flowers now conspicuously in place, and CouchCachet ensuring that the entire twitter-sphere knows how romantic of a night your Valentine's Day is turning out to be, you can retire back to your bed and enjoy a night of peaceful reflection (i.e. eating a tub of ice cream and trying to ignore how pathetic this all is) away from all the cutesy pairs and their Eskimo kisses. And who knows? As the night goes on, you may even get lucky. Actually, let's be honest: if you've been doing this correctly, you should have never *stopped* masturbating. ■

"if you've been doing this correctly, you should have never stopped masturbating."

shit i suck at skiing:

by lauragreenwood

a non-skiers winter lifestyle

I heard in Vermont every weekend is an absolute RAGER, like all day, man! Those kids never take a break; it's like wake up, shotgun a beer, take a hit, and get it started. Especially in the winter time, it's so cold that no one even leaves the dorms, they just fuckin' FSU. So, yeah that's why I didn't buy a season pass to any ski mounts; I just felt that no one else would be out there on the slopes, you know? Plus with no triple major, I mean really (pscht) choosing indivdy passes or dinky lil packages? Not for me.

But, it seems that my assumptions about the winter-time have been a bit off. Sure, people like to party, but everyone is, well, gone Saturdays and Sundays. Now, I'm not denying I don't shred, no trollin', I shred like the original paper product! I send it down the rails, all steezy and flo-eazy... yeah I got grindal-and-ent. The problem I'm facing now is not skiing and having a weekend completely free. Like really completely free, no commitments at all. Absolutely nil. So, instead of slapping the slope, here's some day excursions off campus that I and all my other ski-free compatriots can do.

active

Firstly, to prove I'm still the man, I like to gather a bunch of the boys and slay it at Galactic Bowling in Colchester. It's like a rave with cooler shoes on, and for only \$18/person; I'm bringing in the fun without ski pass prices. Or I'm also hitting up the Talent Skatepark in South Burlington for some skate shred and in-line skating. For those outdoorsy moods, I like to get out there and snowshoe or telemark ski. Either I like to get the rental hookup from the Outing Club and peruse around Centennial Woods or I go to the Catamount Family Outdoor Center in Williston. Alright, this one is not that far away PLUS they got dankass sledging hills and sleds for only \$2. The Great Ice Festival is also happening up in Grand Isle, VT from the 8th to the 17th, so that's where you can go for that great blue collar fun: fishing, pancakes, and weird regattas on ice.

teach me

Dude, museums are where it's at this day, fact, and Vermont has totally got the hook up. Alright, my favorite ones within 30 min of campus are Shelburne Farm (with Wagon/Sleigh Rides happening all of Feb) and ECHO (new exhibit opens 2/9 about DVDs and white boards, how does that shit really work?) . Or instead, I'm trying to find all 10 art galleries that Burlington houses. But say I got a driver, there's a couple places within an hour of Burlington I could hit up: Birds of Vermont Museum in Huntington(#tweetweetmotherfucker), the American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester (who knew?!), the Wilson Castle in Proctor, or the Hartness-Porter Museum of Amateur Telescope Making in Springfield. Have you ever heard a line up like that in your life? VT, baby all day.

nom nom

Before I get into chowing down, I'm hitting up all the local breweries for tours and free samples. Long Trail, Magic Hat, Switchback, Otter Creek; you name it, I'll be dip-pin' through and sippin' brew. When UVM's empty, sometimes I hop on that CCTA magic carpet and ride it out to Middlebury College. I'm not 180 toe-grabbing you, UVM, but with a no swipe system in the Midd's dining hall that means I'm eating all the "free" food I can get there. No swiping means no issues. Better than just Middlebury, I swag it out all over VT on the CCTA. All I do is party and then I grub-a-dub-dub. But, fellow soldier, don't free ball it on the bus; go with a battle plan of places to travel to and chow on. Without a plan, you may find yourself stranded just like you were on campus this weekend before you even decided to go on this excursion. The danktropolis of places to eat is Montpelier. My highest recommendations are for Royal Orchid, Sarducci's, and Positive Pie.

So, there you got it. The beat may have dropped too much when you chose not to get a ski pass, but hey, I'm the original party-maker. No lack of people or warmth is stopping me from catamounting the weekend all day long. Some may say "if you ain't skiing than you ain't being", but that's an untruth. I'm saying "if you ain't skiing, then you ain't being...shunned by me". Hit me up on the weekends, or anytime really (really), because everyone knows you can stay steezy without being on ski-zys. ■

a last resort:

by kerrymartin

burlington's damaging date nights

You know what month it is. There's love in the air. But for some of you (whom I do not envy), there's too much of it. I could tell you thousands of ways to celebrate Valentine's Day—sharing chocolate strawberries with your saucy soulmate, longing lustfully for your long-distance lover, or finding some freaky, free love at Rasputin's—but sadly, not all college couples are destined to be, and tips in romance might not serve everyone's best interests come February 14th.

Now be careful. Don't get falsely seduced by the free-love, you-only-live-once temptations of a college campus, which are hard to avoid at this orgiastic, socialist commune of reefer-riddled trisexuals that we call the University of Vermont. If you're in a relationship, now is the time to remember all the things you and your boy/girlfriend have done together, and if they've been good times, then don't give them up for an ephemeral and unfulfilling hook-up lifestyle. (Claire, I wouldn't give you up for a billion dollars and a hundred baby corgis.) But if you or someone you know is in a stressful, even destructive relationship, then try out some of these terrible date ideas. They're designed to ruin any bad couple, or, if it turns out to be a fun time, prove your lover to be a keeper. Because if you find someone who makes anything fun, then don't let go.

Date #1 Waterfront Sunrise: Tell your somewhat-significant other that it would mean a lot to watch the Valentine's sunrise at Burlington's breathtaking lakefront. Arrive at their dorm room at 4:30 AM sharp with a foghorn and some energizing Bud Platinum. Shake off the fatigue with some calisthenics and a cheery prayer ("Rise and shine and give God your glory, glory...") before bundling up and heading downtown. The busses won't be running yet so you'll have to walk. You reach the waterfront right as you lose feeling in your toes and fingers, and you claim the bench that a grumpy homeless has been warming up for you all night. Taking a seat, making intimate chit-chat about the Superbowl and your frozen nose hairs, and trying to massage your partner's shoulders through three inches of waterproof Gore-tex, it suddenly hits you that you are perfectly positioned to watch the sunset in the west, not sunrise in the east. Knowing you can't admit this error, suggest taking a swim and see what happens from there.

Date #3 Scavenger Hunt: Ready to kill two or more birds with one stone? Surprise your significant other with a scavenger hunt. This will take some planning, but it can pay off for everyone and make for an incredible V-Day surprise. Something like this: send Sally to drop off a paper at your professor's office in Waterman, from whom Sally will receive that DVD of Harold and Kumar that you never returned to the library basement. Once she returns it there, media specialist benberrick will give her the \$20 you wanted to spend on liquor. Trekking downtown with an underage ID, she'll have to stop by your creepy, thirty-year-old friend's apartment, where she'll receive a Valentine's card and a grocery list. You get the idea.

Date #2 Local Tour: You've got big plans for Valentine's Day. Big. Plans. He/she's been aching to know for weeks now, but you've been playfully withholding details to build the tension. And now the day is right around the corner and he/she's giddy with excitement. You head downtown (Fancy dinner date? Too predictable.), maintaining the secret until you arrive. Well, you walked right past it at first, but then you backtracked and found the spot you're looking for: the Burlington Free Press office. Grinning, you take his/her hand and walk through the front door, where you find the depressed old man who claims not to remember the email you sent him last month, but reluctantly and quizzically agrees to give you and your lover a tour of the BFP facilities. From the copy room to the editor-in-chief's office to the staff lounge, at least you're getting turned on by all this print journalism. He sends you off with a stack of old issues and some free pens, which you gift to your partner. Now it's up to you to keep things hot.

Date #4 Movie Night: Prepare yourself for true romance. Sharing coffee and digesting your dinner for two (you can dine on a budget anywhere from Ahli Babb'a to Rite Aid), tell your partner to get excited, because there's this great new movie you've been dying to see, and you managed to get your hands on some tickets. Leaving a scanty tip on the table, you head to the cold outdoors with lover clutching your arm, but he/she is confused when you walk right past the movie theater. You grin and promise that it's not much further. And there it is. Misconstruing the worry on his/her face for excitement, you lead the way into Good Stuff Adult Store and request a viewing room for two. After learning that store policy forbids group viewings, you book two viewing rooms for one and decide you'll divide at conquer. While you settle down with your buttered popcorn to watch Pussy Paradise 2: Back to Bangri-La, you expect a great review from your date, who gets to watch The Arab Fling 3: Hose Me, Hosni.

I hope that taking this advice (with a few grains of salt) serves you well and makes your Valentine's Day all it can be. But if it blows up in your face, don't come crying to me; I never said I was a role model. ■

studying abroad: debunking the myths

by katherinelongfellow

Ever dream of running through the Highlands, chasing sheep and wearing an absurd amount of plaid? Or fantasize eating your own weight in Belgian chocolate while admiring a fountain of a small boy peeing? Or perhaps you'd like to sketch the Eiffel Tower while being verbally abused by a crotchety Frenchman wielding a crepe ladle. Speaking from personal experience, I can tell you all these wonderful things are possible through the magic of studying abroad.

For many people, study abroad may seem like an unobtainable dream that is vaguely mentioned during orientation but never seems like something that happens to real people. Too much paperwork, too much money, and too many options seem to get in the way and discourage many potential adventures, but it isn't always so! There is a way for almost any major with almost any budget to spend a semester abroad; it just takes a little myth-busting.

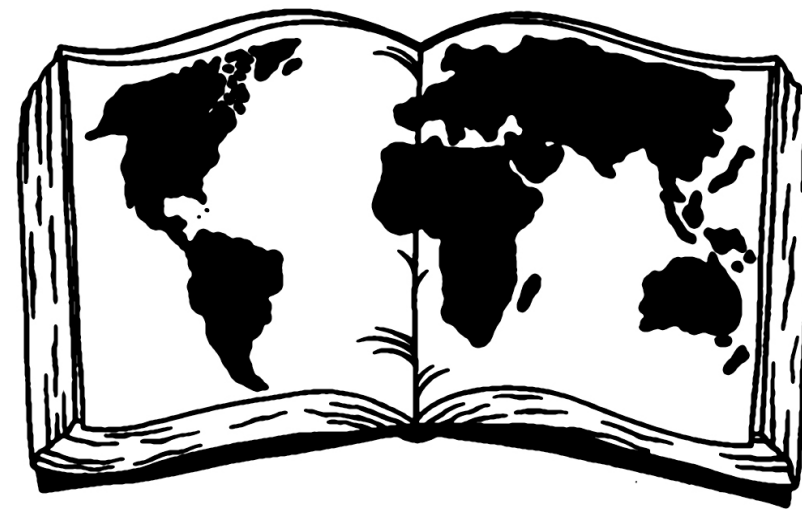
The first complaint I hear from most homebodies is that studying abroad costs your firstborn child and a third of your soul. Not so. As someone who already pays the firstborn child fee as an out-of-state student, I actually paid significantly less for a semester in Scotland than I did for my semester at Vermont. It all depends on your location and your program, but there are tons of affordable abroad options. If you already get a scholarship, take a trip down to the lovely people in Financial Affairs in the basement of Waterman and see if you can get your scholarship transferred to your school abroad. Even if you don't get a scholarship, some programs will even offer financial aid specifically for studying abroad.

The next wave of panic starts to build up the second your wallet feels safe: what about

your classes? If you're a humanities major, you're pretty much golden no matter where you decide to go. You just have to decide how challenging you want your classes to be and what kind of accent you want to pick up. Even if you're a microbiology-genetic-neurogobbledgeok major or some such nonsense that will actually get you a job after graduation, there's a pretty good chance that somewhere else in the world does that too. If you're having trouble finding a school to meet your needs, take a peek at your CATS Report (on your UVM page under Advising) and see what classes you need for your semester of choice. Then start looking up classes from your school and take a trip to Transfer Affairs and they can tell you whether or not your classes will actually transfer.

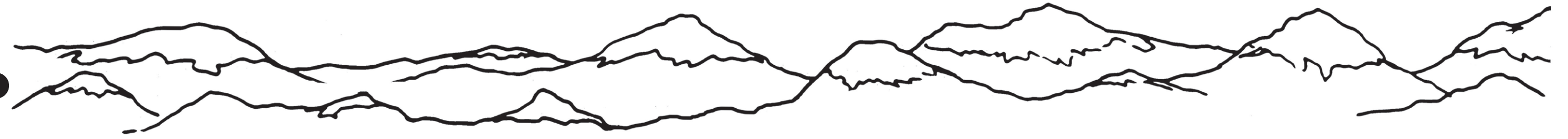
Just plain terrified of being alone in a foreign country? First, take off your adult-size onesie (I don't care how snugly it is) and take a deep breath. There's a whole range of programs that go from chucking you off the plane into the utter mayhem that is Heathrow airport to surrounding you with so many Americans that you'll never want to hear "McDonald's" ever again. If you want some support but still maintain some independence, programs like Butler or Arcadia give you the option of a support base at your school that can help you out when you need it and leave you alone when you don't. And while you're still on this side of the pond, there's a whole crew of people in the Study Abroad Office that are willing to help you each step of the way.

Studying abroad is unlike any experience you've ever had before. It's not like going on vacation with your family or reading about some place in a book. It's about completely immersing yourself in a new culture and discovering just how different and similar it can be at the same time. The time I spent abroad was one of the best moments in my life, and I would curb-stomp a puppy to go back. The world is big place, GET OUT THERE! ■



mariel brown-fallon

reflections.



the best worst (arriving after curfew) date

by lauragreenwood

My brothers had warned me not to come home late. But with a strict curfew of 11 pm and all the factors that had led up to this long awaited first date, I knew there was no way I would respect their rules. Well, the date proceeded with all the usual bells and whistles: dinner, long front-seat conversations, parking the car next to a nice view, and more "talking."

When 11 pm rolled around, I said to myself, "Don't worry about it," and we continued on with our merriment.

As we finally rolled into my long driveway, I suspected something fishy was going to happen. Anticipating this, we shared a final goodnight kiss halfway along the driveway and proceeded cautiously onwards to my house. We had reached the wooded and winding end when I saw the flames.

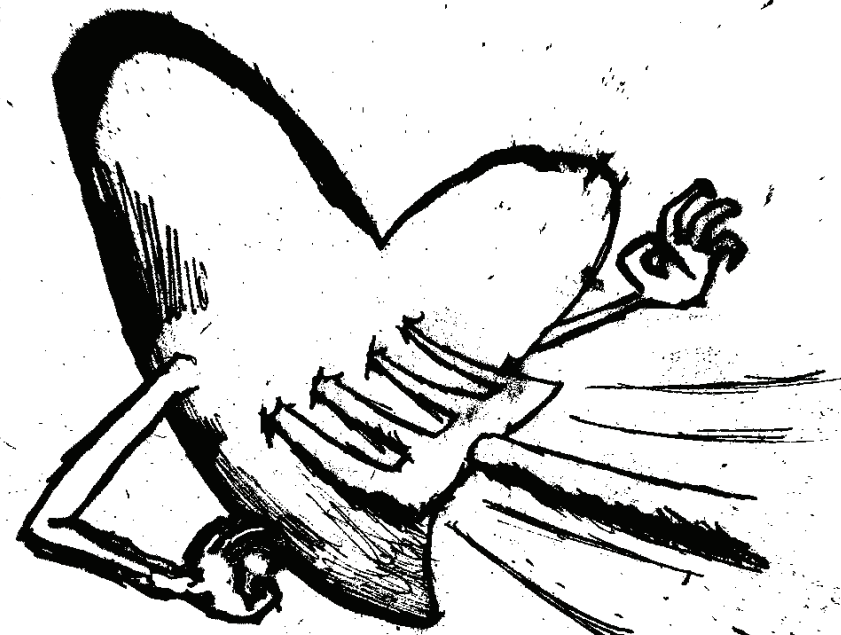
My brothers and their friends had been throwing a going away party for their army friend, which included ninety

cup beer pong and intoxicatingly sweet, Nate Greenwood "Marg My Ritas." My parents had wandered off to sleep and gave them the strict order of awaiting my return. And so they did. As 11 pm came and went, they prepared the troops all too literally for my arrival. Yup, they formed a drunken mob. This mob was fully clad with lit torches, axes, shovels, hammers, a blowtorch, shotgun, and a machete. And as we pulled into the driveway, their assigned lookout gave the bird signal that brought the masses hailing down upon us.

I was raised with these hooligans, so frankly I found the entire event to be hilarious and their finest gesture of affection. However, my date was certainly surprised and even shaken as the mob shouted over and over, "Laura's Late! We're Irate!" After a belligerent "talking to," my date faced his toughest challenge yet: backing out of my driveway

(while being prodded along with lit torches). Poor guy, the one time I'd even attempted to back out that part of my driveway I was on the lawn mower and ended up hitting a tree and leaving a six-inch dent in the fender. He eventually escaped after numerous corrections and thus marked the formal end of the date. The entire homecoming remains documented on Facebook, my brothers' pride and glory. Oh family, you just can't live with them without anticipating an affection-filled mob to happen every once in a while. ■

"after a belligerent 'talking to,' my date faced his toughest challenge yet: backing out of my driveway (while being prodded along with lit torches)."



malcolm valaitis

VALENTINE'S DAY SINGLE -continued from pg 1

doesn't need to be the equivalent of not having hot water when it's -8 degrees outside. These are just a few of the many options for things that you can do on this upcoming Thursday—you could also play hooky and go skiing, inform every couple that you pass about the history of the Valentine's Day Massacre, or better yet, turn the day into a giant game of Assassins. Anything really, just as long as you're not alone drinking wine through a straw and crying to *Love Actually*. Also, don't watch *Valentine's Day*. That's just a poor life choice all around. Being single, just like being in a relationship, is all about perspective. ■

tinder: your ios-friendly wing man

by phoebefooks

Worried that you will have no one to share your bed with this Valentine's Day? Are you seeking a new and exciting way to procrastinate on your homework? If you answered yes to one of those questions then allow me to tell you about the newest app to rob the attention of smartphone users around the world.

"Tinder" creates you a mini-profile by syncing with your Facebook and then allows you to flip through others' profiles and decide with a single swipe to either the left or right if you are into them or not. Tinder also uses your device's location services to show you only profiles from users in a radius of your choosing. The best part is that your judgments are completely anonymous unless you and another user have liked each other, in which case you are matched up. Once you are matched up with someone you can chat with them, or block them if they don't turn out to be the Mr. (or Ms.) Right they once seemed.

Sounds pretty fun, right? Unfortunately, Tinder is a much better app in theory than in actuality; it contains several bugs and most of its users don't really know what they're doing. For instance, the app allows

"the app allows you to change your profile picture from your actual facebook picture—a GREAT feature for people like me who occasionally feel the urge to set their defaults to pictures of sandwiches or neville longbottom"

you to change your profile picture from your actual Facebook picture—a GREAT feature for people like me who occasionally feel the urge to set their defaults to pictures of sandwiches or Neville Longbottom (not gonna get laid through that route... well... maybe)—however, Tinder crashes whenever you try to do this. Thankfully you get the

chance to embellish your profile with four additional pictures from your Facebook, and you can type up a little bio to further prove your attractiveness.

That's a short amount of data space to

represent yourself, but with a few quirky selfies, a look-at-how-adventurous-I-am picture of you on a mountain in Argentina, and a brief, witty statement for your bio, it can successfully be done. Yet somehow there is a good percentage of dudes I encounter on Tinder whose pictures are all either group shots—so I can't tell which

one they are—or pictures in which they are clad head to toe in ski gear, goggles and all, so I can't even see their face. Who are these people? I wonder. Maybe they just walk around all the time in snow-pants and helmets. I don't think I could date someone who did that, but then again maybe I'm being too picky.

Furthermore, when I get matched up with a guy who actually looks like someone I'd be down to get down with, I make an effort to talk to him, usually about grilled cheeses. Some respond, but many don't say anything at all even if their profile indicates they've been online recently. Come on y'all. That ruins all the fun.

All in all, Tinder is fun, but I can definitely foresee it either fading out of relevance in a few months, or following the track of Instagram and being absorbed by a bigger company, such as Facebook itself. In the meantime, if you're looking for a Valentine, download Tinder and roll the dice! ■

lust scopes

by lizcantrell

Pisces: February 19-March 20

Ah, Pisces. Ever the clever one, you decide to befuddle your beloved with a Valentine's riddle. Problem is, if your hunny doesn't get it, they'll resent your suffocating need to prove your intellectualism. Give the gift of time instead, and it will not go unappreciated.

Aries: March 21-April 19

Your heart is on the mend, and Cupid's got his eye on you. He'll repair your crushed dreams with a healthy dose of getting laid, so expect a pleasant surprise this February 14th.

Taurus: April 20-May 20

As the sign of the bull, your style is to boldly approach the object of your desire with forward invitations to play. Settle down and adopt subtler courting moves, rather than fearlessly proclaiming your love. The stars predict that the reward will be worth the restraint.

Gemini: May 21-June 20

Your perfect love match is the Capricorn, since their demure nature complements your energetic passion. Together, the two of you are firecrackers under the sheets, and this Valentine's Day the love-making is extra sparky.

Cancer: June 21-July 22

If Valentine's Day isn't your thing, that's ok, but you can sure get a kick out of reading the "Hot 2 Trots" in Seven Days. Grab a friend, concoct some drinks, and giggle like school girls at all the crazy sexual fantasies out there.

Leo: July 23-August 22

It's time to spice it up in the bedroom, Leo. This Valentine's season, animal instinct is all the rage. Entice like an ermine, pounce like a puma, and prepare to cum like a cobra.

Virgo: August 23-September 22

Tsk tsk, Virgo. While you're busy prepping a bitter, "Fuck Valentine's Day" feast for you and your single buddies, you could be out chasing tail. You never know what studly and sultry option awaits.

Libra: September 23-October 22

The heavenly planets above advise you to invest in some new sex toys. With the availability of products for a solo mission or a dual attempt, plus the discretion of Amazon deliveries, you can rock your world (if not someone else's) on V-Day with a simple click of the internet.

Scorpio: October 23-November 21

You can brew all the love potions you want, Scorpio, but that won't guarantee you any sweet, sweet lovin'. There is no magic formula, so the stars recommend that you employ honesty and simplicity to convey your affections.

Sagittarius: November 22-December 21

A case of mistaken identity has you kissing your beloved's twin sibling! While a fight will ensue, make it up to your boo by making them a sexy playlist. Be sure to add, "What's New Pussycat" by Tom Jones and "I'd Do Anything for Love" by Meatloaf to the mix.

Capricorn: December 22-January 19

You're in for one hell of a Valentine's, Cappie. You never leave your lover's bedside all day, and you two just engage in romp after romp. The stars applaud you.

Aquarius: January 20-February 18

You're known for being over the top, Aquarius, and Valentine's Day plans are no exception. Don't splurge too much, because your date will probably get a little freaked. Reconsider that exotic Indian elephant ride down Church Street, followed by a steamy chocolate sauce massage, and instead, invest in good, old-fashioned dinner and a movie. ■

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100 YEARS 1892-2012

fashion five-oh.



edible ensembles:

valentine's night fashions

by: sarahperda

On Valentine's Day, people often become far too enraptured with donning pink and red everything to remember the fashion that goes extremely underrated later that night: edible attire. If the thought has never crossed your mind, here's to hoping this article inspires you to live life on the edge this weekend. If you were already considering getting a little freaky with your foodstuffs this Thursday, here are a few ways to bring a fashionable side to fornicating.

Whipped Cream Bathing Suits



Go on; let your artsy side run wild on this one. There are endless possibilities as to what kind of bathing suit you can draw on yourself: a tankini, one of those "fashion forward" cut-out bathing suits, the onesie bathing suit with a skirt, or even a speedo if you're feeling ballsy. Strategically place some cherries or other edible, circular objects around your masterpiece, and your S.O. will be talking about your itty-bitsy-teeny-weeny white polka-dot bikini for many Valentine's Days to come. Depending on how experimental you get with your décor, this whipped cream creation can be worth anywhere from one to four hearts, so I'll average it out at a solid 2.5 on the hot and heavy scale.

Edible Body Paint



If the aforementioned outfit choices are a little too adventurous for your taste, there's always edible body paint to make some DIY garb. Whether you prefer markers, vats of paint or even glitter, there is an edible form of arts and crafts to dress up your Valentine until they look just as tacky as the card they gave you is. That being said, this one is about as raunchy as an episode of Barney so it only deserves a heart and a half. Happy humping!

Edible Lingerie



Stereotypical yet effective; Google this term and feast your eyes on the wonders that pop up. Though a "chocolate thong" or "gummy undies" may be somewhat impractical for day-to-day wear, they're perfect for a 10-minute stint before making whoopee. This setup comes prepackaged, thus it lacks some originality, but the sound of "candy nipple tassels" reverberating through one's eardrums makes this style worthy of three hearts.

Fluffernutter and Chocolate Tuxedo



Try and tell me this idea isn't fucking brilliant. Think about it: 1. Who doesn't look dashing when they're on their suit and tie shit? 2. Who doesn't love chocolate or fluff? Warm up your weapons of choice until they're paint-like, then slather them all over your lover in the form of an orgasmic Armani suit topped off with a strawberry boutonniere; they'll taste just as delicious as they look. I reiterate: this idea is of sheer brilliance; five hearts. ■

fork it over.



i would do anything for love...

by dansuder

Romance. To some people, the word calls to mind the scent of roses, the warmth of a fire-place, and the sickly sweet taste of edible strawberry lube. But I think of none of those things. When I consider romance, I am only able to envision one experience, one pinnacle of love and beauty, one archetype of St. Valentinian tradition. I speak, of course, of Valentine's Day Meatloaf.

Everybody has their own meatloaf recipe, floating around. Vegetarians don't, but they can eat kale and rice or whatever. Some recipes call for exotic ingredients like venison, milk, or "7 buttery round crackers, crushed." Others keep it simple, with egg, beef, and occasionally that American staple of the food pyramid: ketchup. But no matter the ingredients, meatloaf is a fantastic aphrodisiac.

Here's proof: Surveys show that couples are 8 times more likely to engage in "making whoopee"* after consuming meatloaf in the previous 45 minutes. Researchers have even compared the effects of meatloaf with those of 'traditional' aphrodisiacs like oysters and ginseng, finding that "meatloaf really gets people going!" Science has spoken! Now that you're in the mood for 'loaf, here's a recipe from the most romantic man I know - my dad.

Ingredients:

- 1.5 lbs ground beef
- 1 "minutely minced" onion. It has to be cut so small so it cooks and is not crunchy.
- Cup of bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons of ketchup
- Salt and "lots of" pepper
- "At least one egg. You could do two if you wanted."

Directions:

Mix all of that with your hands. Get dirty - meat-covered hands are sexy! You want it to be "kind of gooey, almost like Play-Doh, so that it sticks together." Stick it in the oven for "an hour at maybe 350 or 375ish maybe... maybe 400, I don't know. It's gotta cook long enough, man."

Then you're done! And that's the beauty of meatloaf. Like romance, nobody's really sure how it works, and it works differently for different people. Try it at 350, try it at 375, it doesn't really matter as long as you're in love!

trash.



i want you so bad

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

We finally hung out this year, you and I, Tossin' disks under the bright blue sky. We hit it off right away, And now it's Valentine's Day! They say that timing is everything to everyone Whether it's hitting that ski run or choosing the right cinnamon bun. And we all think that there will always be another chance, But ever since you and I had that dance I felt the romance. So that's why I just wanted to let you know, That it's time you and I connect on something more than a hammer throw, Cause I'm here now and I ain't about to go. **When:** You're ready **Where:** Here, there, and anywhere **I saw:** 'murica **I am:** You Know Who

Dear Officer Bailey, I don't remember much about the night, I asked you to handcuff me to my bed, however all you wanted to do was search my room. I really like a man in uniform and your dog is just so cute, we should all cuddle (; I know you have a girlfriend, but trust me, I would be the most fun you'd ever find. Maybe this weekend I can take a ride in the back of your cruiser with Dozer, I'll bring the treats and you bring your baton. I'm considering lighting up again just to see your face and your gleaming badge across my peep hole. If you want to bring your entourage I wont mind if they watch, but all I want is you. **When:** Soon **Where:** My Room, Your Cruiser **I saw:** Mister Officer **I am:** Every Girl...We follow you!

My interactions with you can be narrowed down to three Most recently being when you refused to open the door for me

Your eyes are a delight
And I try with all my might
To be your lady of the night
Dude, we even shared a class
But that's not when I first noticed you're beautiful...
No, I learned of your existence in our dorm hall
And now whenever you pass I give you a catcall
Remember my drunken shouts to you at the Naked Bike Ride
Where your beautiful shell of flesh cannot be denied
And oh my god
Your beautiful bod
Is literally in the study hall across from me
As I write this declaration of love to thee
When: literally staring at you now
Where: study room in the Green House
I saw: KoopaKoopa
I am: Cheese

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

Your strength and prowess on those two skinny skis gives me shivers as you power up the hills of the grueling 10km course. My feet went numb twenty minutes ago but I don't mind. It's worth it to watch you V2 out of the starting gate with such force. Though not racing this year, I still come along to cheer for my friends, and because I know you'll be there. I want to get to know you, But I'm too shy to try, surely you've noticed that you've caught my eye? Your goofy grin makes this snowless winter brighter, it puts a skip in my step and makes my load seem lighter. I don't see you often, which makes me sad because you, jhegs, seem like a mighty fine lad. **When:** When I'm lucky enough to run into you **Where:** Out and about **I saw:** A spandex-clad hunk **I am:** The girl hiding behind her camera

Dear Juliet, cannot compare to thee For her allure does not surpass the rose My lust for you swells higher than the sea And so such beauty calls for more than prose These words I hope do catch those rich, dark eyes A plea for nothing but a subtle smile I would confront you should the chance arise And rest assured, I'd make it worth your while So, if this message you do come across I'm sure you've heard this kind of thing before Just please do not this **wafertower** toss I might be just the guy you're looking for And please don't think me unrefined or rude **When** my adoring gaze is fixed on you **When:** not often enough **Where:** Grundletown, all the time **I saw:** A very pretty girl **I am:** A lover, not a fighter

You are the "pinnacle of peppers" I see you struttin' those Prada steppers. I wanna snuggle up in your merino sweater Chico, when I'm dry you make me wetter. Whenever I see you, you have a cigarette But I really think that you need a Brett. So please, stop being so clueless If you were a homosexual, that would be coolness. **When:** October **Where:** Outside of AEII **I saw:** The finest Peruvian Puff Pepper **I am:** Drowning in your closet

"I think of your red mouth and hot breath." You wrote those words, but I mean them in different context. Kevin's first class teaching here is where I found you. And your prose tore me apart in the way that I needed to be torn apart. I still have my copies, and read them to inspire myself. I'd never realized how beautiful an image bird bones are. So fragile, yet they hold lives together. Bird bones. I don't know if I'd rather pick your brain or kiss you. I'd rather not choose. **When:** in the fall **Where:** Kevin's class **I saw:** A lioness swimming in her underwear **I am:** A poor boxer, but a better dreamer

the ear

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

Bailey-Howe

Guy: We should have a continuous tequila rotation!
Girl: Dude, I'm gonna need to be having a lot more sex if we do.

Round about in Southwick

Girl: The Snapchats I was sending last night were UN-REAL.

Rehearsals for "The Heidi Chronicles", Royall Tyler Theatre

Director Peter Jack: I want to hear the clit!

MAT, Saturday Night

Guy 1 to Gay Guy: Dude, who would you go straight for?
Girl: Megan Fox?!
Gay Guy: Ew, no, she has toe thumbs!

Honors College

Girl: Who is playing in the Superbowl besides Beyoncé?

Wilks 3, Superbowl Party

They're in New Orleans, they're all black girls!

L & L

Girl to friend: Yeah. She's pretty crazy. And now she has a baby named Rocket.

Walking back to campus, Monday Night

Nursing Major: I called my Dad once last semester telling him about how frustrated with school I was and all I ever learn about is drugs and vaginas, and do you know what he said?
Friend: What?
Nursing Major: Oh yeah, I learned about that too in college...but it didn't go so well.

Davis Center

Girl: A 90 year-old woman rubbed an egg in my eye then blew cigarette smoke in it.

Bailey-Howe

Biddie 1: What if we made boob cupcakes?!?!?
Biddie 2: That would be SO fun!

The Gym

Girl: I mean if I had a dog I would go running like every day.

Amphitheater, Late at night

Drunk Girl 1: This one always takes my hat off. Fuck you, tree, for always taking my hat!
Drunk Girl 2: But at UVM we love trees.
Drunk Girl 1: (begins singing a tune about UVM loving trees)

While I was libbin' the life at the B.H

Dumb Girl: How's that dead lady?
Smart Friend: ...she's dead....

Simpson Dining

UNH Girl: I'm gonna talk to the other gynecologist and see what they say.

Marche

Girl to Girl: Then we watched Black Swan and everything changed.

Outside Bailey-Howe

Hipster 1: *mumble mumble*
Hipster 2: I told you your mom was a slut!

Fundraising Bake Sale outside of UVMTV

Female UVMTVer: What's a University without a TV station? NOTHING.

Redstone Hall

Guy to another Guy: You know where this is going to go? Don't say you want to smell my lips.

8 *Survey was administered in February, 1977. ■

tunes.



this one time
at bandcamp
(.com)

by benberrick

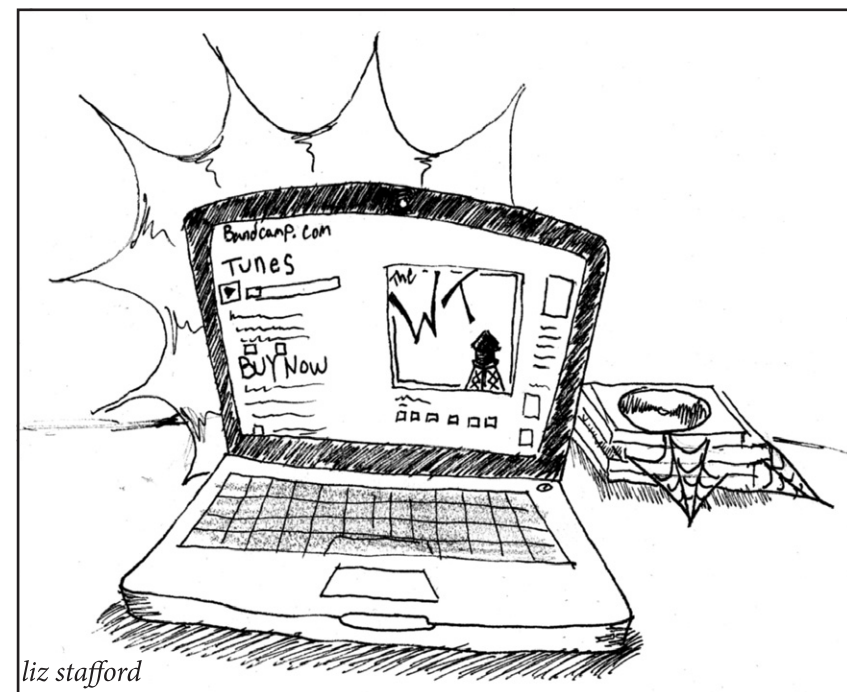
To say that we are living at an exciting time, in the age of digital music distribution, would be an understatement bordering on criminal. You would never notice this if all you watched was the line-up of over-zealous lawsuits over small time torrenters and websites like Pirate Bay or Megaupload. While ugly and complex, this litigious behavior is like the birthing pains of a new industry model: one which will see the death of the CD as the primary consumer product.

Until very recently, the price of CD's rose consistently. Music labels and production houses claimed that the largest share of the price increase was to combat piracy (i.e. the price was inflated to make up for money lost to the circulation of pirated copies). For many, this excuse rang hollow and the already clunky, one-sided payment model, which tended to give large cuts to the production houses, leaving the artist with comparatively small percentages of the proceeds, grew even less attractive when it became clear that producers were dredging hard for more money in their cut. Predictably, piracy actually increased, as people disillusioned with being charged extra for doing the right thing turned to "stealing as a statement." Some artists, themselves alienated by the labels, encouraged this by releasing free EP's and publicly condemning industry avariciousness.

From this artist activism, in conjunction with the continued maturation of the digital distribution market, a direct relationship movement has sprung up advocating for direct transaction with artists. By dealing directly with musicians, customers have the option of paying lower prices while knowing that almost all their money will end up in the pockets of the person who made what they bought. One of the best websites that sprung from this is Bandcamp. Designed as a way for artists of every genre to streamline their direct distribution platform, Bandcamp sets up a pared down, but customizable interface, and fast streaming to allow potential buyers to preview songs and the ability to set a base price per song/album. With the low price Indie album model, the album to track sale ratio is five to one, an unheard of proportion for a music market that had heavily favored EP's and singles. Additionally, fans have responded with overwhelming shows of support, with the average "name your price" album selling for 50% more than the minimum (this is especially impressive considering it also accounts for those songs given away).

So what are some artists should you seek out, now that you know you can get their stuff for almost nothing, if not free? Here are some suggestions:

"by dealing directly with musicians, customers have the option of paying lower prices while knowing that almost all their money will end up in the pockets of the person who made it."



The Oh Hellos:

A brother and sister with voices like liquid golden orgasms. Do yourself a favor and look up the lyrics: the music remains uptempo and largely cheerful despite some of the most existentially devastating themes and painful memories as muses. Like a holy threesome love-child of the Lumineers, Edward Sharpe, and Sufjan Stevens, you won't be able to stop listening. Or joy-crying. I strongly recommend "She'll Eat You Alive." (theohellos.com)

Dead Horse Beats:

Professional level rap instrumentals from an amateur producer that makes either excellent homework grooves or hipster-cred level party beats. It's cheaper to buy his music by the album, but trust me, you won't be disappointed.

Chill Bump:

A rap pair from France with several available albums and EP's, each of them no-limit "name your price." With beats that will have you bobbing your head without ever realizing it and a price that makes it seem like a gift from God, this duo will rock any play list you put them on. Check out The Loop for the most innovative set. (chillbump.bandcamp.com)

Mystery Skulls:

A bizarre but beautiful mesh of heavy synth more typical of modern dance music, and an oddly captivating falsetto, Mystery Skulls was made for screeching to yourself in the shower. Takes a little time for it to grow on you, but once it does, it's unmistakably funky. Check out "Brainsick."

happy my bloody valentine's day!

by dylanmccarthy

The release of My Bloody Valentine's new album, *mbv*, is something many fans thought to be a far off dream. Most of you are probably thinking, "Who the hell is My Bloody Valentine?" To be brief, they're an alternative band that formed in Ireland in 1984. They cemented their place in music history in 1991 when they released *Loveless*, an album that has topped nearly all of the "Best Albums of the '90s" lists, defined the hilariously named "shoegaze" genre, and generated enough buzz to keep fans waiting for 22 years for their next release.

There are two problems that arise when trying to talk about My Bloody Valentine. The first is that it's nearly impossible to compare their work to another band. Fans of ambient electronic music, and/or fans of Yo La Tengo, the Grateful Dead, or Sonic Youth's more experimental (and not "noisy") tracks will be right at home listening to *mbv*, but those who lean towards Phoenix, The Killers, Japandroids, and the like might be alienated. The second problem is that almost everyone who's written about this band ends up sounding like they're trying to imitate Wordsworth or Dante with far too bombastic prose, and ridiculous assumptions of *Loveless*' meaning. In an interview, frontman/mastermind Kevin Shields remarked, "At the time it was in an era where journalists were really trying to outdo themselves with flowery writing... I genuinely rarely understood about a third of what people were trying to say about the record." After my fifth listen to *mbv*, I'll attempt to walk the fine line of adequately describing the highs and lows of this wonderful album while not sounding like a total dick.

The sound of *mbv* is not for everyone: the androgynous and strangely beautiful vocals are mixed extremely low, with the sound of what seems like hundreds of guitars, and the persistent not-quite-sure-if-it's-an-automated-

"almost everyone who's written about this band ends up sounding like they're trying to imitate wordsworth or dante with far too bombastic prose"

drum-set feeling. You might roll your eyes when you realize it's almost impossible to comprehend the vocals, but don't dismiss them on that ground and see if you enjoy the unique sound that appears when their layers of instrumentals mesh with those cooing vocals.

You'll know exactly how you feel about the band at the end of opener "She Found Now." Much like *Loveless*, the band starts out very strong, but "She Found Now" eases you into their sound a lot easier than the *Loveless* opener "Only Shallow." "Only Shallow" gives you mere milliseconds before blasting you with an insane amount of noise, an extreme turn off for many first time listeners, whereas "She Found Now" is airy and relaxing without sacrificing insane guitar licks.

The next track, "Only Tomorrow," is a far cry from "She Found Now." Relaxation quickly switches into a booming garage rock riff. At first I was upset with its "Strokes and Arctic Monkeys in a blender" approach, but then I realized how amazing that idea sounds. The following song "Who Sees You" finds a nice mid-ground between the previous tracks, and feels like Kevin Shields is just letting you know how good he really is.

As impressive of an album *mbv* is, it does have its fair share of lows. After 17 and a half minutes of finely tuned noisecraft, "Is This And Yes" is a big letdown. It's just an unsettling organ beat with the female vocalist, Bilinda Butcher's, voice warped to sound like a space alien made of synthesizers. Not a very good combination. The disappointing penultimate track, "Nothing Is" is a waste of such great potential. Why even bother with a pure instrumental track when the core of your sound relies on both your vocalists and instrumentals? Any song without Kevin and Bilinda's voices is a song gone to waste.

This time around, My Bloody Valentine's not afraid to get a little sexy with their sound. "If I Am" is flashy and fast, but is tragically outclassed by its follow up track, "New You." "New You" is the closet thing to a single that My Bloody Valentine have ever recorded and is easily my favorite song on the album. Bilinda Butcher's vocals steer clear of the alienation on "Is This And Yes" and backed by the heavy bass driven beat you just can't go wrong.

While its best moments don't quite reach the lofty heights set by its predecessor, and its lows dig just a bit deeper than *Loveless*' as well, *mbv* is an amazing body of work that stands a chance as the best album of 2013.

créatif stuffé.



my darkest winter part 2 by ryanchartier

I am alone, but at least it is quiet. Brother away at college in his first year... four golden years ahead. Getting engrossed in television series and eating junk food warms my embattled soul. My eyes are still dry, vision blurred, but I look around again. There are at least fifteen empty snack pack sized Cheetos bags on the coffee table. My fingers are stained orange, but I lick them to remember the happiness of a full bag... there is an eerie calm in the room. I pick up one of the bags and look inside to see if there are any cheetos left. I reach into the foil lined bag of salty wonders. It is a miniature cave filled with cheeto stalactites and stalagmites, the depths of which have only been explored during fits of depression and moments of weakness. As I pull out the last tidbit and place it in my mouth, I look to the left; on one of the tables lies a copy of *Big Sur* and *The Wind Up Bird Chronicle*. "Shut up Kerouac, stop your bitching." "Toro, pull yourself out of that damned hole!"

The literary crisis, the horror, the echo of, "PUT THE PEANUT BUTTER BACK IN THE REFRIGERATOR BEFORE IT GOES ROTTEN!" "But it doesn't go bad. It's full of preservatives... it's JIF for Pete's sake! My voice merely a squeak amidst the overwhelming boom of parental guidance. These memories send shivers down my crooked spine. I look up to see the beautiful faces of Anderson and Duchovny once more searching for the truth that is definitely out there... what episode is this again? I hear a loud strange noise coming from the basement... what is real? But before I can focus any longer on the present...

First year UVM, just finished a bag of cheetos. It's a Friday night in mid October. I'm still a misguided soul amidst an ocean of new students. A new friend places *Lost Season 1* on my desk. "You will like this," she says and leaves the room. The hours between 8pm and 11pm of that Friday are a blur. Later that night I'm puking into a trash bucket in my room; it's orange (cheetos). My new friend from earlier is there helping me out, but soon she departs and the wind blows in from my open window. I look around, barely able to make sense of what is happening around me. Anxiety levels high. "Why?" I yell to the third floor above me.

My roommate comes back in nearly worse shape than me. "What the shiz is that smell brahhhhh?" he says, stumbling onto his bed, knocking things off the desk. All of the other weirdos of second floor Mercy Hall come back from a night on the town to feed like vampires and zombies on late-night snacks. It sounds like the Swedish Chef muppet character is in the hallway talking to some girls. While listening I can only comprehend the phrase "99 Bananas". Has the world gone MAD!? The light from the hallway comes up from under the door and nearly blinds me.

Months later, my closest friends consist of all people I met amidst various consequences of vomiting throughout our first year at UVM and we laugh about it all the time. We are still friends. Where are they now?

I receive a notification on my phone. "Are you still out there?" I remember my

best friends are stranded on the other side of Massachusetts near Boston. I spent the last few months wandering Western Mass in search of new friends and meaning in my post college life, but some have been out east all along! I intend to respond to the text, but I realize something is wrong in the basement. I get off the couch for what feels like the first time in months and make my way to the basement door. I have been told not to go down there very often, but I'm instructed by my parents to empty the de-humidifier every couple of hours when it fills up ("but it's winter...the driest of all months!" SILENCE BOY!). They make it seem like if I do not take care of this situation something terrible will happen, so I obey and partake in the mundane task of emptying it throughout the night until I go to sleep.

I approach the door and open it slowly and descend the stairs. They creak and wobble beneath me. Something doesn't feel quite right. At that moment, I remember I forgot to empty the de-humidifier hours ago...OH NO!!! I switch on the light and realize, to my surprise, that the entire basement is flooded! This can't be! All because I didn't empty the wretched machine? No. In fact, I remember there has been a huge thaw recently and the water must have risen higher than ever before! What to do? I turn around and realize I should get back to watching this episode of *X-Files*. I've already missed almost too much of it. I will deal with this soon enough. The phone begins ringing upstairs... To Be Continued.

amore

by nickpaty

Love's inside out and love's upside down
Yet life can grow weary when love's not around

So ask yourself closely, do I want to live
In truth, peace, and faith with someone to give?
My life, my heart, the fruit of my wit,
The light that's inside, eternally lit

Of course you want love!
There's no one who would not
But this is not easy
Love cannot be bought
Not bought in a store
Not earned by a lie
If love is to last
It has to comply
With something inside
Of the true human heart
With something that's real
And something that's smart
If it is to last
Then lovers must know
That even in love
You've still got to show
Show that you care
Day in and day out
You cannot have love
If you live without
Expressing your feelings
And showing your ways
So cast out your tears,
Love's here to stay
Always show something
Of your inner light
Think of it daily
'Twill make your life bright
'Cause someone deserves you
And you deserve them

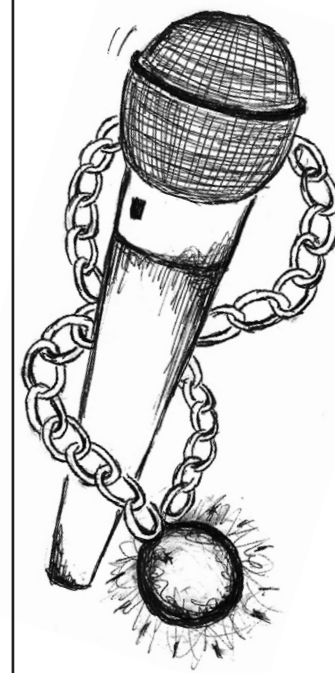
So get yourself up
And go make a friend
For love can exist
In so many ways
'Twill lengthen your life
'Twill shorten your days
For time will move quicker when one is in love
And love is where we should all be.
Yes, love is where we should all be.

the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVMcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to **the water tower**. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we aim arrows at True Love.

Next week, we roast **George W. Bush**. The week after, we tear down the **Davis Center**. Send your raps to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Once again, best rapper of the semester gets a \$25 gift card to Boloco!



A warm, welcome feeling, acceptably nonsensical
Pours from my chest, through a hole in my ventricle,
Spreading through the skeletal, retinal, genital,
An incredible, delectable, and sensual festival.
But unintentional, turning lives upside down,
It'll do the same to your frown if you keep it around.
Treat your love like a liquid, you'll probably drown.
But if it's solid, you're bound to be the jolliest in town.
Respect and responsibility, that's the key
To guarantee your true love for all eternity.
"If I Am" is flashy and fast, but is tragically outclassed by its follow up track, "New You." "New You" is the closet thing to a single that My Bloody Valentine have ever recorded and is easily my favorite song on the album. Bilinda Butcher's vocals steer clear of the alienation on "Is This And Yes" and backed by the heavy bass driven beat you just can't go wrong.
While its best moments don't quite reach the lofty heights set by its predecessor, and its lows dig just a bit deeper than *Loveless*' as well, *mbv* is an amazing body of work that stands a chance as the best album of 2013.

by the luckiest lyricist Kerry Martin

elusive memories

by elisabethziehl

My head is dizzy
With spirits I've consumed
And I try to remember
That one night,
How things progressed
And how your arm
Ended up around my waist
And up my skirt,
Toying with my lacy undies
How I felt curled up
Against your chest
With my legs across your lap,
Drifting in and out of consciousness
How I thought I 'whispered' in your ear
And we journeyed upstairs
You lay across my bed
And I over you



cat litter.



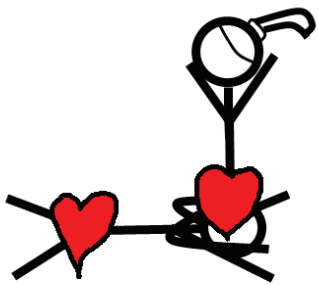
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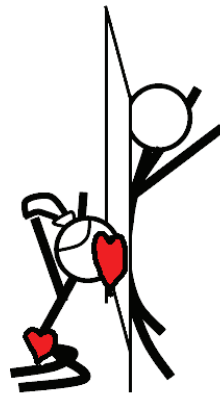
The Cata Sutra **VD** Edition

Whether you just met someone or have been in a committed relationship for what seems like eons, Valentine's Day is the perfect time to try something new in the bedroom. The positions listed in the Cata Sutra VD edition are guaranteed to spice up your love life. Enjoy.

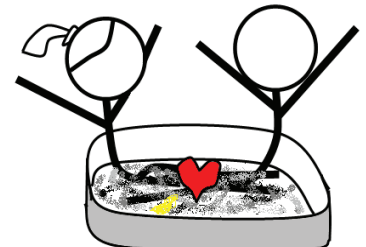
crouching tiger



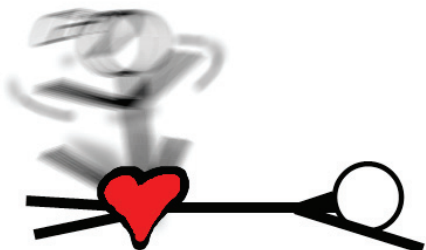
hidden dragon



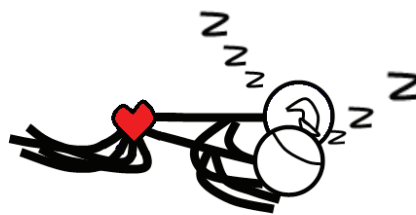
the cat litter special



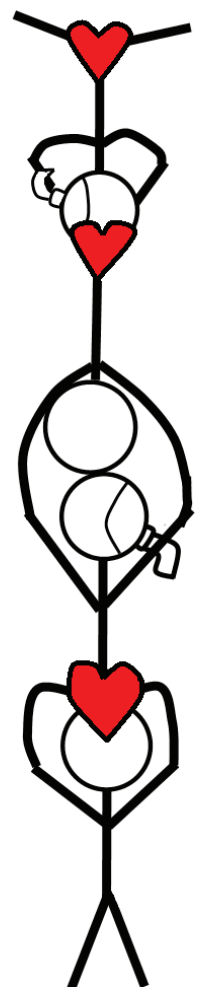
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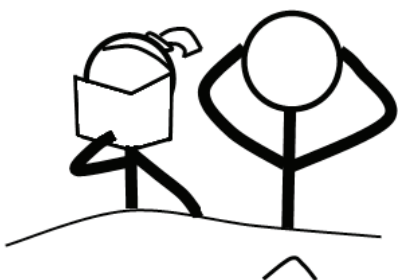
lazyaturday



totem pole



comfortable middle age
(notice no heart)



Me-Oww!!!

