



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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the divestment deal

you
don't
know
about



mariel brown-fallon

by wesdunn

You've probably heard about the latest environmental campaign on campus – divestment. Whether it was a flyer or sign you saw somewhere, a *Cynic* article you read, or perhaps even the chanting crowd in the Davis Center a couple Friday afternoons ago that you awkwardly walked through with a confused smirk; you probably have an idea of what's going on. In case you haven't had the privilege of such enlightenment, here's the basic deal:

Our fine University has an endowment in the three hundred million range that it invests for profit. It's largely a separate entity, meaning it isn't your parent's money being invested by the University (well, something like 3 percent of it is invested), but most of it is alumni donations and the like. In the past, the University has been targeted for investing the endowment in companies operating in South Africa during Apartheid, companies operating in Sudan during the Darfur conflict, tobacco companies, and depleted uranium waste companies. The term for discontinuing these investments is, you guessed it, divestment.

The issue is that UVM markets an image of environmental innovation and leadership to prospective students, but simultaneously invests in fossil fuel compa-

nies, which is obviously hypocritical and I daresay downright bollocks. In response, a group of mostly Rubenstein students decided to get on that case under the moniker of "Vermont Student Climate Culture."

This group is one of the major players in the divestment movement here. Here are some of the others:

- Richard Cate – Vice President of Finance and Administration.

uvm markets an image of environmental innovation and leadership to prospective students, but simultaneously invests in fossil fuel companies

-Board of Trustees – The big cheese. Specifically, the investment sub-committee of the Trustees handles the endowment.

-The Socially Responsible Investment Committee - a volunteer group of faculty, undergrads and graduate students who compile, polish and present investment-related proposals from the UVM community to Cate, who then advises the Investment sub-committee of the Board of Trustees. Oh UVM, you so bureaucratic...

Since the fall semester, Student Climate Culture has been working to raise awareness and to compel the Board of Trustees to divest from fossil fuels. With more research under their belts this semester, they have honed their demands to a more specific proposal: a freeze in any further investment in the top 200 fossil fuel companies, dropping the Blackrock All-Cap energy fund entirely (an asset laden with fossil fuel companies), and phasing out all investments in accounts in which fossil fuel companies make up 5% or more of the account by 2017.

I was one of the few non-Student Climate Culture/Socially Responsible Investment Committee members who attended a panel discussion in Aiken to talk about divestment on Wednesday the 6th. Of the four speakers, I feel like I got the most out of Gary Flomenholf, a fellow at the Gund Institute for Ecological Economics, and Richard Cate.

Flomenholf got right to the point, laying out four (count em, four) reasons why he supports divesting from fossil fuels that didn't have to do with protecting/saving mother earth necessarily, and thus would likely resonate more with the money-driven Trustees.

... read the rest on page 5

it's time to start giving a shit about how you shit

by patrickmurphy

You are not pooping correctly. That's right, you heard me, you are pooping all wrong. Now who am I to tell you this? I am no gastroenterologist, I have not been to med school (yet), nor have I ever administered a colonoscopy. But I can assure you that I have taken a fair number of uncomfortable and lengthy shits in my life, enough to actually research the possible diseases I may have. My primary care doctor once asked me at the end of my routine checkup the mandatory query, "So do you have any other questions?" To which I followed up with, "I think I fart and poop way too much." His muffled laughter at my concern not only made me self-conscious, but also determined to find a cure to my irregular pooping habits.

My research, which is backed up by not only my own extrapolations from personal experiences, but also by legitimate studies and historical evidence, has concluded that this second-nature activity we all do is being performed entirely wrong. For the majority of our existence, humans have pooped in a squatting position not sitting upright as we do today. Take toddlers in diapers for example; they know how to poop. I have never once seen a toddler immediately assume a wall squat in order to take a dump. No. He goes straight for that comfortable butt-below-the-knees stance that pushes his stool out with the greatest of ease.

Most of the world actually assumes this position for their daily excretions. When an American goes to visit a lesser-developed nation and experiences that impending "culture shock," one of the first things they will say is, "Can you believe they don't even use toilets in [insert your favorite eastern/world nation here]!?! It's just a hole in the ground!" Next time some privileged upper middle-class human groans this predictable phrase, grab them hard by the shoulders (like it's their first colonoscopy) and tell them that this is the way our poops were meant to be experienced!

Since the invention of the upright flushing toilet in the late 1800s, the western world has been plagued by this truly evil device. Not only does the flushing toilet waste millions upon millions of gallons of potable water (don't even get me started on auto-flush toilets), this throne of despair induces a whole slew of digestive health

... read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

burrito battle
by wtstaff

screw automatic toilets
by michaelstorace

sharp-dressed man
by dannisim

talkin' with they might be giants
by dansuder

the best news team in the universe.



Dear readers,

How, as the Germans say, goes it for you? We know you're out there; we keep having to refill the stands with papers, and we sometimes hide in bushes and watch you reading **the water tower**. Despite this, the inbox has gotten awful lonely these past few weeks, with nary a comment from you all in re this rag. Surely someone out there has something they want to say! Someone must have enjoyed, even for a passing moment, something that we have printed. Maybe someone really hates the way we structure our staff list and feels that we and the wider population should be made aware of this fact. Did you receive a stunningly beautiful/atrociously uncomfortable I Want You So Bad? Let us know. At the very least there has to be someone, somewhere, who is righteously indignant about some article written at some point within the last seven years that they feel must be addressed, write in blood if possible. Send those to us! We like them! They're usually pretty funny. And as long as they casually manage to avoid blatant racism and/or spiteful cruelty, and are kept to a short enough length to fit in this box right here----->

We'll print it, by Jove.
So we look forward to hearing from you, you beautiful beasts. In the meantime, enjoy some sex positivity from Erasmus:

"If we were willing to evaluate things not according to the opinion of the crowd, but according to nature itself, how is it less repulsive to eat, chew, digest, evacuate, and sleep after the fashion of dumb animals, than to enjoy lawful and permitted carnal relations?"

Live Long and Prosper,
James Aglio and Liz Cantrell, Editors-in-Chief

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

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the shit list with jamiebeckett

The state of the union – Literally the state of the union including but not limited to: an outdated and aging infrastructure, impending environmental crises, and belligerent bipartisanship that perpetuates crippling stagnation. Obama's hope filled speech, however, was difficult to hear over my throbbing liberal erection. Congress send that man some bills!

Lack of places to dispose of waste/littering – I don't know the exact number of garbage cans to be found on campus but I do know that it's not enough. I get that it is annoying to hold on to your waste to find the proper disposal bins, but seriously fuck all of you guys that litter. I don't care if you're drunk, I don't want to step on your smashed bottles or see your PBR can five feet off the pathway. I'm getting real tired of your shit...

Keystone pipeline – Granted, churning up Canadian soil to fuel America's oil addiction doesn't sound like that bad of an idea, but I can't help but get the feeling that tar sands might have some not so hidden externalities. Maybe that's what all those protests were about.

Procrasterbation – Not to be confused with masturbation, which happens to be one of my favorite ways to procrastinate. Avoid all the responsibilities with important things like SnapChat and drugs, then watch how time flies. Before you know it you're waking up early to rail adderal, write a paper, and cram for a test all before noon. Who knew you could half ass so much shit in so little time. ■

the news in brief with kerrymartin

"The web page for this app states that the app is 'FOR ENTERTAINMENT' and enables women to estimate the size of a man's penis based on his shoe size."

-A suit filed against Hewlett Packard by rock legend **Chubby Checker**, demanding a whopping half-billion dollars for "irreparable damage" to his reputation. I'm not sure what's more embarrassing, having your stage name turned into a wang-guessing game, or demanding millions from an app that generated \$24 of profit. Either way, he's got small shoes to fill, if you know what I mean.

"How do you know when a police officer is lying??? When he begins his sentence with, 'based on my experience and training...'"

-**Christopher Dorner**—the former Los Angeles cop who shocked the nation by killing four innocent people—criticizing the LAPD for its excessive brutality and racism in the six-page manifesto he posted online. The days-long manhunt for Dorner ended on Valentine's, when the incinerated corpse found at the site of a police shootout (and subsequent fire) was identified as his.

"The last thing we want is the Taliban successfully overcoming a strong point after we've left. That's almost as bad as them getting ready to attack us as we're leaving."

-**Major Thomas Casey**, an officer stationed in Afghanistan, stressing the potential risks of bringing home half of our American troops from Afghanistan by the end of the year. Obama neglected to mention these risks when announcing the plan in last week's State of the Union address, but to his credit, it's about time this fucking war ended.

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. 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: So the Pope's retiring, we didn't want to be the only news outlet in the world not mention it. +++ Gunmen abduct foreigners in Nigeria +++ Farc prisoner released after one month ■

signs of a mid-spring crisis, or why muhammad morsi is that 1964 ferrari that will break down in a few years and not the key to your happiness

by kerrymartin

Two long years ago, the world watched the Middle East and held its breath. A Tunisian fruit vendor's public self-immolation in late 2010 sparked protests that forced Tunisia's President Zine Ben Ali to give up his twenty-four-year rule. Similar uprisings spread into Morocco, Libya, Yemen, Bahrain, Syria, and Egypt, where secular despots had stunted their countries' economic and humanitarian development for decades.

Egyptian security forces refused to fire on their fellow citizens, allowing millions to storm Tahrir Square in Cairo, where they protested for democracy for eighteen days until President Hosni Mubarak finally stepped down on February 11th, 2011, after three decades of stagnant rule. Libya's Muammar Gaddafi fell next, and Syria's Bashar al-Assad was predicted to follow.

Political cartoonists put the faces of Arab dictators on dominos, knocking each other down, and the media drilled the term "Arab Spring" into our collective consciousness. Sure, more astute observers predicted that things wouldn't pan out so simply, but optimism dominated the moment.

But the Arab World could not celebrate last week's two-year anniversary as a job well done. On February 11th, 2013, Egyptians protesting the president they elected last summer—Muslim Brotherhood leader Muhammad Morsi—were chased away from his palace with water cannons and tear gas. This zero-tolerance policy has become characteristic of Morsi lately, whose strategy for quieting dissent has grown from stubborn and assertive to megalomaniacal and murderous. Port Said, an Egyptian city along the Suez Canal, declared independence from Morsi's government last month, which triggered bloody

clashes between civilians and police forces that left over fifty dead. Morsi campaigned on revolutionary ideals, and now his opponents are comparing him to Mubarak.

On the same day last week, the Syrian National Coalition captured the country's largest hydroelectric plant, another chapter in a gory stalemate that shows no signs of stopping. The Coalition is a loose alliance of rebel factions, composed of everyday Syrian citizens hardened and unified by their common contempt for Assad's refusal to step down and the resulting civil war, that has by now claimed 70,000 lives and displaced over a million more.

And still on the same day, Iran celebrated the 34th anniversary of its 1979 Islamic Revolution, and both in Iran and across the Middle East, Ayatollah Khomeini's Shi'ite supporters drowned out the persistent calls for reform in Morocco, whose revolution bore little fruit, and in Gulf States, where the Saudi military silenced all calls for revolution before they could take hold.

Many dreams of Middle Eastern metamorphosis have yet to be realized, and many hopes have already been shattered. Progress has been either slow or backward, and nothing that happens comes with a sense of permanence. Debates over the role of government and Islam have become heated and violent in countries that allowed no room for debate for generations. Whether you're an up-to-date Arabist, a daily news novice, or a Syrian mother in a breadline, we have an important question to ask ourselves: what the fuck is going on?

There have been plenty of days lately when Arab nations (excluding Syria) have appeared calm, settled, and in the stages of revolutionary recovery. Then there are days

when the same countries still seem right in the midst of their revolutions, and even in Egypt where a parliamentary, presidential, and constitutional elections have already been held, anti-government dissident casts city streets back to the chaos of Mubarak's last days in office. So are we witnessing the rocky beginnings of democratization, or the first chapter of much longer revolutions, or the establishment of regimes that are no less corrupt and hated than the ones they replaced?

Let's ask an Iranian; they seem to know a thing or two about revolutions. In his op-ed titled "Wrestling Islam from Islamists," Prof. Hamid Dabashi describes the Arab Spring as "the end of post-colonialism," drawing a stark contrast between Arab Spring revolutions and struggles by African and Arab colonies to gain independence from their Western colonizers. During the 20th century, post-independent disillusionment plagued these nascent nations. Their new leaders—sometimes elected by popular vote, but more commonly handed power by their former colonizers or self-appointed after a military coup—adopted the corrupt habits of their predecessors and did nothing to heal the economic, environmental, and cultural damage left by brutal colonialism.

But the Arab Spring is a different story. While I think that "the end of post-colonialism" is too forgiving of Western colonization, whose devastating legacy still holds many African and Arab states in an economic bind, it's important to note that the Arab Spring revolutions took place in countries that have been trying to legislate themselves and forge national and cultural identities for several decades. So even two years into the Arab Spring, revolutionar-

ies have not lost sight of their goal to build self-sustaining governments based on a modern Arab identity. Dabashi says it well: "Muslims have entered a world historic moment when neither domestic tyranny, nor vulgar militant Islamism, nor vicious Islamophobia, nor indeed racist imperial hubris prevents them from rethinking their collective faith, and reasserting their collective identity in a vastly different world than their parental generations had bequeathed to them."

So to answer our big what-the-fuck-is-going-on, I must admit that anything's possible. Egypt could fall back into violent revolution and spark rebellions against governments that survived the first two years of the Arab Spring, like Morocco and Jordan, or even Saudi Arabia and Iran. Or Morsi could continue amassing power and become the next Ayatollah Khomeini, Assad could gain an upper hand against the rebels and become the next Saddam Hussein, and the entire Arab world could become a battleground between minority extremist factions. Or Egyptian democracy could proceed as planned until 2016, when Morsi's term is up, Assad has been ousted, violence has diminished, and Egyptians are ready to elect a liberal voice of the revolution, a champion of 21st century Arab national and religious identity.

I remain optimistic: the Arab Spring began with clear intentions that have not been entirely met, and if we've learned anything from the past two years it's that these revolutionaries are rarely willing to compromise. Whatever happens, it's in Arab hands, and I can only pray that the West minds its own fucking business, *alhamdu-lillah*. ■

hanging (with) chad: raising awareness of a forgotten nation

by jamesaglio

Have you met my friend, Chad? Different Chad from that Nordic giant of a man in Bermuda shorts who just really likes to lax, bro. I mean the country Chad (or Tchad, if you speak that vile tongue [French]). Chad is, for lack of a better word, depressing. Shaped like a head with the hair of Johnny Bravo, the nose of Andy Capp, and the fierce underbite of a Spanish Habsburg, it doesn't get much prettier up close. Three times the size of California, only 2.3% of the land is arable, which poses a problem for the 80% of the ten million Chadians that depend on subsistence farming.

Once a crossroads of civilization, Chad's landlockedness has basically prevented it from participating in modern shipping, which is probably why people have never heard of it despite its proximity to other, more famous neighbors such as Libya, Sudan, and Nigeria.

Chad holds the dubious distinction of being marginally less corrupt than Iraq on the Corruptions Perception Index (Fun Fact: Denmark, Finland, and New Zealand all tied for least corrupt nation this past year). It's also roughly as poor as Tajikistan, which I take to mean that the treasury has exactly three guavas (the nominal GDP is actually right around 9 billion US dollars, \$20 billion when adjusted for purchasing power parity). 80% of the population lives below the poverty line, making it more of a poverty high-jump bar, and something

tells me that this is the same 80% that farms the 2.3% of the land that is arable.

This poverty is not a recent development, either. [T]chad was a French colony for the first half of the twentieth century, and their management of the country could be generously described as neglectful. [T]chad is where they got most of their cotton and the unskilled labor to pick it.

Things didn't exactly improve for the Chadians after France handed over governmental control in the post war period. Autocratic control wielded by President Tombalbaye gave way to a total structural collapse of the country and several decades of civil war. Invaded by Libya, a Chadian named Hissene Habre united the people, drove out the foreign army, and then proceed to kill 40,000 of his countrymen until overthrown by his general, Idriss Deby.

Deby has held power since, and things have slightly improved. Oil exploitation began ten years ago, with the hope that Chad could make itself felt on the world economic stage, Kuwait or Saudi style. Instead, ethnic violence is on the up and up, rebel groups have stormed the capital (without success) twice in the past decade, and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees has warned that a Darfur-style genocide may be imminent. Let's hope it doesn't come to that. In the meantime: here's to you, people of Chad. Do one's best. ■



kevin kennedy

around town.

discovering winooski

by lizcantrell

Over the river and through the traffic circle, to small-town Winooski we go. If you've ever wondered what's on the other side of Trinity Campus (no, it doesn't just lead into south Canada), there's, well, that's where I live. Since I'm rocking a 05401 zip code, I don't technically live in Winooski, but I'm about as far down Colchester Ave as you can get without being under the bridge itself. At first, my roommates and I were skeptical about giving up easy access to all of downtown Burlington, but since moving last spring, we've adjusted to our new humble home.

As far as food and drink goes, Winooski fare is surprisingly diverse. By far the best in town is Tiny Thai. BYOB, cheap, cozy, and always delicious, it's certainly a contender for the top Asian restaurant in the greater Burlington area. The other standout is Sneakers, which serves up an unsurpassed breakfast/brunch menu. Get after their mimosas, load up on pancakes with banana or chocolate chips, and feel the love. If you're looking for a standard tavern, head to McKee's for late-night pub food and a surprisingly decent Sunday brunch. Misery Loves Co. is a newcomer, offering eclectic sandwiches like the Korean Ruben (pastrami, kimchi, and special mayo) and small supper plates. Bonus? All of these eateries are located around the downtown rotary, so if there's a wait or the menu isn't doing it for you, you can take a two minute stroll and find heaven elsewhere. If you're looking to do a Winooski pub crawl, rest assured that it is much more manageable than completing the Burlington circuit. Hitting up McKees, Donny's Sports Bar, and The Monkey House should be enough to satisfy your beverage needs.



julianna roen

Every town has its downsides, and I won't sugar-coat it: going to and from downtown Burlington or campus is a pain in the ass, especially late at night. You've got to rely on the CCTA or the drunk bus to drop you off at Trinity, and when it's a smoldering 7 degrees outside and the last bus is at 11:00, you will regret your choice to move there. Plus, while it does have a few coffee shops and art galleries, downtown Winooski does fall a little flat outside of the restaurant/bar paradigm. Those are pretty much your two choices: eat or drink. But hey, you can always chilat the rotary. Seriously. Work on your Fast & Furious moves and just whip around that puppy for hours of entertainment and heart-attack inducing traffic maneuvers. Or, you can be boring and bring a picnic to the cute little park/fountain area.

College-student entertainment aside, perhaps the most unique feature of Winooski is that it's a designated Refugee Resettlement community. There are over thirty languages spoken by its residents, and it's the most racially diverse town in the state. An African hip-hop group called A2VT released a song, "Winooski, My Town" that celebrates this diversity by spotlighting people who have resettled here. It's only got about 24,000 views on YouTube, but it's well made and pretty damn catchy. More than that, it's a sincere tribute to the cultural situation in the town, and it's absolutely worth the 3 minutes and 41 seconds it takes to watch the video to see a snapshot of the community.

Most students probably take a few trips to The Monkey House for a music show in their stint at UVM, and there are a few brave souls who sign a lease on Chase St., but few are likely to really explore the town's other offerings. Winooski might be kind of like Burlington's less cool younger sister, but there's a surprising amount of stuff to do if you're looking to break out of the Church St. rut. When the snow clears and spring fever sets in, a visit to the old Nooski might be worth your time. ■

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100 YEARS 1863-2013

the great burrito battle

We here at the **water tower** happen to enjoy burritos to a great degree. And here in our lovely little college town there's no shortage of burrito options nor locations. But we like our burritos fast, quick and delicious, and for something to meet those sort of specifications, there's really only a few places we can explore. So three of our lovely writers decided to put their favorite locales on the line, and thus the burrito battle began.

chipotle by mikestorace

Chipotle has revolutionized the fast food world with the invention of the fast, casual Mexican restaurant. Not fast food, Taco Bell (or should I say dog food), but a level above the simple low grade product fast-service dining. It exceeds its competitors by boasting both the highest quality ingredients and the best tasting food. Although lacking in the option department, there really is nothing else that the Chipotle customer could possibly want. Fans and addicts everywhere come for one thing only: the burrito. This masterpiece truly is a work of art. Individuals can choose different variations within their burrito, and every single option comes out a winner.

Choice begins with what type of beans and rice you want, a rather inconsequential decision. The real choice begins with the meat! All four choices, chicken, steak, barbacoa, or carnitas, are delicious, mouth-watering, delectable, to-die-for, and to-kill-for. Also, as the environmentally and social conscious being that I strive to be, I choose Chipotle because it advertises sustainably raised animals without antibiotics and hormones. Most of their products are organic, as well, and you can check online for more details. Next in line comes the salsas; choose corn, tomatoes (mild), green tomatillo (medium), hot or all 3, sour cream, and/or guacamole (shit, it does cost extra). Lastly, watch your jam-packed burrito get delicately folded and feel your mouth start to water.

If you want even more food get a burrito bowl. There is no tortilla, but you can fit more meat, rice, and beans in this puppy. Also, take notes kiddies, there are some Chipotle tricks. You can ask for both types of beans; the more beans the better. Here's a cool one: ask for half a scoop of one type of meat and half a scoop of another. In the end, you'll end up with two full scoops of meat. Ta-da.

In response to its competitors, Chipotle responds, "if it ain't broke, why fix it?" Their formula is fool proof, and the amount of variation here is perfect. I really see no need for celery in my buffalo chicken burrito, and who the hell wants a tikki marsala or a bangkok thai burrito anyway. Boloco is trying to do too much, when in reality they simply have an inferior product. If you're paying the same amount of money, why not go for quality over variety.

boloco by bethziehl

Walking into most burrito places, you're going to have the typical options to fill your burrito with. Luckily, this is not the case with Boloco and that's why I love it! From the Classic Mexican to the Tikka Masala, they've got it all. It's all about variety at Boloco and mixing it up to get a delicious meal whether it's a burrito or a burrito bowl. I always recommend their summer and teriyaki burritos. They also have amazing shakes! You're not going to get bored with the burrito options at Boloco like at Moe's or Chipotle. I'm sorry, but having my burrito always more than half-filled with cilantro-lime rice really doesn't thrill me. At Chipotle, I find myself searching for all the other ingredients I thought I had asked for. And what ever happened to different size options? I'm not usually a very hungry person and I'd much rather pay for the amount I know I'm going to eat than pay more and feel guilty for not finishing my food. Boloco's got a small, original, and a mini size if you want a snack.

If you didn't know, Boloco also has rewards cards so that when you spend \$50, you get a free menu item of your choice. They even load a free burrito onto your card on your birthday as well as other freebies throughout the year. Who doesn't like free food? And if you ever find yourself in the Greater Boston area in need of a good breakfast, some Boloco stores are open and offer hearty breakfast burritos! So ask yourself, why am I settling for limited options with my burrito?

DIVESTMENT -continued from pg 1

1) The external and social costs of fossil fuels are hidden by huge government subsidies. If you think paying above 4 bucks is a hassle, try the unsubsidized price of 15. Plus health costs surrounding extraction and production - coal alone has 300 to 500 billion dollars of health costs each year.

2) Peak oil. Domestic oil production peaked in the 70's, which is why we're dependent on foreign oil, which itself is peaking right now. It's all downhill from here.

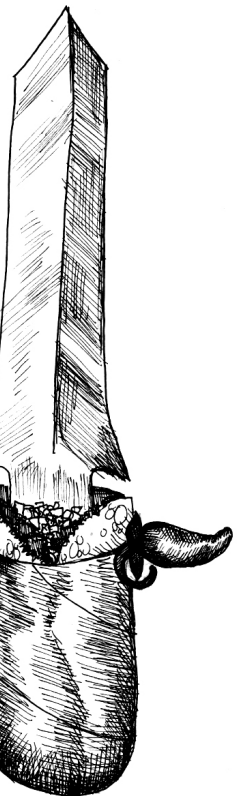
3) Renewable energy is less centralized than fossil fuel-based energy, and thus creates more jobs. Which is hilarious because jobs tend to be the battle cry of fossil fuel companies. Haha... sigh...

4) Said renewables are an excellent investment, because their market is growing, while fossil fuel's is stagnating and declining even with the subsidies.

Bam. Now that's what I'm talking about. This was followed by Alex Prolman, an SCC member, who talked about climate change and human rights issues surrounding fossil fuels (namely, humans get killed. This is mostly in impoverished countries, but isn't limited to those areas - think Irene or Sandy). He also brought up some more motivations for UVM to divest from fossil fuels: Divestment is revenue-neutral and low risk, investing in fossil fuels is an affront to UVM's Common Ground Values, and the sooner the University divests, the more it will help build its reputation as an environmental leader.

Then Cate, VP of Finance, got up and proceeded to do what you'd expect an experienced financial professional to do: bring this shit back down to solid economics. "The process is slow," he emphasized. In other words, change in these matters does not happen swiftly. There won't be concrete points where the SCC can say, "Hell yeah, we did it!" Those calling for divestment, he said, "have all the right motivations, but there is complexity and fiduciary concerns." When questioned by Dan Cmejla (one of the Student Climate Culture leaders) as to what he thought would be the most effective manner for students to target their efforts, Cate said that petitions would be a big thing - having stacks of paper declaring large amounts of support from the student body would be very helpful in influencing the Trustees. Cmejla and Prolman looked pleased when he said that; the SCC has been collecting petitions for some time now. But in a university with over 10,000 undergrads, they could certainly get a lot more.

Which brings me to my second point. Students not in Rubenstein: If you didn't know about this, why is that? Let's say you knew about divestment. Did you know that there were buses run by 350.org down to DC for the Climate Rally this past weekend? That there are lots of environmental lectures and events happening all the time? If you're anything like me you came to UVM at least in part because of the environmentally-conscious reputation of the University and the state of Vermont. Unfortunately, it seems that if you aren't in Rubenstein you aren't privy to a lot of things that, well, you'd probably like to be! Unless



katherine longfellow

moe's

by dansuder

Moe's is better than Chipotle and Boloco, and it's because 1) Moe's is delicious, 2) if Chipotle and Gigli had a child, that child would still be more overrated than Arcade Fire, and 3) Boloco just kind of sucks. Let's go point by point.

You walk into Moe's, you say the funny pop-culture name of your burrito, you tell them you want pinto beans, and you ask for sautéed mushrooms and cucumbers in addition to the standard "cheese, lettuce, pico" combination. Then you eat, and it is good. PLUS, they now have a really cool soda fountain that'll mix like any flavor of any soda and IT IS AWESOME.

Chipotle is fine, but not that great. People used to be all, "Oh, you're from VT, so you don't know, but if you think Moe's is good, man, you should try Chipotle!" But now we have a Chipotle and I don't frankly care how cool their business model is or how their meat is so sustainable, because I'm just getting a veggie burrito, not studying for a BSAD exam. Their menu is confusing to newcomers and their weird modern décor makes no sense in relation to their cuisine.

Boloco is all about mango and like... smoothies and stuff. Blah. Plus, if you're right there and have the time, you should just go to Bueno y Sano. That's always a good bet.

you have a friend in Rubenstein or are willing to talk to that one kid who lives the floor above you, you're liable to miss out on environmentally-related happenings in and around campus.

I hardly ever set foot inside the Aiken center, but that doesn't mean that I'm not really interested in helping to make UVM actually live up to the environmentally-responsible image that it falsely markets. If environmental issues aren't your thing, no big deal (you're a terrible person). I just wish that our University was more like its shiny façade, and a solid step toward that would be divestment. Right now it seems like most of the opportunities for involvement are pretty exclusive to Rubenstein students. Could non-Rubenstein students opt into receiving their emails perhaps? Maybe Student Climate Culture could publicize their meetings more, or just put more out about what they're up to and how to find a petition to autograph. I reckon the whole University could benefit from the varied perspectives of students from most or all of its colleges contributing to environmental issues (especially business school students in the divestment campaign), instead of just the relatively small population of Rubenstein students. We've got a pretty great diversity in the student body here (except in race, yes, I know), and I believe there should be more involvement and more diverse voices in the environmental issues here than only the Rubenstein folks. (I will say, you Rubenstein folks are doing great, carry on!) ■

reflections.

automatic for the people? of toilets and trauma

by mkestorage

I have a confession to make. I fucking hate automatic bathrooms. Not just automatic toilets, but automatic sinks, automatic urinals, automatic soap dispensers, the whole nine yards. They piss me off, and they are completely unnecessary. Like, how stupid do you have to be to not know how to flush a toilet or dispense soap? In trying to make our bathrooms idiot-proof, Americans have succeeded in annoying the shit out of me. I know I'm not alone.

Let's start out with the basics—automatic toilets are insulting to my intelligence. I understand their purpose in theory: to prevent toilets from smelling, yada yada yada. In reality, however, they blatant-

ly miss the mark. Okay, I see how the accumulation of urine can grow pungent; no one likes the smell of stale piss. I know the perfect solution though! If your toilet starts to stink because users have forgotten to flush, simply reach over and flush it yourself!! TA-DA, problem solved!!! As far as "number two" goes, if you don't flush after you take a shit you're just a fucking asshole.

My biggest pet peeve for automatic toilets is how trigger-happy they are. Nothing angers me more than when I'm sitting on the toilet and it flushes before I finish my business. Maybe I moved a fraction of an inch; more likely, I did absolutely nothing, and it just decided to flush for no reason.

Point is, I get water splashed up my ass and it completely ruins my restroom experience (and my entire day). Sometimes, when I hear a flush a-coming, I'll prep and stand up a little bit; nothing is more awkward than the half squat. Adding insult to injury, most automatic toilets have an industrial strength flush that breaks the sound barrier, deafens me personally, lasts 35 seconds, and makes me wetter than a super soaker. My all-time record is four flushes in one sitting. I've heard people defend automatic toilets because they save water. I counterpoint this argument by stating that no toilet saves water when it flushes four times as much

as it needs to.

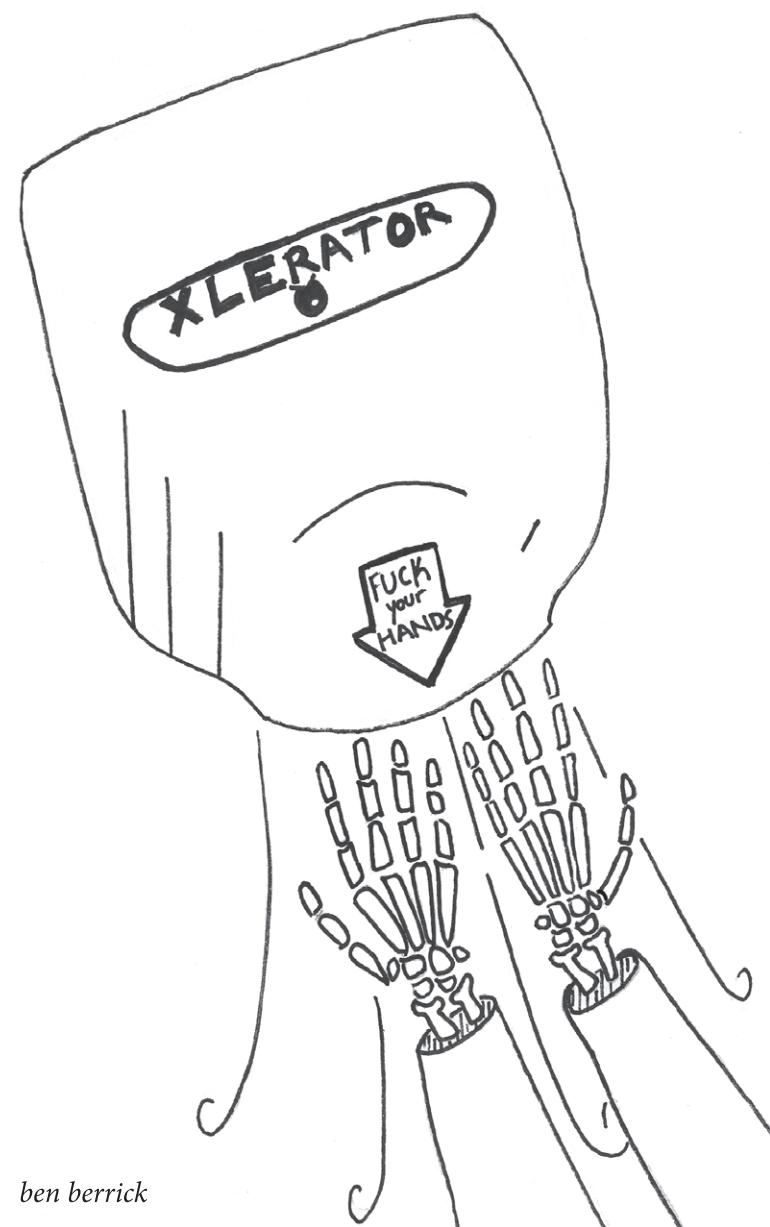
Goodness, I sure do love automatic sinks. I shove my hands under the faucet, but nothing happens. Then comes the awkward handshake. Where is the hand

"most automatic toilets have an industrial strength flush that breaks the sound barrier, deafens me personally, lasts 35 seconds, and makes me wetter than a super soaker."

sensor? Why isn't it going off? Hooray, it finally turns on, but shit I forgot soap. Well, goddammit the soap is automatic too. I finally get my hands lathered, but what do you know, the water has stopped running. I wave my hands again, the water returns, but the cycle doesn't completely clean my hands of suds. I finally finish my time at the sink, and it ends up taking me four sink cycles.

There are more energy efficient ways of creating bathrooms. Take hand dryers, for example. I never really use them; I usually just wipe my hands on my pants, but I see their benefits. The amount of energy used in deforestation, the production of paper towels, and the transportation of these towels greatly exceeds the electricity required by hand dryers. "Xcelerators," on the other hand, are the exceptions to the rule. Everyone has encountered these abominations. I go to dry my hands and a hurricane erupts, separating the skin from my hands and knocking me off my feet. The opposite to this is the awkward, "Do I need to go through two cycles of hand dryer because my hands aren't really dry yet?" experience. I hate just standing there awkwardly for two cycles, especially when there's someone waiting in line behind me. Screw the hand drying mechanisms; I'll stick with my pants.

I hope you enjoyed my rant. The automatic bathroom is an unnecessary "convenience" that has generated more hassle than ease. Technology does not always hold all the solutions, even though our culture sometimes tells us that it does. I like to flush the toilet when I need to, and I can turn the sink on and off for myself, thank you very much. ■



ben berrick

facebook: friend or foe?

by bethziehl

It's no secret that Facebook is a well-crafted procrastination tool for students worldwide and I am not one to pretend that I don't use it for the same purpose. Still, it has crossed my mind lately that emotionally, this site may be doing more bad than good for me and probably others as well. More and more, I find the pho-

tos and updates people post on Facebook are all upbeat and exemplify how well their lives are going. Of course, there's always the other side—people annoyingly complaining about their lives all the time—but for the most part, I see happy people on Facebook. That's what I think anyway, but I find it very hard to believe that it is true. I don't at all actually and yet, somehow Facebook has a way of making me feel like everyone else in the world is having an amazing time while I am alone in my dorm room wasting away time watching television shows online. That's certainly not every night, but why does Facebook make me feel this way?

On Facebook, people can project themselves in any way that they want, which allows them to seem like that person who is always busy and always going on adventures. That's not real life though, and we don't know how they were actually feeling at the time. I can tell you right now that photos you can find on my Facebook page from an interesting trip to Colorado were actually a pretty low point in

my life. We're all just fueling this microcosmic world in which we perpetually try to fool one another into believing something about our lives which may or may not be true.

I've especially found this annoying in cases where I've tried to let go of people in my life and instead, Facebook just kept reminding me of the fact that they exist and they are having so much fun without me. In times when you're just not quite happy with where your life is, this can be disheartening. The best thing you can do? Delete them as a friend, or, if that's too drastic, set better restrictions so they don't pop up in your news feed all the goddamn time! You don't need that negative energy ruining your mojo! If you're focusing on other peoples' happiness, you'll never be happy yourself.

I do get jealous of all the amazing adventurous activities people seem to be doing, but lately, that's actually been motivating me to get out there and find my own adventures. Road tripping across the country? Hey, I could do something like that. Interning at an amazing national park? Count me in! I don't need to sit at my computer viewing photos of places where other people have been. Use your jealousy as a motivation tool!

I've also found 'liking' pages keeps me updated on activities I'm really interested in, as well as on passions of mine. If you're into skiing, Jay Peak, Backcountry, and Unofficial-Networks are always posting cool videos and photos of outdoor activities and they can be a nice study break to take a look at. They also flood your news feed with things that are interesting to you rather than all those photos of your friend at a party you never went to. There's plenty of ways to negate those bad vibes Facebook might be giving you. You just have to get



lauryn schrom

POOPING—continued from page 1

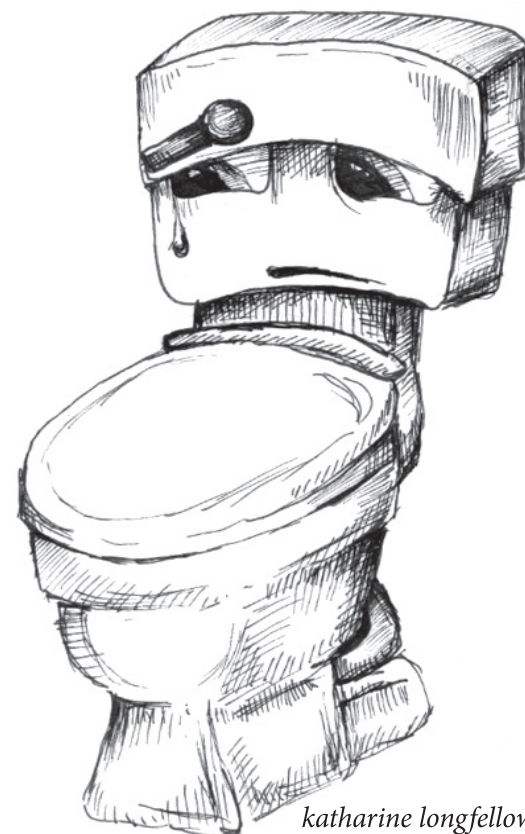
problems—health problems that have transformed my life. A 2003 study done by the Digestive Diseases and Sciences Journal found that people defecating in a squatting position spent less time and felt a better sense of ease while completing

It just so turns out that diverticulitis runs in my family, meaning I'm incredibly susceptible to having it as well. Diverticulitis is a genetically linked disease that causes pouching in the intestines and subsequent straining and constipation,

"make the move to a more poop-friendly intestinal angle today, and start seeing wonderful changes tomorrow."

their deed. In addition, other gastroenterologists have directly linked hemorrhoids and diverticulitis with the use of the sitting toilet. Hemorrhoids affect nearly half of Americans, and diverticulitis affects more than half of Americans over the age of 50. More cases of these diseases have been noted following the late 1800s, which conveniently happens to be the same time that the seated toilet was gaining popularity.

but also can be caused by overexertion during stool passage. Quite a vicious cycle. But fear not fellow fecal freedom fighters! This can all be solved by one simple change—the raising of the knees and thighs to about chest level during your daily crap. Make the move to a more poop-friendly intestinal angle today, and start seeing wonderful changes tomorrow. ■



katharine longfellow

my bloody valentine: your monthly needs delivered to your door

by phoebefooks

Every female knows the one sure sign that their so-called "time of the month" is coming are the unforgiving cravings for chocolate. That, coupled with diminishing patience for the drones that surround us, is a clear omen that if life doesn't start going our way soon, things are going to get even uglier than they are already inevitably fated. I can still hear my mother's voice saying, "Just go take a hot bath, Pheebs. Here, take this entire bottle of Ibuprofen too," following a PMS-induced outburst at my younger brother for playing FIFA with the volume too high. My dad, on the other hand, would just flee the scene.

Men, I know you don't want to hear this, but us chicks really do need some special treatment during our periods. Le Parcel is nothing more than another exploitation of our laziness and consumer habits. Okay, that might be a bit harsh, but if they seriously cared about us poor menstruating females, and not just about making a hefty profit, they would send better gifts than generic hair ties and tacky jewelry.

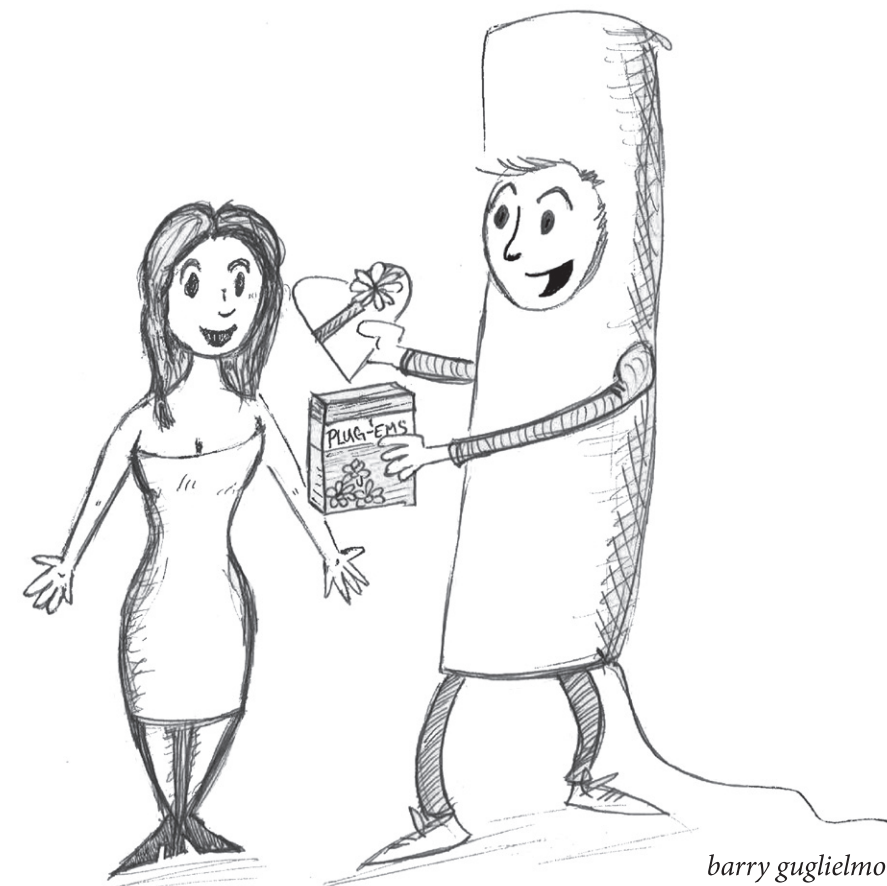
"nature's gift stinks, so we give you a better one."

about special treatment; you get to specify the exact brand and quantities of the products you want and Le Parcel will deliver them on the exact date you need.

...Or you can just buy the exact brand and quantities you want at the store on whichever day you need. This certainly would save you a lot of money—Le Parcel's service clocks in at a stiff \$15 per month for 30 tampons—not to mention, buying your own goddamn tampons would spare the waste generated by this monthly service.

It's a good idea, but at the core Le Parcel is nothing more than another exploitation of our laziness and consumer habits. Okay, that might be a bit harsh, but if they seriously cared about us poor menstruating females, and not just about making a hefty profit, they would send better gifts than generic hair ties and tacky jewelry.

Well ladies, it looks like we're just going to have to keep distressing from PMS the old-fashioned way—randomly shouting at people who probably don't deserve it, burying our faces in pints of ice cream,



barry guglielmo

cel is an up and coming business that sends customers a monthly delivery of tampons, chocolate, and a special gift. How freaking cool is that?!?! As they put it, "Nature's gift stinks so we give you a better one." Talk

and always being prepared with an army of tampons or pads or whatever products each of us uses. To the folks at Le Parcel: Hey, it's the thought that counts. ■

fashion five-oh.



the seven rules of success to being a sharply dressed man

by dannissim

Fellas, are you having trouble with your wardrobe? Not quite feeling fly? Well fret no more, as I'm here to share the perfect formula for the sharply dressed guy. Follow these simple rules to go from feeling like Urkel to strutting it like Ryan Gosling.

1. The Shirt: It all starts with a great button-down shirt. Rule number one of button-down shirts: no fucking short sleeve button-downs. If you want to have short sleeves, just roll them up; it's that easy. Stock your wardrobe with button-down shirts of assorted fabrics (flannel, oxford, gingham, and cotton), patterns (striped, plaid, and checkered), and colors (primary and pastels). You can wear it tucked in or untucked; it can be as formal or informal as you like. When it comes to buttoning, I am a two-button minimum kind of guy, but you can button your shirt all the way up if you are going for a more hip look.

2. The Pants: No sweatpants; leave that for the dorms and athletics. At minimum, rock a pair of jeans and try to rotate between a few different colors. For added variety, incorporate chinos of assorted colors/styles into your rotation. Integrate cords as desired. No baggy pants and no dragging cuffs; fold or roll them up.

3. The Blazer: You should have two or three different blazers, one of which is a classic navy blue. If you want to mix it up, grey is always a welcomed change, especially light grey. Also try incorporating different fabrics like chino. If you are going for the sartorial look, try out a tweed blazer from

Downtown Threads on Church St. for \$20 or less. Rock the blazer with a sweater or even a t-shirt; you'll look fresher than Don Draper walking away from a "private meeting."

4. The Neckwear: The skinny tie will become the staple of your look; start with a black one and then go crazy from there. Thetiebar.com is a great place to find ties of assorted fabrics and styles for around \$15. If you're feeling adventurous, try out a bowtie. If you are feeling really adventurous, try out an ascot. Nothing says BAMF like a smoking jacket and an ascot (smoking optional).

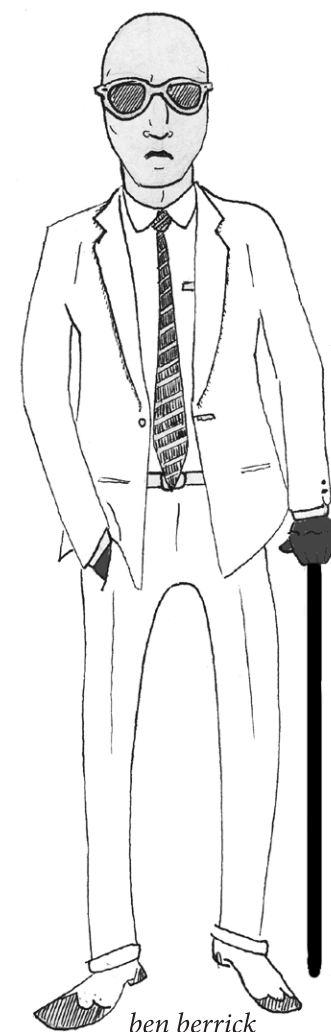
5. The Accessories: The two keys to take the look to the next level are the tie bar and pocket square. These inexpensive additions will exponentially enhance your look. With pocket squares, go for a few solid colors, a pattern or two, and at least one white with colored piping. If you've never worn a tie bar before don't worry, they are not a hassle. Just make sure it is thinner than your tie and clip it in between the third and fourth buttons of your shirt. Again, Thetiebar.com is a great place to find an array of tie bars and pocket squares.

6. The Shoes: Every man needs a pair of wingtips, period. Whether they are leather or suede is up to you. Personally, I think suede is a nice touch, but be careful in the snow!

7. The Finishing Touch: If you've made it to this point, then you are one sharply dressed man; however, if you want to cement yourself as a style icon, you need to have

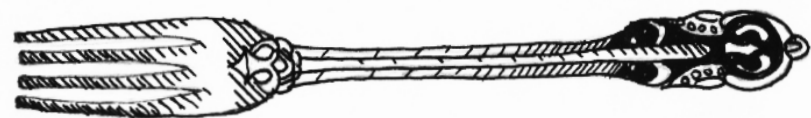
an iconic pair of sunglasses. Forget knock-offs, a pair of quality sunglasses is the gift that keeps on giving. I personally rock a pair of Ray-Ban Clubmasters, but the Wayfarer and Aviator are two classics that are still fresh. You'll need the UV protection because it's gonna get a lot brighter wherever you're strutting. Take good care of your sunglasses and they'll take good care of you.

That is all the wisdom I can impart on you in the confines of this publication. Go out into the world and rock it. Follow these rules and you'll be flyer than James Bond at the Baccarat table. But, that being said, never be afraid to try something new.



ben berrick

fork it over.



blood and gore: some kitchen essentials

by jamesaglio

There are few human experiences as universal as food and slaughter. Many people, from Jamie Oliver to Arnold Schwarzenegger, Erwin Rommel to Julia Child have made their living from these two great pillars of society. But what happens when these two worlds collide? The Duke of Wellington, I suppose, but more importantly a wide variety of sausages and puddings to delight/revolt your palate. Here are some favorites, ranked by glory.

4) Sundae

Sundae is a Korean blood sausage. As with all offal, there are hundreds of regional variants, but the common elements are a casing of pig's intestines stuffed full of noodles, barley, and pork blood—different from pig blood presumably because it's an ingredient rather than a sacrificial ornament. You can also mix it up with kimchi, sprouts, and soybean paste, but the blood is really the tie that binds here.

3) Black Pudding

Black pudding answers the age-old question of, "What will an Irishman do after stabbing a pig in the neck enough to drain out some vital liquids but not enough to actually kill the beast?" The answer is: pour said liquids into an intestine, add a heap of oatmeal to help soak it up, and then eat it right away or, if squeamish, cook it in cleansing fire before it crosses the dental threshold.

1) Haggis

Many have tried, but only one dish can reign supreme on any table, and haggis takes the cake here. Crafted from the heart, lungs, and liver of a sheep combined with onions, oatmeal, spices, and stock and crammed into the stomach of the aforementioned sheep. Illegal in the United States because the USDA does not consider lung edible, haggis truly is delicious. I could defend it, but everything I would say was already exclaimed by the sublime poet Burns, who said:

*"Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm."*

2) Blutwurst

Basically Black Pudding but with chunks of fat tucked into it to satiate those traditional German lusts, Blutwurst also comes in many whimsical local forms, such as horse-meat Blutwurst from the Rhineland, and a dish from Berlin with the appellation "Tote Oma," meaning "Dead Granny."

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

Girl...
You are a perfect ten
Definitely the hottest Chick at UVM.
Because you always make for a good ass time,
and you like the Burn of tequila without the lime.
I like how you get turned on by CDAE
and get your kicks putting the O.G. back in OGE.
Although I admit you are the ecological economics Master.

You are also...
A boozed up college disaster,
have an insatiable desire to be right,
and would for sure loose in a fight.
But...
I don't care
I love it
I wouldn't have it any other way,
my Love for you grows more and more every day.
Four years strong,
even if sometimes it feels a little wrong.
Baby, I'm always down to be your plus one.
Even if it means perks without the fun
When: every freaking day
Where: by my side
I saw: a 90s Bitch
I am: from the 70s

Bailey Howe on Valentine's
(I) was working hard to meet deadlines
I was out of it, not feeling smart
Then I looked up and you made my heart stop.

Your eyes, my god, those eyes
they're what I recall
azure as the skies
Made my assignments pall.

But my group mates pulled me back
And quickly I forgot
For my mind was out of whack
And my distraction had been caught

As I left we locked again,
I don't know why I just walked on;
I came back to "find my pen"
But when I got there you were gone

I'm not sure what I hope
that writing this will bring
If you don't respond I'll cope;
But maybe you'll want a fling

Mainly though I think
That I just want to say
Here's a verbal wink;
Happy valentine's day.

When: Valentine's Day, around 2
Where: Bailey Howe, 1st floor
I saw: Amazing eyes
I am: reeling

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

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

UHeights North, Friday afternoon

Friend 1: Dude, listen to this, this is one of my favorite songs.
Friend 2: (after listening for a few seconds) Is this in Ice Age?

Marsh Life, end of class

Professor: Everyone come to class on Thursday, I'm bringing a surprise!
Girl to friend: I hope its free puppies for everybody!
Friend: Me too!

Marche, approximately 1 AM

Intoxicated Girl: IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT BEETCHEZZ!
Sober Friend: "No it's not it's Sunday"

Sugarbush, last weekend

Outdoorsy Young Lady: Dicks are ugly
Ski Bro: So you don't like dicks
Outdoorsy Young Lady: It's not that I don't like dicks, I tolerate them.

A bed somewhere, recently

Classy Lady: I don't destroy the covers!
Dapper Gent: No. You just kind of set yourself up in the center and then the next thing I know it's like Blitzkrieg occurred in the middle of the bed!

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tunes.



they might be giants

(a **wt** exclusive)

by **dansuder**

For their triumphant return to Burlington, They Might Be Giants bring a new album (*Nanobots*, out March 5th), a new iOS app, and a new “stark and arresting” sound. **the water tower** sat down with TMBG’s John Flansburgh, who discussed adults who collect kids stuff, Sammy Davis Jr., and composting. (And by sat down, we mean called on the telephone. I was sitting. He probably was, because that’s how most people talk on the phone.)

wt: I’m really excited to see that you guys are playing in Burlington again...

JF: Well, it’s funny. One of the first shows we ever played outside of NYC was in Burlington. We played in Burlington, and Northampton, Massachusetts, and afterward we got a lot of offers in Northampton. We got some different places, a set at a guy’s house, that sort of thing. We thought, “Yeah, this is how a band grows!” But it’s funny because we never really got called back to Burlington. I’m looking at the poster for that show now, it says, “8BC... CBGBs... and now, Burlington!” But we never got called back.

wt: I’m glad you’ve been playing here some lately, though.

JF: Yeah, just recently, though. For the longest time we didn’t come back.

wt: What about the kids’ music circuit? Are you a part of that at all?

JF: Not really. You know, that kind of thing just doesn’t really pay the bills...

wt: Fair enough. Your adult stage show is pretty great though. I seem to remember a conga line at the last show I went to. Is there anything that inspires you guys to be such great performers?

JF: That’s a funny question because John [Linnell, the other founding member of TMBG] and I are by temperament the least likely people to be involved in audience participation. We’re more like the people who are at the back of the show with their arms crossed. I guess the biggest thing for me is acknowledging that the band is in the same room as the audience. It took a bunch of years, but here we are. Maybe it’s the Peter Principle or something.

wt: Peter Principle?

JF: Yeah, you’re promoted until you’re no longer qualified.

wt: Now you’re coming back and you’ve got a new album coming out. It’s always interesting to hear the different styles the band brings on albums. There are differences between *Flood* and *The Spine* or *Factory Showroom* and *John Henry*, for example. Can you talk a bit about *Nanobot*’s style?

JF: I mean, it starts with what the song dictates, to some extent, but there are some differences and overarching trends. We’ve come back to the beginner’s mind as far as how to arrange songs. There’s some big, overproduced tracks on the new album, but we’ve been paying attention more. “Black Ops” is essentially just a drum and a voice. 90% of that song is so stark and arresting, and I’m a little disappointed it took 16 albums to get here. I was actually inspired by Sammy Davis, Jr.

wt: Oh yeah? What song or album?

JF: It’s this double-live album, I think it’s called *Live at the Sands*. One song is just a drummer and Sammy.

wt: Cool. So what about producing and writing kids’ music? Is there a difference there, too?

JF: Well, there’s a structural difference, first. Then, the kids’ stuff is on a deadline, and it’s a different process. For people like us who have lived largely without deadlines, it’s really weird. With the kids’ music, it’s a project. We go in and write, because it’s due soon. With adult music, it’s staring at the ceiling and saying, “...so.... what are we gonna do?”

wt: I was curious because I’m kind of a dork and really like kids’ books and stuff like that.

JF: Right, there’s this whole culture of adults collecting kids’ stuff, you know, picture books and graphic stuff, and music. It’s a great kind of work, though – it’s purely from imagination. No matter what kind of rock band you’re in, you’re doing rock music. Everyone knows the Rolling Stones, so when you’re in a rock band, they have preconceptions about what that music is, and how you’re supposed to sound. When you write for kids, though, they have no preconceptions about what music is, so you have this unique access to all kinds of sounds. Kids are just very open to anything.

“it starts with what the song dictates, to some extent, but there are some differences and overarching trends. we’ve come back to the beginner’s mind as far as how to arrange songs.”

wt: Alright, one last question. So, UVM is a very environmentally oriented school, and I was wondering, would you say They Might Be Giants are pro-environment or anti-environment?

JF: Hmmm, seems like there’s only one answer... We’re very pro-environment. It’s hard when you’re a touring band, because you have every invitation to make your carbon footprint that of bigfoot. But we try. I’ve held onto huge bags of recycling until we could find a place to recycle them.

wt: What about compost?

JF: Haha, well, I’ve done it at home, but it’s a bit difficult with an itinerant lifestyle... Around my home though, in the Catskills, there’s a big locavore movement, and I’m pretty into that. There are a bunch of farmers around here, and it’s very easy. There’s not much you can do to reduce your carbon footprint more than eating local food.

True that. They Might Be Giants are playing at Higher Ground on February 28th. You should go. ■

goulding is gold

by **staceybrandt**

Ellie Goulding. Holy fuck where do I start? Coming off of her sophomore album, *Halcyon*—which according to Wikipedia means “Ellie Goulding’s 2012 album” and according to an actual encyclopedia means “a time of peace and prosperity” (*it’s a type of bird, a kingfisher to be exact-Ed.*)—this Brit is blazing hot. Though I would not say a world tour is the epitome of peace, Ellie is certainly prospering as she performs her latest work to raging fans at sold out venues across the globe.

So, big surprise, I have acquired a bit of a girl crush on Ellie, but not (entirely) because of her perfectly sculpted legs. It was after seeing her perform in Boston in 2010 shortly, after her debut album, *Lights*, reached America that I became immediately infatuated. Since then, I have watched so many of Ellie’s live performances online that YouTube now recommends videos on the 12 Step Program. But that’s the thing: Ellie live is more incredible than recordings. Her dream-like soprano and confidence command attention without flashy costumes or background dancers. Like the experience of a live show, the new album highlights Goulding’s pure singing ability as her vocals become the central element to each song.

“ellie uses her voice not only to express passionate lyrics, but also as a unique instrument. In between verses you’ll hear bits of eg’s signature runs weaved seamlessly with guitar and electro keys”

Halcyon is definitely a departure from the classic pop sound that propelled *Lights* to the top of the charts. It explores a new dimension of pop music that adds electronic influences and layered beats. Ellie uses her voice not only to express passionate lyrics, but also as a unique instrument. In between verses you’ll hear bits of EG’s signature runs weaved seamlessly with guitar and electro keys, which gives the album a fresh vibe.

If her first album is a youthful, “starry-eyed” girl dabbling in the idea of love, *Halcyon* is a soldier fighting heartbreak with powerful optimism. It’s clear Goulding has gained maturity both emotionally and musically which naturally results in songs with more depth. That being said, I’d like to share my top three picks from *Halcyon*. These songs are bloody brilliant.

“My Blood” is arguably the most powerful song on the album capturing the aftermath of unrequited love—putting your whole self into someone and not receiving anything back in return. The lyrics are both painful and uplifting, contrast which is accomplished by a gospel inspired chorus that begins, “And God knows I’m not dying but I breathe now.” If the gospel-y refrain doesn’t have you up and clapping your hands from side to side, the heavy tribal drums in the base beat will definitely give you the urge to get up and stomp your foot—it’s a natural reaction, don’t fight it!

“Anything Could Happen” (the title and refrain of the song) is basically saying “YOLO” in a non-juvenile, non-douchey way. It’s the mix of hope, uncertainty, excitement, and fear that everyone experiences when looking towards the future. This track is catchy, upbeat, and one of the few songs you actually want stuck in your head. Also, check out the music video. It’s quite strange, but really well done.

“I Know You Care” is best listened to alone with a box of tissues and a pint of Ben & Jerry’s. I’m the girl who didn’t cry after watching *The Notebook* (yeah, probably not normal), but my eyes watered when I heard this song. Probably for good reason, this song was recently featured in the film *Now Is Good*, starring Dakota Fanning as a cancer patient. This track balances the album’s faster moments with modest vocals and reflective lyrics.

Halcyon is all around bittersweet for me. The songs are great, and Ellie is finally getting the worldwide exposure she deserves, but there’s always that part of me that wants to preserve the secrecy of new talent. With an undeniable ability to connect through her music, Ellie Goulding is that secret everyone just has to tell. ■

créatif stuffé.



the cipher

with **kerrymartin**

my darkest winter, part 3

by **ryanchartier**

I sit in my parent’s backyard with the sun blinding my attempts to read some Hemingway book. It is summer after junior year, everything green and flourishing. A distant radio crackles with ‘Sultans of Swing’. Is tanning something I actually do? Mumbling while putting my shirt back on; sweat drips from my forehead. My dad’s pursuit of the “perfect lawn” rewards in situations like these. I can lie around in a thicket of amazing grass and breathe in the haze of summer...then cough and sneeze relentlessly from the allergies. Before frolicking in my parent’s backyard, I get a phone call from a college friend.

“Wanna meet up somewhere in Boston soon?”

“Definitely.”

My Dad’s booming voice yells from the porch. “TIME TO CUT THE GRASS AND DO MISCELLANEOUS YARDWORK FOR FIVE HOURS!”

“Hey man, I can’t believe we are going to be seniors this year.”

“I know right?”

My cell phone rings as I run back upstairs from the flooded basement. I am surprised to see that it is a high school buddy.

“Hey man, how’s it going? Nice. Yeah, I’ve just been sitting around here not doing much, so I’d love to grab a beer sometime. Let me call you soon.”

“our hands interlock solidly and he looks me squarely in the eyes and says, ‘congratulations.’ the moment feels more real than i expect. in fact, it was quite powerful. was he channeling the sincerity of henry james?”

As I close the flip phone, I suddenly remember that there are other friends still around the local area; they’ve been here all along. How could I have been so clueless? I stand in the center of the living room and decide it’s time to start cleaning things up. I put David and Gillian on pause so that I do not miss the entire episode. I grab a quick swig of a Bud (vile rice flavors) and start picking up the snack bags. I have to figure out what to do about the basement. This might be the last time I ever eat cheetos because my stomach is killing me right now. I look up and see a picture of my friends and I during graduation dressed in our overpriced eco-friendly gowns...

“Does this really feel like the end?” I ask my buddy Steve.

“Not really. It’s all pretty surreal. I think I’m going to law school eventually, so this just feels like a stepping stone or something.”

“Yeah definitely.”

It is graduation morning and we wait on CBW green for the ceremony procession. It is a perfect May morning. Some of my other friends come over and chat us up, equally full of excitement and dread.

“What is the future going to be like?” someone asks.

“Who knows?”

“It’s like I’m on a giant cliff. I peer over the edge and only see darkness,” another remarks.

“We have to promise each other that we will still stay in touch.”

Someone farts and the mood lightens a little.

“Sorry everyone. All I could find for breakfast was a bag of cheetos and man did I have too much shitty beer last night.”

“At least we’ll always have beer farts,” I chuckle.

FIVE HOURS LATER The Dean calls my name and I proceed across the stage, excited to grab my empty diploma folder. Can’t wait to pick it up later at Royal Tyler Theater...damn UVM! (grad jokes). I shake hands with then UVM President Fogel. Our hands interlock solidly and he looks me squarely in the eyes and says, “Congratulations.” The moment feels more real than I expect. In fact, it was quite powerful. Was he channeling the sincerity of Henry James? Was James known for flattering college graduates with thoughtful congratulatory remarks?

There is a flash before my eyes and all of a sudden, everything is serene and I sense myself sitting in a messy living room feeling post grad hopelessness and seeking potential guidance. Gillian Anderson’s hotness is palpable. Something feels very

familiar. Is this the future? Am I thinking about going for a McDonald’s run? Is satire still appreciated? Did Mumford and Sons actually just win Album of the Year? Who are they again? Are cheetos a funny plot device? Is that me stealing kisses with Marion Cotillard on some red carpet while Ben Harper’s song ironically plays in the background and Sean Penn creepily mouths the words in front of us? Is that a flux capacitor? No, these must just be highly potential future questions and possibilities.

I find myself back in the moment, post handshake. I exit the stage. My friends greet me and we all give each other hugs, but I can’t stop thinking about my vision of a future alone at home watching what I think is the X-Files...Gillian’s smoky voice tickling my ears.

“Hey guys, I can’t wait to meet up later and watch the Lost finale. It’s so craaaazy that it’s on tonight of all nights,” I say excitedly.

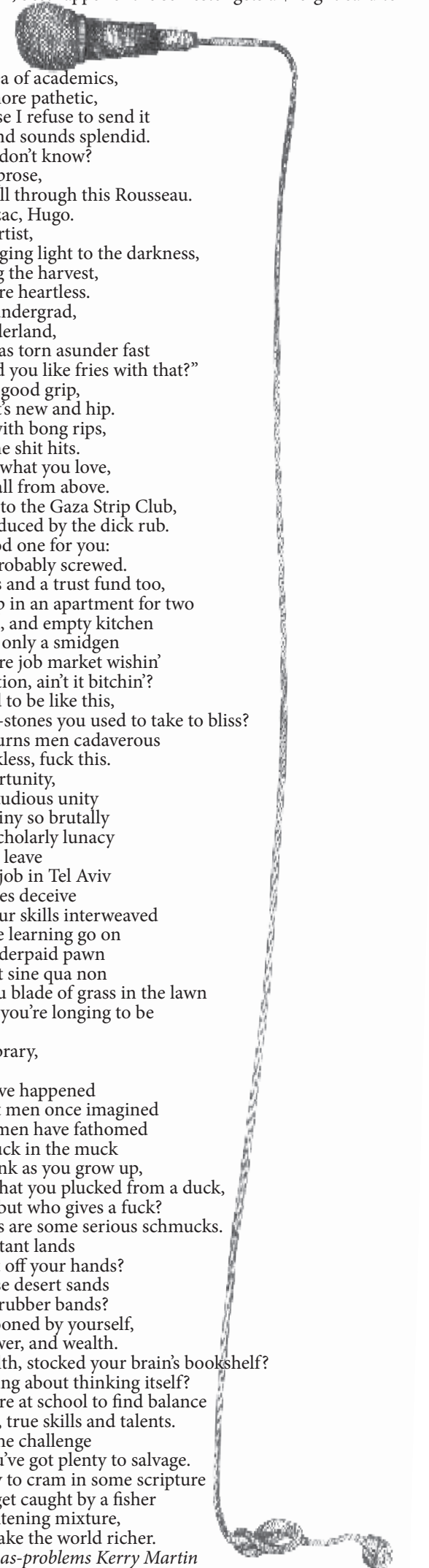
“Yeah, I guess. I mean, I love Lost, but it’s really gone downhill the last few seasons,” most of my friends respond, somehow in unison.

In the quiet of the house, it finally hits me. UVM isn’t done with me yet. I have work to do. Leaving Burlington was the worst thing I ever did...To Be Continued. ■

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVMcees, because it’s time to bring your rhyme-slingin’ back to **the water tower**. But this week, I’m taking a pause from my standard schedule of sonnets to vent some thoughts about liberal arts education. 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!

The Big Picture

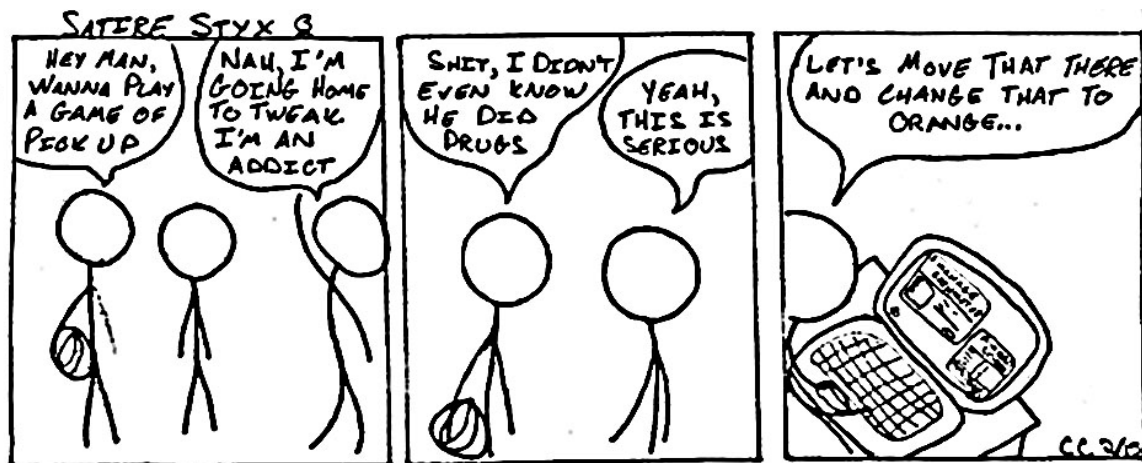
It’s easy to get marooned in this sea of academics, And difficult to tell which life is more pathetic, Spendin’ hours on a sentence ‘cause I refuse to send it Until it makes sense, reads well, and sounds splendid. That’s pretty pathetic. You think I don’t know? I don’t go to shows just to dissect prose, You can give me some blow, I’ll roll through this Rousseau. Got a problem? Climb off my Balzac, Hugo. You know me, I am The Liberal Artist, And I think I’m the smartest, bringing light to the darkness, I read all the seeds and I’m writing the harvest, And hark this, most rich bitches are heartless. But who am I, ha ha! Call me an undergrad, Hamlet in training, Alice in Wonderland, Today I learned how Leningrad was torn asunder fast Tomorrow I’ll learn to say, “Would you like fries with that?” I’m serious, I go to school to get a good grip, I study what’s important, not what’s new and hip. I speak out, I don’t mute my lips with bong rips, But we’ll be fans of college until the shit hits. Go ahead, I encourage you, study what you love, Long as you don’t expect jobs to fall from above. Take your Middle Eastern studies to the Gaza Strip Club, And maybe calculate the heat produced by the dick rub. And if you like lessons, I got a good one for you: We’re in a Recession, and you’re probably screwed. Hope you’ve got some rich friends and a trust fund too, Or you and your crew live off soup in an apartment for two Diploma on the puke-stained wall, and empty kitchen If you scrape rez again, you’ll find only a smidgen Thesis project on Titian, now you’re job market wishin’ It’s the culmination of your education, ain’t it bitchin’? You’re a genius, it wasn’t supposed to be like this, What happened to those stepping-stones you used to take to bliss? You fought with avarice ‘cause it turns men cadaverous Now you’re jobless, homeless, luckless, fuck this. But what’s this? An okay job opportunity, Perhaps not one that brings you studious unity But don’t put yourself under scrutiny so brutally Or else your “uni” truly turns to scholarly lunacy Fluency is hard to achieve, easy to leave Years of Hebrew does not mean a job in Tel Aviv Don’t be naïve, don’t let your classes deceive Don’t seek a job demanding all your skills interweaved If you think you’re a genius, let the learning go on Don’t remain as an undergrad, underpaid pawn The Classics are important but not sine qua non There’s bigger fish in the pond, you blade of grass in the lawn You tiny prawn in the sea, I know you’re longing to be The be-all, end-all of our history. But confined to your university library, All you can be is history’s referee. Judging human actions after they’ve happened Finding facts and disproving what men once imagined Thinking about theories that few men have fathomed Dive deep into issues ‘til you’re stuck in the muck Good luck getting unstuck, you sink as you grow up, You’ve run amuck with this quill that you plucked from a duck, So scholars cite your scholarship, but who gives a fuck? That’s why we think our professors are some serious schmucks. What if you were moved off to distant lands Where for taking a stand, they cut off your hands? What help could you bring to these desert sands Except textbooks, blue jeans, and rubber bands? But say that you’re stranded, marooned by yourself, Deprived of your fame, name, power, and wealth. Have you helped your mental health, stocked your brain’s bookshelf? Can you occupy your mind thinking about thinking itself? Here’s the point of my ballad: you’re at school to find balance Between fascination and function, true skills and talents. College is hard, push yourself to the challenge So when our time here is over, you’ve got plenty to salvage. We enroll as empty bottles and try to cram in some scripture So when we’re cast to the sea, we get caught by a fisher Who discovers inside us an enlightening mixture, The Big Picture that we built to make the world richer. *by MC Clearly-this-guy-has-problems Kerry Martin*



cat litter.



collincappelle



on the web at www.satirestyx.com

TIP O' THE WEEK:

Life's a beach, go lay on it.

top five *most badass* presidents

In honor of the most important holiday in our fine nation, I will be running down the top five most badass presidents to ever serve. This list is not meant to reflect the beliefs of any political party or agenda, but rather it strives to correctly and objectively order these men on their individual Merits of Bad-Assery®. These include instances of being shot, killing someone, expanding presidential powers beyond constitutional limits, and many more. So sit back, grab some apple pie, turn on a rerun of American Gladiators, and revel in our past presidents' abilities to be awesome.

1 **Teddy Roosevelt** – Aside from killing a mountain lion with only a knife, being a boxing champion, the whole Rough Riders ordeal, being shot in the chest and refusing medical attention until after delivering a speech, traveling the Amazon, and his awesome 'stache, there is one thing that TR did as president that shows his bad-ass-ness: Initiating the construction of the Great White Fleet. In a display of power, he ordered sixteen battleships to be painted white and traverse the globe for what ended up being two years. Now, there is a reason naval ships are painted grey, namely so they can't be seen. How badass do you have to be to order battleships painted stark white so that you're basically egging people on to attack them, and then sending them across the world to taunt every other nation? A pretty fucking huge one.

2 **Andrew Jackson** – Now anyone who carries around a hickory pimp cane is an instant minor badass. However what makes Ol' Hickory move up to God-Tier status is that he also used that stick to beat the shit out of anyone he despised. Case in point, while president, an assassin came up to AJ and tried to shoot him. The guns, however, ultimately didn't work and sixty year old Andy proceeded to cane whip the bastard. In another display of toughness, Jackson was in a duel and allowed the other man to shoot first. Thus, Jackson was shot in the chest and calmly responded by aiming his gun and shooting the other man dead. Certified badass.

4 **JFK** – Got more poontang from hotties than any president before him. Oh, he also served in the navy and when his boat got torpedoed, he swam to shore towing a fellow crewmember by holding a strap from the guy's lifejacket between his teeth. While not as impressive as the poontang mentioned earlier, still pretty badass. Also, he got shot in the head so another two badass points.

3 **James Polk** – While not as much of a badass in his personal life, Polk still makes the list for his aggressive expansionist policies while in office. Pretty much the entirety of the southwest and west coast is part of the union because of Polk. JP's vigorous belief in Manifest Destiny led to ethically questionable war waging, but hey, at least now America the Beautiful contains the line "From sea to shining sea."

5 Now for our dark horse: **George the First**. Before you start complaining, Bush presided over a war where the main tactic was described as "shock and awe". H-Dubs turned war into a fireworks show; now that's fucking badass. He was also a naval aviator during World War II and was the director of the CIA so you know he's seen some hardcore shit. I know many people might not like him, but you can't deny his evil bad-assness.

welcome to the pterrordome

