



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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sharp as a
two-edged
ward:



the wt
sits down with
lee and knodell



what **we talk** about
when we
talk about
the **harlem shake**

by **benberrick**

UVM, we need to have a talk. I know things have been hard lately; with the transfer of presidential power, budget cuts, and communication breakdowns all over the place, it's been nothing short of crazy out here. I understand that you need to relieve stress and chill out, but I just can't condone the method that you have chosen. Just because everyone else is doing it, doesn't make it okay, UVM, and no matter what kind of peer pressure is there, I expect better from you. So we need to talk about this. No, I'm not talking about all the masturbation—honestly, that's healthy and in the future I'll knock before I come in. We need to talk about the Harlem Shake.

I know why you did it. Heck, there have been times when I've wanted to do it myself. After exploding two weeks ago, the Harlem Shake went from something that only a few weirdo skateboarders did, to a meme of epidemic proportions. Sure, the first couple times it was funny, clever even. But within 48 hours, as with most memes, the real junkies took hold and proceeded to quite literally flail the shake to death. Rather than a few inspired videos (We can agree that T-Pain's and the Dutch Army Unit's version were pretty good), it became a hundred million bland, if not outright incorrect, clips as more and more people latched on to it in a desperate attempt to stay relevant. Suddenly, the relatively simple formula ceased to hold.

The Harlem Shake used to have a basic composition: a single, often masked, individual dances in a mundane setting surrounded by people going about their business and receiving no attention. At the drop, halfway through the 30 second video, the world descends into writhing chaos—the frame of the video is filled with costumed dancing people, most of whom were not present before the drop. At least, this was how it used to be. Within the time-frame of a week literally anything was set to the signature music and called a Harlem Shake.

Like a beloved child star now high on a cocktail of morphine and cocaine, mashing their genitals up against the glass revolving door of a Doubletree in a seedy suburb of

... read the rest on page 3

... read the rest on page 6

by **kerrymartin**

Keeping up with national politics, for all the work it takes, bears bitter fruit. I'm the kind of guy who attacks political apathy wherever he finds it, but I can't deny that Congress tends to look like Sisyphus, pushing a rock up a hill and watching it roll back down over and over again (just with a lot more shouting). Progress in Washington is slow, results are meaningless to many Americans, and voter fatigue plagues citizens who trudge to the polls every couple years to choose the prettier of two assholes.

But remember, thanks to this thing we call federalism, that there's another level of government in town, one where your voice might actually be heard.

"Almost nothing is more important than local politics," says Emily Lee, one of two women running for Burlington's Ward 2 City Council. In what Seven Days magazine calls "Burlington's most closely watched election race this year," Lee, a Democrat, has been braving the cold for months, campaigning door-to-door against her Progressive opponent, UVM economics professor and former Provost Jane Knodell. Each of Burlington's seven wards has two councilors who serve two-year terms. I got the chance to sit down with both candidates and now see the race

as a tough contest between two intelligent, qualified, engaged, and open-minded women. However, their differences in age, background, and education give them unique perspectives on Burlington's most contentious issues.

Prof. Knodell grew up in Seattle and went to Stanford, where she got her B.A. ('76) and Ph.D. ('84) in Economics. A job at UVM brought her here in 1986, where she has lived and involved herself in com-

the conflicting interests of permanent residents and students complicates democracy in college areas.

munity-building ever since. Her scholarly and political careers are closely aligned: while she has taught courses such as Macroeconomics and Money & Banking, she simultaneously has served as a watchdog for Burlington's banks, a founder of Burlington's Community & Economic Development Office, and a Ward 2 City Councilor for no fewer than seven terms. "City services matter," she told me over coffee at the

Davis Center; it's a point that seems obvious, but is often overlooked.

She gave up her councilor chair in 2009 to devote more time to her Provost responsibilities, but now she's seeking reelection at a pivotal moment; half of Burlington's city councilors have less than two years of experience, and most of newly elected Mayor Miro Weinberger's office has less than one. The City of Burlington needs well-seasoned lawmakers right now, and when it comes to experience, Jane's the name. In her previous terms, she spearheaded issues like the quality of public schools, use of local agriculture, permanent home ownership, and small business development, and she plans to stay the course.

Even her opponent admits that Jane is "really smart and accomplished," as Emily put it when I interviewed her at Muddy Waters. "But it's time for some fresh energy," she added, outlining exactly what her perspective would bring to Burlington. Unlike her West Coast competitor, Ms. Lee is pure Vermont: her Green Mountain State roots go back seven generations, and her great-grandfather Cassius Cobb (UVM Class of 1906) used to lug coal up Old Mill as his work study job. Emily grew up in Westford, VT, with a family that was "constantly on

get inside me:

trekking for beer
by dansuder

90's tv nostalgia
by marissabucci

forgo the onesie
by cassidy Cabrera

best pandora stations
by lizcantrell

the best news team in the universe.



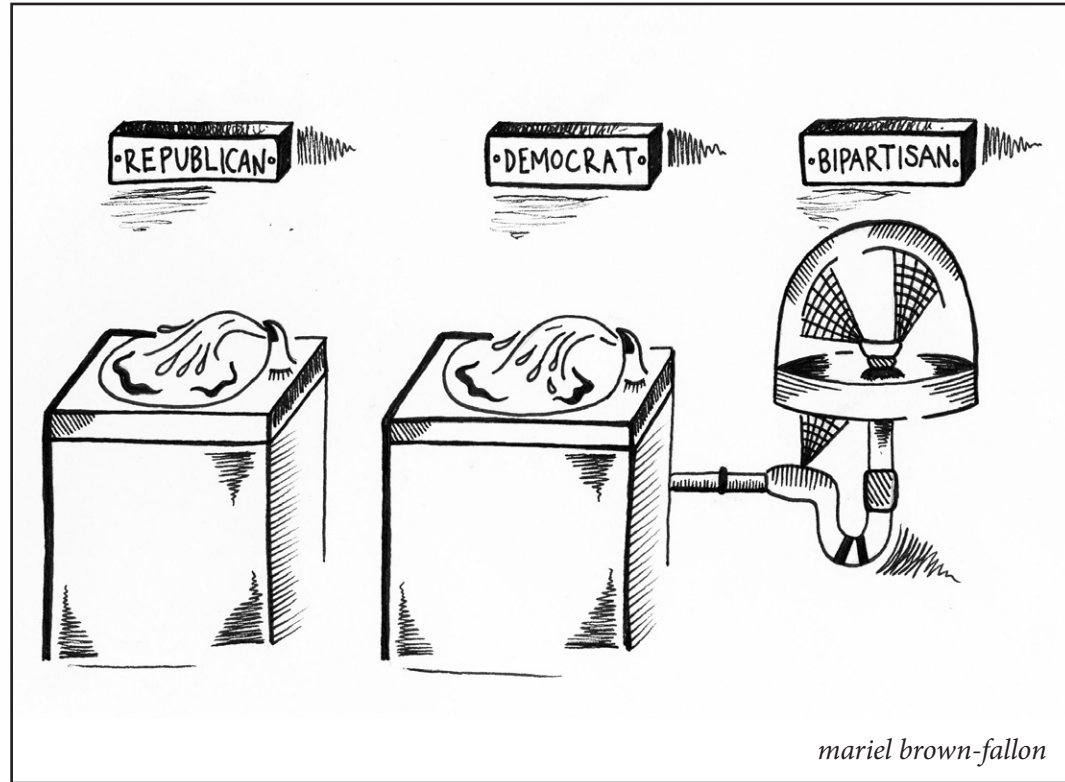
the shit list with jamiebeckett

Mississippi – After watching *Django Unchained*, a Mississippi resident performed some research which uncovered that after the Thirteenth Amendment was originally ratified, four states remained hold-outs. Eventually, every state ratified the amendment last of which was the state of Mississippi only 148 years later, proving that they are no longer racist.

Bottled Water – I'm so glad we removed bottled water from campus; Man, this university is so green! Oh wait, you mean I can still get bottled water at most locations on campus, it's just flavored? This makes me ten thousand times more bitter than the lemon-flavored Dasani. Seriously guys, can we stop greenwashing the shit out of our school?

Cramming – Who knew that opening your organic chemistry textbook for the first time on the day of the exam was a bad idea? I guess I should have known better, but hey we get to drop a test right? Hurray for digging your own grave!

Game of Thrones – Seriously, why the fuck isn't it March and why can't I watch the third season of Game of Thrones yet? I'm growing impatient! I've watched the two-minute trailer at least ten times this weekend and surprise, surprise I am still not satisfied. I guess I'm going to have to find something else to entertain my gnat-like attention span until the season starts up again. ■



mariel brown-fallon

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the news in brief (belgium) with kerrymartin

“What we face is organized crime with methods and means not addressed in aviation security measures as we know them today.”

-**Jan Van Der Cruysse**, a Brussels Airport spokesman, describing the masked and heavily armed gangsters who forced their way onto the tarmac in police vehicles, surrounded a Helvetic Airways plane 18 minutes before takeoff, stole \$50 million worth of diamonds as they were being loaded into the cargo hold, and drove off after five minutes without ever firing a shot. No arrests have been made, and the reputation of Antwerp's diamond industry—the world's largest since centuries ago—has been tarnished.

“During the day, I'll have a Fanta. In the evening, I'll have a Westvleteren, because it's strong. We're very proud of it.”

-**Hanne Versaevel**, a mother of two from the quaint Belgian village of Vleteren, referencing Westvleteren 12, a dark, rich brew and two-time recipient of RateBeer.com's World's Best Beer award. The beer's fame has brought in money and tourism, especially since the 21 monks who brew the beer sell it only at their monastery. Rare six-packs sold in the US last year for \$85 a pop.

“Brussels is facing a demographic explosion, and we are not ready for it.”

-**Lukas Vander Taelen**, a Belgian historian, playwright, and actor, famous figure among both French- and Dutch-speaking communities, commenting on his nation's capital. The city that housed the highest proportion of old people in 1991 is now home to the most young people, and 46% of the city's population is of non-Belgian origin. Once Brussels cures its racial prejudice (not to mention its Byzantine bureaucracy and legislative gridlock), LVT says it could become “one of the most interesting cities in Europe.”

“Belgium is the best remedy against patriotism.”

-**Geert van Istendael**, Belgian writer, poet, and essayist. Classic Flem.

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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 for dt: German poor musn't cry over spilt milk, ought to eat horsemeat according to PM +++ Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst—Iran to expand nuclear program, Tehran states. ■

you shouldn't count your chickens before they hatch: but if you were to count them *destiny* is a pretty safe bet

by dannisim

As a game developer, how do you follow up a series like *Halo*? With the release of *Halo 4*, developed by 343 Industries, the *Halo* franchise has sold over 46 million games with total sales upwards of \$3 billion. *Halo 4* may not have been Bungie, Inc.'s creation, but the franchise that was their brainchild and hard work for over a decade is one of the best sellers ever.

Bungie started from humble beginnings. Founded in 1991 by Alex Seropian, a University of Chicago student at the time, Bungie got its start with a simple Pong clone called *Gnop!* Bungie made a name for itself with classic games such as *Marathon*, a first-person shooter (FPS) released for Mac in 1994, and *Myth: The Fallen Lords*, a real-time tactics game released for PC/Mac in 1997. Originally, Bungie developed *Halo* as a third-person shooter for PC/Mac. Soon after its highly anticipated demo, Bungie was bought by Microsoft to join their games division as Bungie Studios. The rest is history: Bungie released *Halo: Combat Evolved* along with the launch of Microsoft's Xbox. *Halo* went on to redefine the FPS genre and usher in an age of online multiplayer. Oh, how I remember the pre-Xbox Live days, where one would have to fumble around with XBCconnect in order to get your *Slayer* fix.

Now Bungie is no longer making games under Microsoft's supervision, having broken off Microsoft Studios in Oc-

tober 2007 right after the release of *Halo 3*. Enter *Destiny*, Bungie and Activision's 10-year commitment to a new game experience for the PS3, Xbox 360, and the recently announced PS4. Centered around the gamer, *Destiny* promises to bring new interactions. In the ViDoc that Bungie released, they show the integration of mobile devices to keep the gamer engaged even when AFK (away from keyboard). Up to this point, much is left unclear. We know *Destiny* will be a FPS with an online component including multiplayer experiences. No, that does not confirm that it will be an MMO (massively multiplayer online) game. It is also unclear whether or not the game will be cross-platform, able to interact with players using a different system.

Although much is speculation at this point, what is not unclear is the level of care and detail Bungie will pour into *Destiny*. From the original compositions of Marty O'Donnell to the undying commitment of co-founder Jason Jones, Bungie continues to make great games. As we see a shift in the categorization of the “gamer,” with the wider spread of casual and mobile gaming, it is reassuring to know that there are still developers who continually strive to raise the bar for the hardcore gamer. In the monotonous cycle of new *Call of Duty* and *Battlefield* titles, we are all ready for change. *Destiny* is knocking on your door; are you ready? ■

a little learning is a dangerous thing: north korea tests nuke

by coleburton

North Korea continues to make progress in their nuclear weapons program with a third successful nuclear detonation on the day of Obama's State of the Union address, stealing some of his thunder with an earth-shattering underground blast. Seismic readings, about the only objective information anyone outside the dictatorship can glean from the test, tell us that it created a quake of somewhere between 4.9 to 5.2 on the Richter Scale, but little else is known for certain. Officials of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea have also stated that the device used was of a smaller size than previous tests in 2006 and 2009, hinting that they are coming closer to making a warhead small enough to be carried by an intercontinental ballistic missile, or ICBM. A troubling problem for Americans as these rockets can reach the continental United States.

These tests seem to be part of the DPRK's greater goal of raining fire and death down upon capitalist enemy states like South Korea or even America, and if you take the recently leaked North Korean propaganda video circling the internet seriously, this isn't exactly a wild conclusion. As the classic “We Are the World” plays in

the background, the video shows a sleeping Korean man dreaming of North Korea's future successes, including a space shuttle, a unified Korean peninsula, and even New York's Lower Manhattan in flames. To make things even better, the DPRK propaganda ministry worker in charge of this must have gotten a bootleg of *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3* and been playing it till the deadline, because that last scene of the Big Apple burning is taken straight from one of its cutscenes. The video is more hilarious than inspiring, but its message is troubling to many throughout the international community.

Many leaders around the world had high hopes for the Kim Jong-un leadership, that the young dictator would be less militaristic than his predecessors, someone who could even be open to more amiable relations with the rest of the world because of his European education and pop-singer wife. But this test, the leaked propaganda, and last year's satellite launch appear to kill any of these hopes. Instead of praising the new great and honorable leader of North Korea, governments have been forced to denounce the leader's equipment tests and to threaten the already weakened and un-

WARD -continued from page 1

the verge of financial collapse.” She went to Essex High School, then paid her way through UVM, spending her nights working with the disabled and elderly. After graduating in 2003, she took a data entry job at Merrill Lynch Bank in Burlington. Now she's the Vice President. “Get your foot in the door!” she emphasized, valuable advice for students of all shapes and sizes. “Let no job be beneath you!”

She's also proved herself an adept community organizer, helping found the West Hill Neighborhood Association and working tirelessly to bring people together. She wants to reduce the price of housing and the animosity towards students by making on-campus life more appealing. Her ideas include building more dorms, making UVM a wet campus, and decriminalizing marijuana.

Yes, this year's ballot hosts a dynamic pair, but Ward 2 is a dynamic part of town that demands a well-rounded representative. Ward 2 stretches from Main Street (between Willard and Union) all the way past the northern edge of town. Its growing refugee population makes it the most diverse part of Vermont, but its transient, off-campus student population—many of whom spend less than a year in the ward and are registered to vote in other states—earn Ward 2 the prize for Burlington's lowest voter turnout. It doesn't help that the election—which takes place on March 5th at the H.O. Wheeler School—always occurs over UVM's Spring Break. (Don't worry though; you can find the early absentee voter ballot online.)

The conflicting interests of permanent residents and students—the town and the gown, as they say—complicates democracy in college areas. City councilors rely heavily on direct feedback from their communities, and oftentimes, the needs of a politically silent chunk of the population will get overlooked (or presumed nonexistent). So students who feel disconnected from their community, know that it usually goes both ways. “I'm responsible to everyone in my ward, voters or non-voters,” Jane assured me, but both women vowed to tighten the relationship between city and college.

predictable nation with more economic sanctions. China has even joined in with the likes of the EU, its East-Asian neighbors, and the United States, rebuking its ally in December and February after the missile launch and nuclear test.

So what does all of this mean for you, me, or that hipster on the corner? It means that North Korea is crawling closer to being able to bomb New York, L.A., or anywhere else they wish to nuke the shit out of. But before that, they still need to perfect their rockets, something they are not doing alone. There is evidence that Iran is helping the North Koreans in a mutual venture to produce an functioning ICBM: The Korean Nodong—a missile the same as the Iranian Shahab-3 rocket. A collaborative rocket program may progress more quickly because both parties can learn from each other's mistakes in the long process of perfecting a complicated three-stage rocket. Not only do Iran and North Korea need to get a reliable delivery system, but the two belligerents must also manage to build, test, and refine a re-entry system so that the warhead can re-enter the atmosphere without burning up.

A nuclear barrage sparked by the

Ms. Lee plans to team up with the university to solve Burlington's housing crisis. “When I went to UVM, an off campus apartment was \$300 a month,” Emily told me. “Now, students pay up to \$750.” Considering that over the same time, the total out-of-state cost of UVM has gone from \$27k to \$45k per year, we've got a major problem on our hands. “UVM has outsourced its housing problem to Burlington,” she went on. “The Redstone Lofts housed an additional 400 students. We needed room for 4,000.” She also wants to work with UVM's Office of Community Relations to expand Burlington's student internships and ideally encourage more long-term student residency.

Ms. Knodell has similar plans, but believes that more on-campus housing will make the off-campus parties even rowdier. She'll enforce stricter fines for noise violations and crack down on apathetic landlords. But she also hopes that tapping into UVM's commitment to the environment—either by finding volunteers for community sustainability projects or by offering service learning courses at the school—will transform our student body into more engaged and neighborly citizens.

And engagement is essential. After all, “self-government correlates with freedom and self-determination,” Jane said when I asked her why she values democracy. “Citizens are the ultimate accountability mechanism. They keep elected officials honest.”

Emily has a broader vision for democratic citizens. “Conflict comes from people not having a voice,” she says. “So speak up, communicate your needs and values. You can do that through voting, writing, using the internet, or chaining yourself to a redwood.”

I can't tell you whom to vote for. But I can tell you that both these women are entirely committed to local politics, with no ambitions outside working for the people of Burlington. If Emily looses, she'll continue being a grassroots organizer. If Jane loses, she'll keep teaching at UVM and look for boards to get on. “And maybe get some new dogs,” she added. ■

around town.



sitting on and getting drunk

by lauragreenwood

My lifelong love for the state of Vermont started years before I'd ever even seen Burlington. We'll all vouch that this town/city is great because of its certain liberal, free spirited, and artistic feel, however, this is not true for all of Vermont. Other Vermonters I've met always seem to evade the truth by simply just stating their town is boring, under populated, end of discussion. But I'm here to talk about upstate Vermont, Alburgh to be exact, located on the uppermost peninsula of the Champlain Islands, fifteen minutes from New York and fifteen minutes from Canada.

The Champlain Islands are known for being a vacation spot, meaning you won't find too many people there this time of year. Well, except my family. My uncle's Vermont house is used all year round for four things: hunting, fishing, snowmobiling and ice fishing. A true Ron Swanson-esque sampling of masculine, man-bonding activities that would cause wailing and paint throwing in Burlington. President's Day weekend brought the Lantry Family Reunion based around the Great Ice in Grand Isle Annual Festival. What the real Vermonters won't tell you is that Burlington is an absolute anomaly. Really, you only need to drive fifteen minutes from campus (well, beyond Winooski, South Burlington, or Shelburne) to see the what the rest of this state is like.

The main winter event in most all lakeside towns in Vermont is ice fishing, or as I like to call "entertaining yourself for hours while getting frost bite." Patagonia and the North Face don't work in these temperatures, instead most everyone has gone to Dick's and is dressed head to toe in a camo snow suit. Now, God bless my family for being hilarious, because ice fishing could easily be more boring than watching the SGA Youtube videos. In case you don't know, ice fishing involves an exciting hour or so of drilling holes and setting lines at 7AM, then sitting on your ass for the rest of the day waiting for fish to come take a bite. When a flag goes up, you grab a giant bucket filled with nearly frozen bait, a giant ladle to clear out the hole, and pliers that look straight out of *Saw*, and run. You run, not because there is an acute timeframe in which the fish can be caught, but rather in order to unfreeze the blood in your extremities and well, hell, why not make the event more exciting than it really is. If you successfully figured out how this fishing without a rod works and catch something, everyone on the lake cheers for your bounty while you get slobbered in fish slime.

Creativity and lots of alcohol are vital to make ice fishing fun and bearable. After my family has well lubricated our creative gears with a daily dose of Dr. McGilliguddy's Schnapps, beer, Twisted Teas, and some homemade moonshine, the Ice Fishing Olympics begin. Events include but are not limited to Bud Light Curling, Boozy bocce, the Annual Wife Toss (sling your wife-filled sled the farthest!), Foot races without cramp-ons, Snowcocaine Wars, and Wrestling. Outside the Olympics, we also compete with who can take the longest uninterrupted nap, build the largest fire on the ice (the trick is in how you irrigate it), pee the most on Fran's car, and pass out first.

Ice fishing represents the back country Vermont that I believe runs truer to the core of this state. In Burlington, going "green" and embracing "nature" in the modernized popular sense may mean using a Nalgene, only shopping organic from a co-op, and buying the more expensive shampoo because its biodegradable. In Alburgh's part of the state, they simply consume less, drive locally, and eat what they get from the land, plain and simple with no corporate whistles or guilt-inducing bells. ■

fuck the church street mall (and macy's in particular)

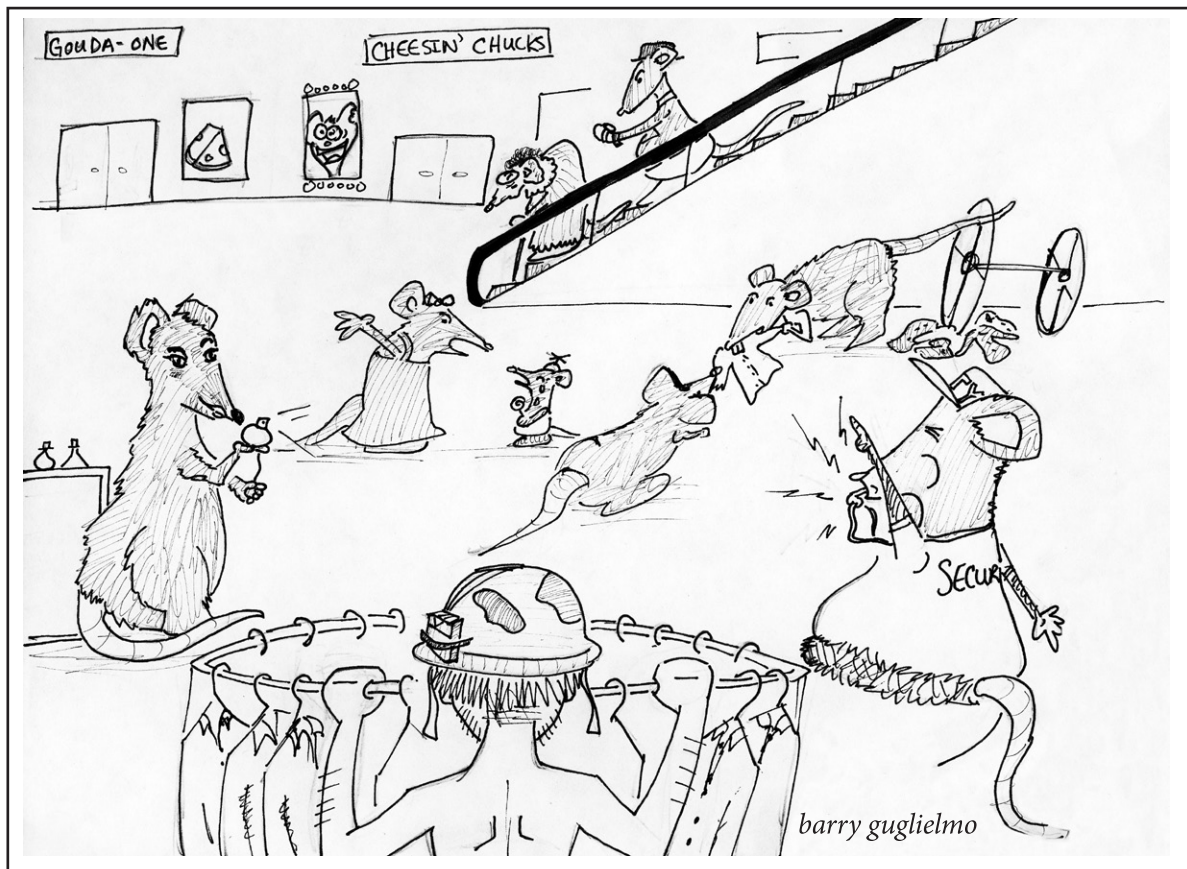
by benberrick

I consider myself a guy who takes pride in my shopping focus. When I want to get something, I enter the store knowing what it is, what color and shape I want it, and vaguely how much it should cost. Brands don't matter to me, and I'm just as likely to hit up the Goodwill as a Nordstrom's. Over all, I feel comfortable in making the claim that I have that shit on lockdown: I will not be defeated by any sale or selection, nor will I spend hours browsing without knowing what I want. At least, I felt comfortable with that up until Sunday, when I attempted to buy a shirt and was completely and utterly dominated by the Church Street Mall.

First of all, let's talk selection. The big draw of the mall is that it compresses a large variety of retailers into a comparably small space, theoretically offering you both the convenience of shopping around and the competitive lowering of prices by stores which leave the customer the

ment under every producer name, is certainly not wrong of them, but was sublimely unhelpful. Despite the fact that there are shirts aplenty and in all four corners, the layout of said shirts was unintuitive and frustrating. Separated by occasion, brand, price, sale status, color, and shape (but curiously not style—just try to find a Henley: I dare you), trying to transition from rack to rack was a task more suited to Ulysses than I. Say what you will about thrift stores with their mothball smell and unexplained stains, having shirts sorted by type and size only is magnificent.

After finally finding something that resembled my original shirt intent, I tried to find a dressing room. Most dressing rooms are large, containing several stalls so that many humans can try on clothes at once; this is a perfectly logical and preferable organization, and is exactly the opposite of what the Church Street Macy's has. Several single rooms dot the labyrinthine floor plan, most apparently in



clear and present winner. The issue with the Church Street Mall, however, is that the stores seem to have missed the memo. While there is the typical mall spread, prices remain relatively high. Dropping into FYE to see how much a copy of *Skyfall* costs, I was blown away by the enormously inflated cost; even the bargain bin, which was inundated with terrible, unwanted movies, was 2 DVDs for 10 dollars, a price that the internet blows right the fuck away in a second. Games, even those from earlier in the release season were still 60 dollars, which is near unforgivable in a world where Steam puts games on rolling sales within a week of release. Though the total amount of media was acceptable, nothing set it apart, and there was nothing that made it feel exclusive in the same way that Burlington Records, or Pure Pop for that matter, does for CDs.

Onward to Macy's, a store which, back home, is generally a good source of cheap clothes that fit (therefore meeting my two biggest clothing criteria). My goal: find a shirt to replace the one whose buttons I broke flashing my man-breasts at **water tower** staff member **collincappelle** on Mardi Gras for beads. Upon crossing the threshold of the store, I was swarmed by "helpful" sales associates, who, having been told that I was in the market for a shirt, directed me to absolutely fucking everywhere in the Macy's. Considering the fact that there are shirts in every depart-

ment under every producer name, is certainly not wrong of them, but was sublimely unhelpful. Despite the fact that there are shirts aplenty and in all four corners, the layout of said shirts was unintuitive and frustrating. Separated by occasion, brand, price, sale status, color, and shape (but curiously not style—just try to find a Henley: I dare you), trying to transition from rack to rack was a task more suited to Ulysses than I. Say what you will about thrift stores with their mothball smell and unexplained stains, having shirts sorted by type and size only is magnificent.

Frustrated, tired, and having spent entirely too much time looking for something I could have gotten cheaper and faster at Goodwill or the internet, I left empty handed and made the long walk back to the entry doors, bombarded the whole way by the cries of the stall sellers and massage stations, thoroughly unsatisfied from my first, and hopefully only, excursion into the Church Street Mall. My advice: don't bother with this shit. Burlington has some awesome consignment and thrift places and enough local businesses that you should never have to step into that horrid complex. Unless you really get off on artificial lighting. Then by all means, enjoy yourself. ■

on the beer trail: hill farmstead brewery

by dansuder

If Shaun Hill is a god, it is safe to say that Hill Farmstead Brewery is his shrine. Pilgrims journey from all over the country to pay homage and leave tribute to his creations. Unlike most shrines, however, after leaving tribute to Shaun Hill, you obtain material goods – namely, some of the best beer ever to pass your lips. Ratebeer.com, a website that, well, rates beer, recently ranked 8 varieties of Shaun Hill's beer in their top 10 Best New Beers of 2012 list. It was time to see for myself whether the hops lived up to the hype.

A trip to Hill Farmstead truly is like a pilgrimage; it's in the middle of frickin' nowhere and you have to give it time. A journey to Hill Farmstead takes you down Route 15 until you hit Route 16 – through Essex, Jericho, Underhill, Cambridge, Jeffersonville, Morrisville, Johnson, Wolcott, Hardwick, and you get the picture. It's an hour and a half journey from campus, no problem. And then there's the line.

My personal beer pilgrimage took place on a cold Saturday, and we parked in front of a big, old barn-y kind of building. There were probably 30 cars in the lot besides ours, of which maybe three had Vermont plates. About 15 people were waiting outside the building, complaining about how cold it was in that way that says "Haha, yeah, it's cold but we're so hardy and we're gonna stand in line and joke about it" on the outside, but says, "HOLY SHIT THIS SUCKS I HATE MY LIFE RIGHT NOW" on the inside. Then again, maybe I'm projecting a bit.

Regardless, we stood outside in the cold for a long time. We joked with the people around us, some of whom were locals who knew a bit about the place. "Well, Shaun Hill comes from 8 generations of folks on this farm," the

guy in front of us said. "My wife's a criminal defense attorney, and she's defended about 3 generations of 'em." Shaun Hill's a local boy made good.

Between shivering and chatting, we had some time to take in the brewery itself. The door and the molding looked to be hand-carved, and were beautiful. About half of the building is sided with wooden shingles, but the top half was exposed insulation, as if the owner had more important things than the siding to take care of, i.e. brewing. Large fields, used during the summer to host events and festivals, surround the brewery, though during my visit they only played host to snow.

After 40 minutes in the cold, the massive wooden door opened and two people left with cardboard boxes full of beer, leaving enough space for two of us to push forward, into the (warm!) brewery. My heart immediately sank, as I saw that the line inside was about twice as long as the one outside. I was cheered up, though, by the words "Tasting Menu," and suffice it to say that the inside line was a bit more enjoyable. Hill Farmstead has six varieties on tap, and they cycle through them relatively often. Most of the beers are named after members of the Hill family, such as Edward and Mary, but have names like Galaxy, or Fear and Trembling. Some of them are available on tap at places like the Farmhouse, but others are much harder to come across. Importantly, they all lived up to the hype.

Approximately two hours after arriving, I left the brewery with two 750 ml bottles and one 2-liter growler.



liz stafford

The small ones were the aforementioned Edward and Mary, an American pale ale and a German-style pilsner, respectively. The larger bottle was Galaxy, an Imperial ale brewed with Australian Galaxy hops, and perhaps the most delicious beer I've ever had. It was light and citrusy, flavorful and hoppy without being overwhelming. The prices are not terrible, especially if you supply your own glassware—but the bottles can be used again and refilled on your next trip. The beer is REALLY not terrible, by virtue of it being awesome.

The trip was worth it. Just bundle up, and make sure you bring cash—a couple in front of us left after about 2 hours total in line upon discovering that they did not take cards. But hey, what shrine does? ■

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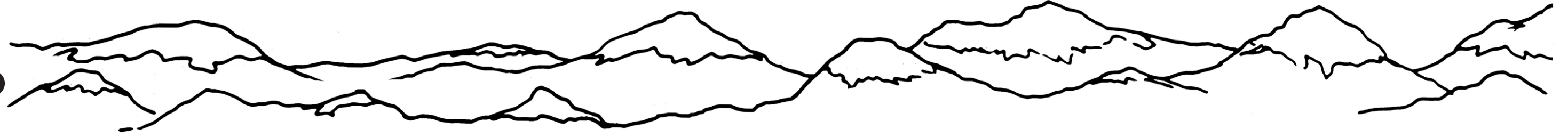
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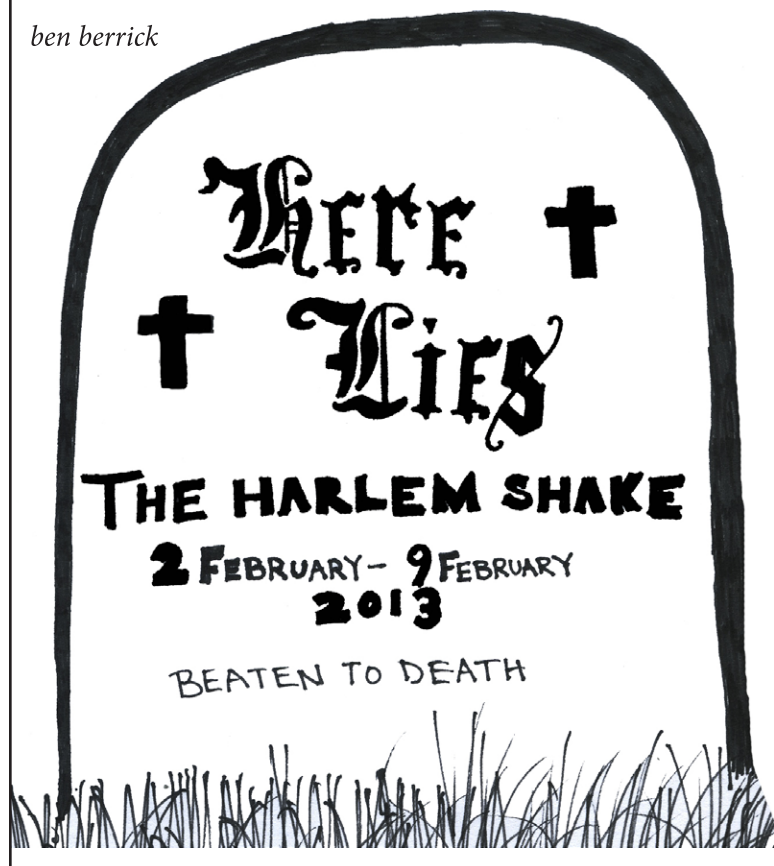


The University of Vermont

100 YEARS
1893-2013



ben berrick



HARLEM SHAKE *-continued from page 1*

LA, the Harlem Shake is now simply pathetic and sad. Unfortunately, this is when you, UVM, decided to jump in, not to start a discussion on the destructive potential of communication on the internet or invite a speaker to lecture on the power of memes in language, but to plan your own version. Instead of helping to give the Harlem Shake a respectful burial, you've joined with those propping its body up with strings like a grotesque real-life Weekend at Bernie's to prove that you, also, have plenty of "social relevance."

I have to say that I'm disappointed.

But I still love you, UVM, I just don't love the choices you've been making. It may be too late to take back the Shake, but you can still change your ways. There will be other "Harlem Shakes" that will come along, and I hope that when they do, you can channel the maturity to speak up and challenge it. You're a big university now; don't you forget that I'm proud of you, and I hope that you make better decisions next time. ■

in defense of 90's tv

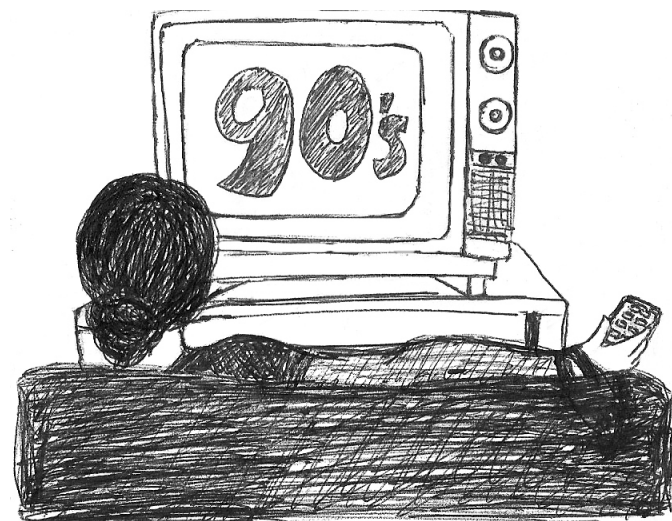
by marissabucci

We live in an era of reality TV, shows about serial killers, post-apocalyptic zombie-ridden cities, meth-cooking former teachers, and elite British families. I certainly am not denying the entertainment value of *Dexter* or *The Walking Dead*, but sometimes I just need to kick back and watch some good '90s TV. Why, you may ask, do I need to watch these shows that were popular when I was just a baby? Shows that were filmed before special effects and outlandish plot structures? '90s TV shows are so elegant in their simplicity, so groundbreaking for their time, and have such well developed characters that I have more than once been drawn to tears.

'90s TV includes programming about nearly anything you can think of—literally. You have your shows about humans who change into animals, *Saturday Night Live*-esque shows for younger viewers, aliens pretending to be humans, teenage doctors, political dramas, and shows about nothing (I'm looking at you, *Seinfeld*).

The special effects are so outdated, the dialogue is so cheesy, and the cell phones are either non-existent or are the size and weight of a brick, but somehow, it all still works. The level of nostalgia associated with '90s TV goes past mere childhood memories. These shows remind us of a time when social and media were two separate terms, when house phones were still in existence, when the economy was good, and when things were just plain... simpler. With current

TV, a million subplots can run through a half-hour show. For example, in *How I Met Your Mother*, Barney is always getting into a new lady (literally and figuratively), Ted is having some sort of issue, Robin has her own story, Marshall and Lily are dealing with some couple-related problem, the five of them go through additional situations together, and on top of everything, there's the underlying plot of just who the hell is the mother.



lauryn schrom

I have nothing against *How I Met Your Mother*, I promise (I know there are some of you out there who probably hate my very existence for even vaguely ripping on the show), but sometimes, plots on plots on plots is too much for my tired college brain to process. At times like those, *Seinfeld* is my savior. Four main characters who often do things together, and whose individual

subplots run together through events or simple conversation. And at the end of every episode, their plotlines intersect in some ridiculous and endearing way: Jerry, Elaine, George, and Kramer's mundane existences are usually all I need to brighten my day. *Seinfeld* is literally a show about nothing, but therein lays its genius. Nothing isn't mind numbing; it's relatable and easy.

Furthermore, *The West Wing* began in the late '90s as a political drama about the executive branch. Instead of overdramatizing every aspect of the job, like *Political Animals* does, the show dealt with everyday matters and challenges of working for the President of the United States. The show dealt with international and domestic issues, as well as the interpersonal dynamics between the members of the President's staff.

Yes, I romanticize the culture of former generations. I have a heightened level of cynicism about our current society and the amount of money that goes into production (*Boardwalk Empire's* pilot cost \$18 million), but it is not to say that I eschew all current television. I merely believe that when it comes down to our most basic needs and desires, special effects, all-star casts, and dozens of subplots aren't necessary for entertainment. I would take programs like *The Amanda Show*—the *Saturday Night Live* for '90s children—or *The Cosby Show*, which dealt with the goings-on of a normal family, over the unbearable and unbelievable shenanigans of *Glee* any day. ■

point/counter-point: *catfishing*

We asked our Editors-in-Chief for their takes on catfishing. There seems to have been some confusion.

by jamesaglio

Nothing is more beautiful than catfishing. Just sittin'—preferably alone but with one other person if you absolutely need company—on the dock (of the bay), nestled into a lawn chair, rod wedged up under the armrest. You laid the line about forty minutes ago; the bait sits at the murky bottom, as does your prey. Then suddenly the rod jerks and bends, waking you up from whatever daydream you were enjoying. Taking up the rod, you slowly begin to reel it in, tugging gently. Taking your time, you let the primeval foe tire himself out struggling downward towards the mud. Eventually he gives way, the line grows slack, and the creature breaches the water's surface. Hauling him up before your eyes, you can't help but admire the sleek perfection of the bottom-dweller, his savage whiskers and smooth flesh. Perfectly designed for his environment, thrust into someone else's. Then you cut him loose and start again.

Of course, if all that rest and relaxation garbage isn't your speed, you can always try your hand at noodling (haha, get it?). First thing's first, if you're in Vermont and you're trying to noodle, then you will fail. You need to head down South to Dixie Land (where I was born in, early on one

pro

frosty mornin'. Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land). Second, peace of mind be damned, you're going to want a spotter here if you plan on not dying. Next, you want to find yourself a nice, brown, slow-moving river and wade in there. Upon finding a catfish hole at the bottom, you ram your forearm right up in that tunnel. The catfish, reverting to its baser instincts (really its only instincts, this is a catfish we're talking about, after all) will surge forward, clamping maw around your arm. To be clear, this isn't your average lake catfish that weighs a few pounds and is a foot or so long, this is a 40 lbs writhing mass of river justice, and it's got your arm. And now, it's wrestling time. You're bigger than it, but you're also one arm down and in its habitat (hence the spotter). If it doesn't drag you down to the locker of Cajun Davy Jones, you eventually emerge with your slab of prehistoric aquatic flesh. Good job.

Regardless of the rate at which you prefer to travel, I think it's fairly obvious that catfishing is one of the greatest developments of the human race, on par with laser beams and the internal combustion engine. So fish well, friends. ■



ben berrick

by lizzcantrell

What is a catfish but a cruel, cruel joke? All across the world, victims with internet access are helpless against the conniving power of the catfish. Believing that their lover's profile is honest and real, online daters are lured in by the promise of a legitimate relationship, but their dreams are cruelly shot down when they learn the truth.

The art of the catfish is one of stealth and deception. Cloaked in scales of shimmering attraction, the catfish appears desirable, and just within reach. After some semi-frisky digital contact, you begin to feel wanted. You think, "maybe just this once, this is the real thing. I've waited so long for this."

You never meet the catfish in person, because you are trusting. You accept their excuses and focus on the positive aspects. You feel happy and satisfied with your romance. Yet, just when you think that a genuine connection has blossomed, it all comes crashing down.

You are hit with the sudden realization that the

con

mate you have adored for months, perhaps years, is nothing but a fabrication. Through a selection of photographs and carefully vetted information, the catfish presented a believable and attractive profile. But unbeknownst to you, the catfish was not who they said they were. The catfish was merely stringing you along, gleefully hoping you would fall in love. And fall you did. Hard.

Dangling limp in a sea of manufactured affection and intimacy, they are led to believe that they have finally found "the one." Should you be brave enough to place a hesitant toe in the waters of courtship, you will find that the catfish you so lovingly pursued is merely "the one that got away."

By casting your net wide into the coastal waters of internet dating, you put yourself at grave risk. Innocent people are suffering disappointment at the hands of catfishes, and it is astounding that someone would stoop to this level of indecency. For the sake of true love, we must fear and destroy the catfish. ■

snow storms and climate change:

why there are still non-believers

by britkelleher

We hear about it all the time, we know it exists, and we all try our best to do what we can to help the planet through this crisis we all face: Global Warming. For the most part, UVM culture is based off of environmental awareness—we drink out of mason jars, we bike to class, we have a CSA share, we use EcoWare and Sporks, and we try to eat local. Trust me, I know we've got our shit together when it comes to the idea of saving the planet.

But what is the one thing that makes people sway to the side of the nonbelievers? What is it about this phenomenon that makes the truest of disciples doubt this cataclysmic situation that has become our reality?

Nemo. Not that little orange fish we saw debut in Hollywood a decade ago, but the blizzard that hit the east coast and almost gave UVM our first snow day in years. And don't forget about the frigid weeks that prefaced the storm when class attendance levels were the lowest they'd been in ages because everyone was shacked up in bed, too lazy and fearful to face those subzero temps. These freezing cold events are the obstacles that lead people to believe that global warming isn't true. Listen up folks, I've got some news.

The truth is that we're all just a little misinformed. I've definitely questioned the credibility of global warming a time or two as I put on my fifth layer to go brave

the elements, but I soon found out that the key is the difference between weather and climate. Weather is the crazy snowstorm "Nemo" we experienced a few weeks ago, whereas climate is a study of all the weather over a long period of time. This difference is what allows scientists to stake ethos to their claim, because even though when everyone is so covered up you can only see eyeballs it doesn't feel like "warm," our planet is actually getting to the point where it's about to start singing, "It's getting HOT in hereee." Global warming is indeed happening.

I know it doesn't feel like it when your phone's weather app says "-11, but with the wind chill it feels like -5,000" (slight

"even though when everyone is so covered up you can only see eyeballs it doesn't feel like 'warm,' our planet is actually getting to the point where it's about to start singing, 'it's getting hotin hereee.'"

exaggeration, but I think we can all agree it's been really fucking cold), and with the Twittersphere blowin' up with scornful accusations such as, "global warming my ass," and, "what the hell do climatologists consider 'warm'?" it's hard to believe that it really is happening.

I completely understand that in a world where we are constantly told how shitty our predecessors treated the planet, and how temperatures have been on the rise to make each year hotter than the last, we find it hard to believe in the global warming crisis as we are trudging to class in -15 degree weather with our hands shoved in our pockets, our nose hairs frozen and our eyes watering from the wind chill.

All I'm telling you is this: bundle up and have a little faith because even though it feels like it's all a lie, the climate is changing, the planet is heating up, and we need to continue to drink out of those reusable mason jars, keep biking to class, and keep eating local to help do our part to stop global warming.

Green on UVM! ■



mariele brown-fallon

fashion five-oh.



the onesie epidemic

by casscabrera

They're like that high school vocab word that you see for the first time. You struggle relentlessly to commit it to memory, and then, after happily obliging to forget it, you begin to see everywhere (truthfully, I still catch myself using the word "bombastic" in casual conversation and disregarding its ironic resonance like a blissfully ignorant idiot). Like that single vocab word that refuses to leave your sight, I swear they're lurking in the corners or something: I'm talking about freakin' onesies, people!

After you've seen one, you've seen them all. Actually, that's a straight-up fallacy; there's quite a bit of variety to the onesie. Accommodating nearly every demographic of consumers, the onesie is available in holiday-themed sets, animal designs, and even hipster-worthy Fair Isle patterns. As you've probably guessed, the aforementioned "consumers" are girls. Guilty of facilitating the emerging campus trend are the typical biddie and Zooley Deschanel wannabes alike. Sure, the joint force of the biddie and quirky "new girl" doesn't prove most conceivable or conventional for that matter, but who else could sport the Gerber Baby bodysuit at the ripe age of 18+ years old with a maintained sense of quasi-acceptability?

Where the hell did they come from, you may ask? There's evidence that the adult sized onesie did not evolve from the child footed-pajama outfit, but rather the classic jumpsuit. That's right, the monochromatic sweatpants jumpsuit was the gateway drug to the adult-sized onesie. Sweatpants are God's gift to both men and women equally; yet paradoxically serve as a crime against humanity. By the transitive property, I resolved that the onesie is just as much a fashion crime as the sweatpants jumpsuit.

Follow up question: why bother wearing one? Upon observation, it seems that the onesie accentuates big doe eyes and pouting lips in an ad-dork-able kind of way. It also adds a little umph to that baby voice people like Khloe Kardashian employ as a precursor to some pillow talk and heavy petting. I'm fairly certain it's all a ploy (an effective one at that) to attract the D or even the V—wherever the preference lies. Regardless, it's enough to have your run of the mill feminist giving you the stink eye.

"it also adds a little *umph* to that baby voice people like *khloe kardashian* employ as a precursor to some pillow talk and *heavy petting*."

In all of their glorious splendor, onesies do, however, have benefits to the wearer and those associated with the onesie-wearer. For example, if your roommate were to wear his or her Valentine's Day themed onesie to a ten o'clock munchies-run to Chipotle, you could in fact find yourself in the company of new friends, a subsequent hookup to a minimum-wage paying job, and possibly even a free burrito. I'd like to say that it was my infectious charm that won over the workers at Chipotle or, perhaps, my million-dollar smile, but denial ain't just a river in Egypt, my friends. It was the reaction-provoking ways of the all-powerful onesie, and I know it.



Free burrito or not, I maintain my position on the onesie. For sleepwear, I deem the flamboyance of the adult-sized bodysuit acceptable and amusing too, but for day-wear—just no. I generally applaud fashion risks, but in this instance I think it's best to play it safe and follow the first rule in the Gremlin Handbook. Keep your onesie out of broad daylight; it could kill it, or maybe just kill your rep along with my faith in humanity. ■

fork it over.



sippin' sizzurp

by jamiebeckett

Vermonters are obsessed with three things: apples, cheese and maple syrup. Seeing as it's tree tapping time of year again, we are going to focus on the almost obsessive relationship Vermonters have with their maple. Vermont is known for having some of the highest quality maple syrup in the world, mainly due to its unique climate and rich soils. Each batch of syrup is graded based on color and quality into these categories: fancy, grade A medium

amber, grade A dark amber and B grade amber. Personally I think B grade syrup has the most flavor, but the lightest fancy grade is the most popular and costly.

This past weekend I had the pleasure of exploring a sugar house in one of our local sugar bushes. Land owners across the state tap their sugar maple trees starting early January to harvest sap to later be processed into syrup. It takes more than forty gallons of sap to produce one gallon

of syrup, and there is a large wholesale market in Vermont for selling sugar maple sap. The processing of sap to syrup is an art that Vermonters have spent hundreds of years perfecting. Maple syrup drives local economies and to some it's a no brainer as to why Vermonters feel the need to put Maple syrup on everything. Here are a few foods whose maple additions bring forth a mixed bag of reactions:

Maple Creamie: Maple creamies are one of the best inventions ever, yet what the fuck is a creamie? A creamie is a Vermont term for soft serve ice cream where maple syrup gets mixed into the vanilla batches creating this awesome dessert. While creamies are usually a summer fare, you can find creamie stands like the one at the waterfront all across the state. Creamies are delicious and are a great idea for a date, not to mention they're way cheaper than Ben and Jerry's.

Maple BBQ Sauce: Now, I originally wanted to hate on this odd condiment, but after trying some on a roast chicken my opinion has evolved. Maple BBQ can be too sweet and overpower whatever you are eating, yet if you buy the right brands your meats can be covered in a tangy, finger-licking sauce. Anything the Vermont Maple sugar company produces is delicious, and I would not only recommend their BBQ sauce but their wide selection of maple mustards too.

Buddy the elf once said that maple syrup is one of the main food groups and here in Vermont that is surely the case. You can't go anywhere without finding a maple product and it is your job to try them all. While I am not a native New Englander, I have adopted the maple syrup fever that resides here. Now if only the people at Brenan's would stop insulting my intelligence every time I order breakfast there. Yes I know to look for the line on the syrup container and no I am not going to take your pancake syrup bullshit—my diet consists of enough corn syrup as is. ■

Sugar on Snow: You are not a New Englander if you do not know what this is; maple syrup drizzled over some fresh Vermont powder. First you heat up the syrup until it begins to boil, then taking the pan outside you find the freshest snowdrift to turn into a delectable meal. The simplicity is matched only by the greatness, for the heated syrup turns the snow into a sweet and crunchy dessert.

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

I shouldn't judge a book by its cover, But I'm sure you're as sweet as you look. In an introduction we're as long overdue As a study-room key or a book. I'm sure that we're on the same page About finding each other appealing, That's why I should ask for your call number And stop with these self-conscious feelings. You help me check-out study space, While I'm checkin' you out up and down Maybe you and I can reserve some time, To go for a night on the town? I find you so hard to read When we happen to interact... But enough with these book puns and rhymes. I Want You So Bad - That's a fact. **When:** Monday nights **Where:** The Bailey Howe Main Desk **I saw:** A cute work-studier **I am:** Gonna ask for your number

what the hell? eds.

WE want you so bad: We want to see you in the library studying away Attempting to raise your 1.9 GPA, Some say your hat has 20% too much bend But that doesn't stop the Snapchats we send, We may act like friends but we secretly want you We creep your facebook and stalk what you do, We got turned on when your pants ripped Thinking of what lies beneath made our hearts skip, Dressed head-to-toe in Vineyard Vines Such sexy attire drives us out of our minds, When we give you hugs and play with your hair We are always wishing your body were bare, You never work out and are SUPER lazy The thought of hooking up drives us crazy, At every ski race you look rather cute Arcing turns in your skin-tight speed suit, Sometimes we get to sleep with you in bed But all we really want is to give you head, Within your frat you are "saucer boy" to some When you grind on us we hope you're filled with cum, Your manwhore reputation makes us shrug in disgust So we hope you get hard when you think of us We saw you at Kapslap covered in sweat Just thinking of you makes us wet, We want to fool around and have some fun Can we please have a threesome? **When:** everyday **Where:** everywhere **I saw:** (we saw) less than we hoped **I am:** (we are) hoping to see you in bed together

Brigham Are you trying to make me jizz my pants? All it takes is just one glance. Baby you a fine piece of meat But all I really want is the bone So let's get it on Wouldn't that be sweet? **When:** Never anymore **Where:** JM back in the day **I saw:** Some hot stuff **I am:** Who you think I am

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

you were wearing an adorably dorky fleece vest when you took my hand and we started to dance you said i was good as you twirled me around and introduced me to your friends...surrounded by sound your name may be luke, but i had been drunk since 5, so all i know for sure is you made me smile. i want you so bad, i know we'll have fun but my battery was dead and I had to run, our time together was short and sweet so i hope we have a chance in real life to meet! **When:** saturday night **Where:** some party on s union **I saw:** a hot guy hanging out by the keg **I am:** a pretty girl who got you dancing instead

You refereed my soccer game. And to my body you did the same. You called all the fouls, as you entered my bowels. You are dating the skater, but you told me you hate her. You said to keep it a secret, but I know she is your biggest regret. From her, you must be free, so you can be inside of me. **When:** One magical night **Where:** Redstone Lofts South **I saw:** The sexiest ref there is **I am:** Desperately craving more

The time when we first met showed us trouble Our love was real, unfair but to others Still we progressed, hidden behind shutters Soon we felt hurt, not all of it subtle At spring's end we knew of our first struggle The dog days came, no butterflies fluttered When snow fell, our dreams again discovered So we once more fell, truly befuddled And now the loss surely outweighs the gain Now I am a fool where once I was brave What was binding has twice gone from the strain I cannot forget, for all that I gave I now stand alone, looking through the rain With fate gone, only myself left to save **When:** When you look up **Where:** Where ever we are **I saw:** Necessity **I am:** Bad with time

On one fine Friday night at the Battle of the Bands Going to the Davis Center wasn't a part of my plans You're the lead singer and I heard all the girls' cries Your voice sent a tingle in between my thighs Sometime soon you should give me a private show Serenade me and we'll take things slow Or maybe not cause you're really hot My roommate Lauren and your friend Ben are in the same class So tell her if you want a piece of this ass **When:** Last Friday **Where:** Davis Center **I saw:** A sexy ass mofo with a voice of Fergie and Jesus combination **I am:** A sexy ass mofo who can't sing so lets put that aside

It was four years ago, round this time of year You probably had too many a beer Now I hear law school is a callin' Little did you know, I'd already fallen That fateful night, at the end of the hall in Chitty I thought I'd always be you one bitty We met somewhere downtown, Weston or Buell I thought you were the coolest butters at school Your friends laughed and called me Shrek To admit I may have looked a wreck And in the morning with a tear down your cheek You promised me you call later that week I heard it's now the windy city I hope you think this is really quite witty Call me.

When: freshman year **Where:** Chitty 30x **I saw:** All I want for Christmas **I am:** A witty girl

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

The Fishbowl

Surprisingly logical young woman: If the Pope can resign from his divinely appointed office, then I can sure as hell drop out of school without any consequences.

The DC

Girl 1: Look at this picture I sent my mom (*shows friends picture of herself with a puffy lip*), so embarrassing!

Girl 2: ...The last picture that I sent my mom was a negative pregnancy test

In Line at the Marche

Vegetarian 1: I dreamed that I ate chicken wings last night and loved it!

Vegetarian 2: Yeah, I was eating pizza last night and was like "Is there meat on this?" Then I ate it anyways.

Vegetarian 1: I haven't eaten chicken in 2 years...

In the Babe Estate

Bro to Room of people: I want to jump in her mouth and count her teeth.

Waterfront

Girl: I wanna move every 5 years or so.

Guy: Why don't you join the military?

Girl: Oh hell, nah. I'm not wearing those uniforms.

Outside of DC

Girl: Boys are even worse than gods because they fuck you over!

A Hamilton Bathroom

Guy 1: You brought your computer in the bathroom, and you're gonna shower...

Guy 2: Yeah.

Guy 1: Don't you know how ridiculous you'll look coming out of the bathroom?

Guy 2: Well haters gonna hate, that's all there is to say.

Brennan's, Last week

Girl: Hmmmm, I don't know if I should study abroad or not...

Guy: Maybe you should study a man instead..?

Lab in Dewey Basement

Brainiac Girl 1: I'm so hot!

Brainiac Girl 2: Well then take your jacket off

Brainiac Girl 1: No, my shirt smells like wet gross things

Brainiac Girl 2: So do L...

At a party (being busted) in the Lofts

Police officer: How much have you had to drink tonight?

Guy: I dont know how to answer that.

Officer: ...?

Guy: Could you give me some kind of units to work with. Like gallons, or cubic meters? Or are we just talking about abstract units?

Officer laughs

Walking past the Living and Learning Mural

Girl 1: You went to Boston? To meet the Weasley twins?

DC, Friday morning

Girl 1: That time when you wave at someone and they don't wave back

Girl 2: Ugh, that's like my life.

Girl 1: (*laughs*)

Girl 2: No seriously, it happens way too often

Hockey Game, Saturday

Little Boy to Another: Yeah, like this girl sat next to me and she had the worst potato-chip breath, but then I farted twice and realized it was only me.

Redstone Market, Monday night

Girl to Guy: Shut your nippis!

Marche

Enthusiastic Girl: Do it like you're being fisted in a pool of jello!

tunes.



noise pop fever:

the yo la tengo show

by mikestorage

Remember that band with the new album I told you to check out a couple of weeks ago? Well, Yo La Tengo paid a visit to Higher Ground on February 12th and delivered a stunning show to us Burlingtonians. The crowd of this show was one I had never seen before at the ballroom, ranging in age from children (like 11 year old kiddies), to college students, to graying elders nodding their heads to the beat. YLT released their first album in 1986, and clearly their music reaches a diverse set of music tastes and ages. The band proved just how diverse their music is with an amazing set that kept everyone entertained.

Yo La Tengo did not host an opener for their concert. Instead, they played two different sets with a short break in-between. Their first set was an acoustic one, and the three members of the band, Ira, James, and Gloria, sat surrounded by images of nugget trees from the cover of their latest album, *Fade*. The trio played soft and passionate songs; songs that draw you closer to your lover and force you to smile and bob your head. I arrived halfway through their first song, "Ohm," from *Fade*. YLT played

a lot of songs from their new album, performing all but 2 songs off of it. The most memorable of these is the infinitely melancholy "I'll Be Around" that can bring a man to tears. Ira's voice soothes the soul and forces you to reex-

"the trio played soft and passionate songs. songs that draw you closer to your lover and which forces you to smile and bob your head."

amine yourself, who you are, and what you are currently doing with your life.

Yo La Tengo came back for a second set of noise pop much to the delight of listeners acquainted with their unique sound. Ira Kaplan danced and wailed on the keyboard for an 11 minute song, "Spec Bepop." Words were

not needed, as Kaplan delivered a soul wrenching electric keyboard solo. YLT played an interspersed set of old and new songs, including "From a Motel 6," "Autumn Sweater," "Is That Enough," and "Decora." Ira slammed and danced with his guitar in almost every single song, providing the audience with a plethora of noise pop solos. YLT concluded its second set with a fifteen minute performance of "More Stars than There are in Heaven," and the audience became entranced with the lyrics of a band of genius melodies.

Yo La Tengo are known for their covers, and they delivered three of them in their encore. They first played "The Golden Road," a Grateful Dead cover that Ira said fit Burlington quite well. They followed this up with two Velvet Underground songs, "Who Loves the Sun" and "I Found a Reason." YLT's uncanny ability to emulate their predecessor's sound was uncanny, and Ira's Lou Reedesque style is apparent. Yo La Tengo is an amazing band that delivered an unparalleled performance in Burlington. ■

best pandora stations

for surviving winter

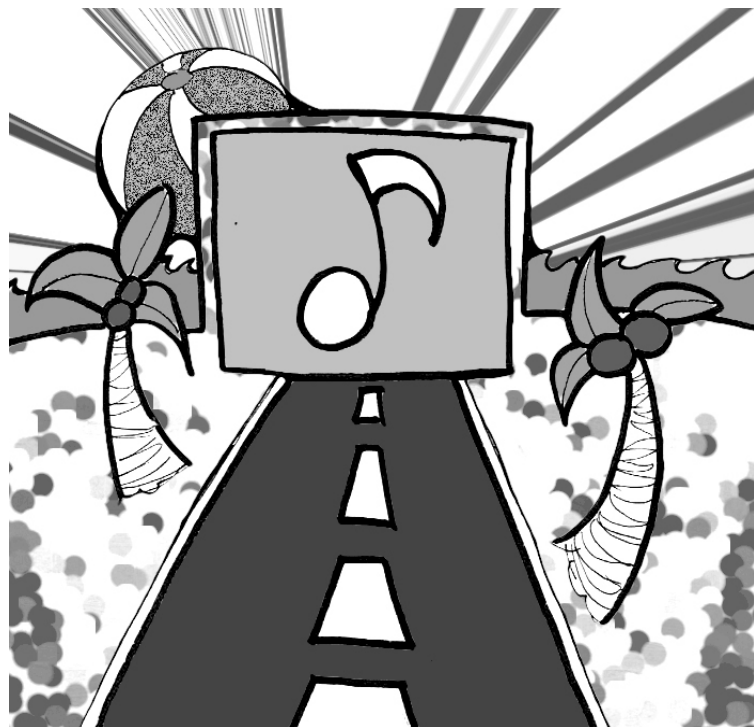
by lizcantrell

As we slowly crawl towards spring, one frozen limb after the other, bitching about Burlington's winter becomes a treasured pastime. We find ourselves longing for a peek of skin in the light of day, for the youngling flowers that are just beginning to grow, and for Mai Tai's at Daytona Beach. Visualizing your ideal spring is one way to beat the hibernation blues, but if you really want to ward off that arctic chill, you need the right soundtrack. Look no further than the warm embrace of Pandora's best stations for surviving winter:

country bbq radio

The vibe: If you hate country, then there's probably no way to convince you on the merits of banjos and twang, but give it a shot. Everyone can relate to the universal themes of love, loss, and Jack Daniels (or some combination thereof), plus there's something undeniably "summer" about the Southern persuasion. With a pleasing mix of traditional Southern staples like Lynyrd Skynyrd and contemporary crooners like Blake Shelton, this station will get you ready for a backyard hoo-down, even in the yankee state o' Vermont. Cowboy boots, your momma's homemade peach pie, and being a registered Republican are optional.

Sample tracks: "I'm So Much Cooler Online" by Brad Paisley, "Take My Drunk Ass Home" by Luke Bryan, "Somethin Bout A Truck" by Kip Moore, "Check Yes Or No" by George Strait, "Gun Powder and Lead" by Miranda Lambert, "Chicken Fried" by Zac Brown Band, and "Pickin Wildflowers" by Keith Anderson.



julianna roen

summer hits of the 90s

The vibe: A throwback to simpler times, this station is for the "feeling-young, top-down-on-the-convertible, damn-it-feels-good-to-be-a-gangster" days. This takes you back to when everyone knew what it meant to "really really really wanna zigzag-ah," and when the penguin on the Kids Cuisine box was your best friend. It's not just sugary pop pleasures like Sugar Ray, so you'll also find the occasional rock or grunge hit from Nirvana. Admittedly, "Achy Breaky Heart" also graced the airwaves in the 90s, so while you can't expect 100% satisfaction, the gloriousness of this station is still unmatched.

Sample tracks: "Tubthumping" by Chumbawumba (you know you love it), "Summertime" by DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, R.E.M.'s "Losing My Religion," "Semi-Charmed Life" by Third Eye Blind, "What's My Age Again?" by Blink 182, "Hit Me Baby One More Time" by a pre-KFed Britney Spears, Matchbox Twenty's "Push," and "Pretty Fly (For a White Guy)" by The Offspring.

hip hop road trip:

The vibe: With a mix of 80s groundbreakers like Run D.M.C. and 90s mainstream superstars like Snoop Dogg, there's no shortage of incredible rhyming talent. This is perfect station for a good, long drive when you just want to lazily speak along, so get in your whip and bump that shit. Infused with doses of more recent hits like Kanye's "Good Life," it's also prime for hitting the gym. Lyrically, many of the most influential songs from the "Golden Age of Hip Hop" focus on social themes of urban poverty and black nationalism. So, while this station certainly has its fair share of singles praising Bacardi, it's not just about clubbing and being a bad-ass.

Sample tracks: "Regulate" by Warren G featuring Nate Dogg, "Nuthin but a G Thang" by Dr. Dre, "California Love" by Tupac, "Hold It Now, Hit It" by The Beastie Boys, "Hypnotize" by The Notorious B.I.G., and "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan. Don't forget club hits like "No Diggity" by Blackstreet (soooo smooth) and Salt n Pepa's "Push It".

laid back beach music

The vibe: This is about little umbrellas in your drink, salt in your hair, and melanoma (c'mon people. Slick on dat sunscreen.) Imagine yourself in some haute couture Tommy Bahamas, sipping a Corona, with the ocean breeze drifting over you. When the cold spell finally breaks, you'll be ready to bolt down to North Beach and lay back.

Sample tracks: Anything Jack Johnson has ever released, "Cruel Summer" by Banarama, "Rhythm of Love" by The Plain White T's, "Lay Me Down" by The Dirty Heads, "Three Little Birds" by Bob Marley, and "The General" by Dispatch. ■

créatif stuffé.

my darkest winter part 4

by ryanchartier

I pull a hefty spoonful of peanut butter out of the Jif jar and smear it on the buttery flavor of a Ritz. I sandwich the peanut butter with another cracker and eat it in one bite. I prepare the next one quickly while I chew the first. Three sleeves down, one to go; fat fuck lyfe. On the news, I see a story developing about some crazy car chase happening in downtown Springfield.

"Dat dere is some stupid shit. People gon' get hurt. Guy's being really ignorant." I don't acknowledge my Dad's strange accent or improper use of the word ignorant and keep eating pre-lunch. I take a second to finish eating my treat and go outside to grab the mail without thinking. I have been conditioned this way. March is the cruelest month. I actually love April, but in March the weather can't decide to be FUCKING WARM ALREADY and it's always so damn LONG! These are New England problems. We face weather diversity every year and tough it out. This is why we are better than everywhere else. At the mailbox, my shoes covered in mud, I reach in to grab today's delivery. One of the letters is addressed from UVM. I open it hastily and realize it is an acceptance to the English graduate program...

If I go back to school what do I really want to do? Where do I want to go? The only thing I could think of was UVM. Something didn't feel quite right about anywhere else. All of a sudden, I had the urge to have another beer. I go to the fridge and grab a Blue Moon this time. Maybe I'm finally snapping out of this funk I'm in, but only slightly. With all of the cheetos bags now in the trash, I decide to get some cheese and crackers instead and finish this episode of the X-Files before I do anything else (priorities). The living room is clean now and I plop down on my corner of the couch with my electric blanket because it is "55degreesinthehouseandifturntheheatupIwillhavetopayforitmyselftheoilcostssodamuchthisyearshitiscrazywecan'tletthecompaniesprofit!" My Dad's voice echoes off the walls somehow, but I'm still here all alone. I think of calling my friends again, but they can wait. Questions loom over me before turning back on the X-Files. Why did I decide to dedicate my time to watching all 9

seasons of this show? Why do I keep referring to my closest UVM friends as the Amtrak 6? I'm the only one who ever took the train, but something about it seems right and familiar. Somehow we were all able to graduate and make it back to reality; I rewind the DVD and start watching where I left off...Oh yeah that's right! This is the SERIES FINALE, holy cow!

It's July 2011 and I'm hanging out with some guy friends at Amherst Brewing Company. We chat about our time apart since high school. Amidst laughter and realizing that the coolest girls were always available in high school and we were just too manipulated by the popular ones to see it, I drink down my beer and suddenly flash to looking down another glass, but this time it's a different color. It's Switch-back! I look up and I'm surrounded by people I mostly don't recognize at American Flatback. Someone says happy birthday to me. Wait, how did I get here? Then, instantly I'm back in Amherst yucking it up with my friends, albeit a little shaken up.

"So you ready to go back school my man?"

"I'm still not quite sure, but I guess so. This is gonna be kind of like the second installment of my Burlington saga."

"Hahaha. Empire Strikes Back, eh?" "Something like that," I say as I nervously finish the rest of my beer.

Later that night, I walk through my parents' backyard, the air thick with moisture. I go into their gazebo nestled amongst the trees and sit down at the table. There is a thick coating of pollen or something on it. I sneeze uncontrollably for five minutes at least before returning to my tranquil, pensive mood. "Nobody noticed that," I remind myself. This is where I used to sit and read late into the summer evenings as a kid, "until the cows came home" my uncle would say. My phone buzzes with a text that warns me I have to go move something important, but I ignore it. This is the place where it's always quiet and the sky is really dark.

"Is Dan Fogel really my constant?" I whisper to the crickets.

To Be Continued... ■

the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, 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 wrangle George W. Bush.

In the year 2000, there was a national schism Between democracy and dynasticism. The Son of George has arisen to put the Arabs in prison To create then crusade against fundamentalism. This bumbling Texan, clumsily muscle-flexin' To our enemies and friends, with motives perplexin', Hated by Frenchmen, Venezuelan, and Mexican, Blinded by bloodlust, he's Oedipus Rexxin'. But friendly with Exxon, Haliburton, and Saudis Cuz his family's investments are worth a few bodies. Training our troops to use Qur'ans as potties Then calling our work in the Middle East godly. He tried to bring statehood to under the steeple, You think no one noticed you don't care 'bout Black people? Louisiana won't forget its hurricane lethal That struck one state away from the root of all evil. So stay put in the shelter of your bum-fucking ranch, And let intellect return to the Executive Branch.

by bible belcher Kerry Martin

Next issue (after Spring Break), we demolish The Davis Center. The week after, we dance a jig on Ireland. 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 heart of dixie

by lizcantrell

in ochre clay, we find burnt, curling tobacco papers.

the old plantation owners left them behind.

we are children. we do not know the history of oppression.

we do not know the scrape of gravel against straw-like skin,

and how dirt rolls with blood in a crimson tide.

later, we feel the crushing blur of ego

when we realize the sins of fathers and the complacency of mothers.

our state motto reminds us, "we dare maintain our rights".

do we maintain the right to ask for God's forgiveness?

how will we learn,

when we have forgotten the human carnage of cotton

and would rather bury our shame in a grave? ■

keeping tally

emma riesner

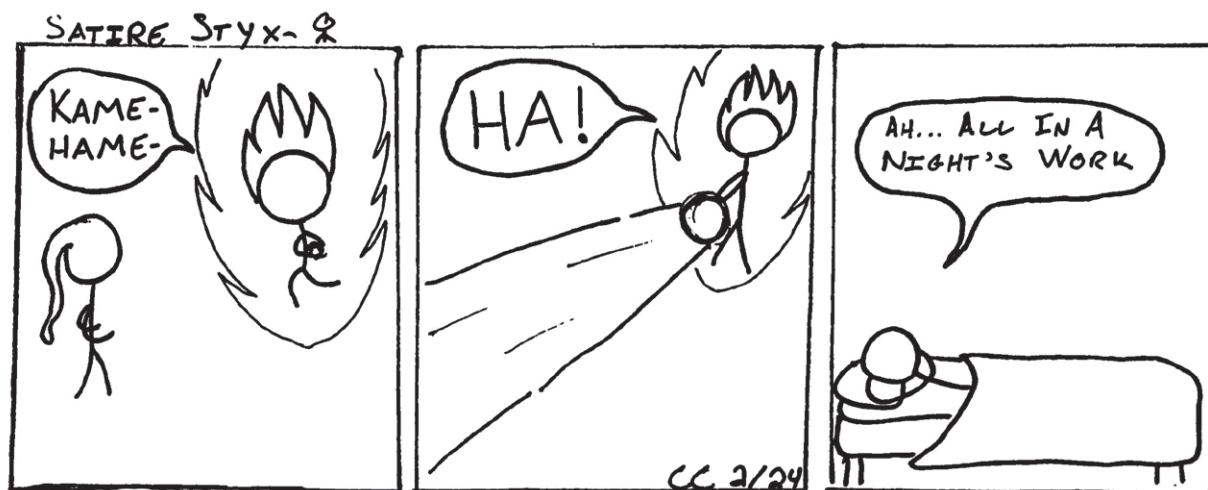


a spenserian stanza about spenserian stanzas

by jamesaglio

We begin with iambs in five quick feet, and follow this pace most of the way down. The third rhymes with the first, laying the beat. The fourth with the second, forming a crown on the first bit. The scheme changes; don't frown. It's common halfway through poems, you know. Pretty plain; meter, the odd verb or noun. At least it seems to be that way. Then lo, what's this? An alexandrine, lethargic and slow.

cat litter. THE DBZ ISSUE



on the web at www.satirestyx.com

Tip o' the Week



A true saiyan always sprinkles when he tinkles.

~courtesy of Oney

Meanderings on the nature of super saiyans

What if super saiyan 2 was called super-duper saiyan instead. Then SSJ 3 would be called super-duper-upper saiyan. But then what of SSJ 4... Well since they turn hairy and saiyans have such an affinity for apes... why don't we call them super furrries.

Where Dragonballs Come From

Now you go home and relax. Get an icepack if need be. Oh, and if you see Porunga, tell him to come in.



Are you having over 9000 stomach issues all at the same time. Then you need...

Kaio-Ken-Pectate.



From the company that brought you kaopectate comes kaio-ken-pectate. It'll clear your pipes right out. It comes in four strengths: x1,x2,x10, and x20.