



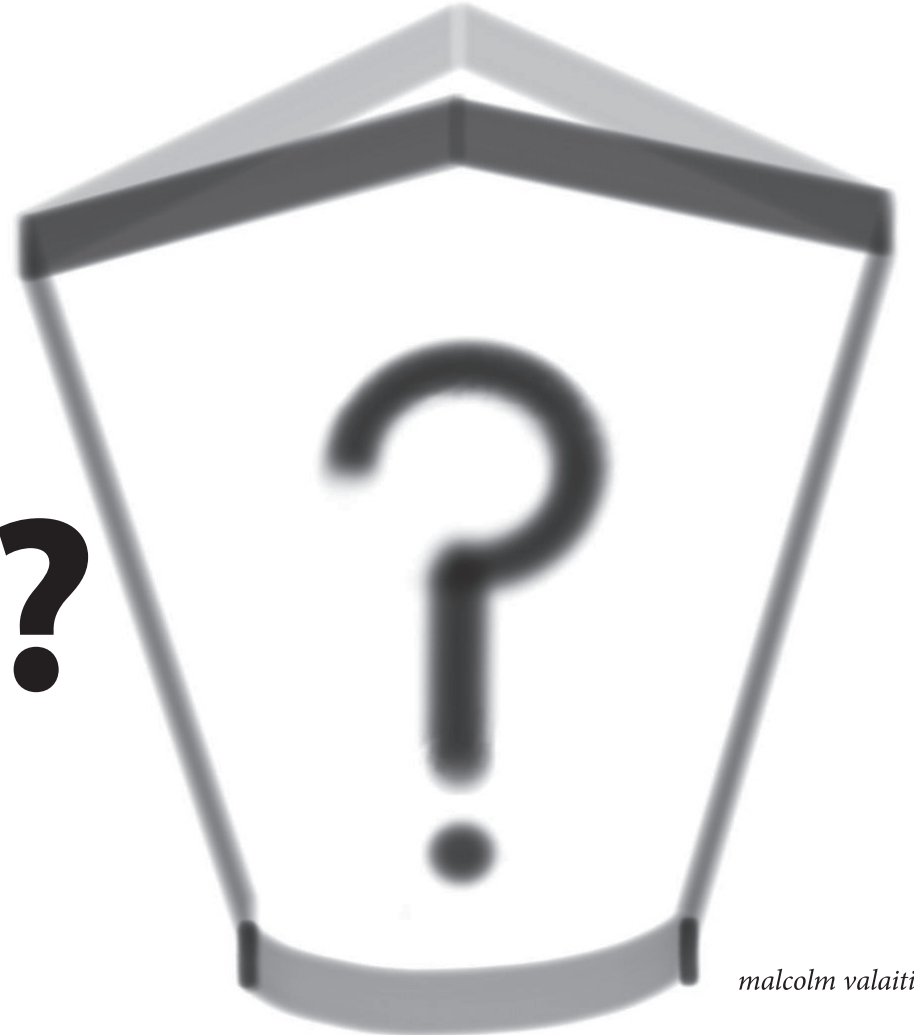
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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who are they gonna call big papa?



malcolm valaitis

by coleburton

So, Roman Catholics, myself included, are going to get a new pontiff very soon, probably even before Palm Sunday (the Sunday before Easter). However, this can only happen if the college of cardinals can make its decision on schedule, something which may not happen. Now, I may not be the most ardent supporter of the Catholic Church; I don't really appreciate religious authorities covering up for child molesters or the denial of marriage rights to gays and lesbians, but right now the Church really might have something going for it with Benedict XVI stepping down. He is the first pope to do so in some six hundred odd years, and, when the word went public, there was a media firestorm. Ever since, rumors have been spreading like wildfire as to who the conclave of cardinals, locked away in the Sistine Chapel, will have chosen when the white smoke puffs out of the chimney in Vatican City.

I hope the Church can head in a more liberal direction by electing a pope from one of the many areas of the Catholic world which have been traditionally underrepresented in the Church administration, par-

ticularly in the holiest of holy positions. In my humble opinion, it would reflect a change in the Church for the better: signaling an ascendancy into a new era for the Church.

The next Vicar of Christ shouldn't be from Europe or America (Catholic populations in these areas are on the decline). Instead the Catholic Church needs to pluck a papal bud from its ever expanding base of followers in South America, Africa, and Asia. The old guard that has run the show for the past two millennia needs to take a step out of the spotlight, even if they still hold the reins, and the mouthpiece of God Almighty needs to represent the majority of his flock. If the college of cardinals can manage to get their shit together and not choose to elect another pale old white dude

the catholic church needs to pluck a *papal bud* from its *ever expanding* base of followers in south america, africa, and asia.

from Europe (opting for a man of a little more color), then this groundbreaking decision could pave the way for even more Church reforms in the future.

Some of these possible reforms include questions related to a woman's right to become a priest and the haze still surrounding the Church's sexual abuse scandals. Maybe the requirement for celibacy within

the clergy could be removed to enable priests to let off a little sensual steam with the sister on the other side of the monastery. A non-European or white pope would be a good stepping-stone to these most serious of reforms.

Apart from possibly liberalizing the Roman Catholic Church, a non-European pontifex should be elected for many reasons. We live in a modern age where presidents can be black and a lesbian can

be elected to the Senate in Wisconsin. If these people can be elected in America, then why can't we Catholics get a South American into the papacy? I mean, they do have a fucking 99 foot tall concrete statue of Christ in Rio, I think they've earned a shot at it. And God knows he wouldn't be the worst; I'm looking at you, Alexander VI and those Vatican orgies.

Another important reason is the simple fact that we live in an era where the Arab Spring can get kicked off by a Facebook post. If the Church doesn't want the Catholics of the developing world up in arms, they may have to elect someone from outside their geriatric comfort zone. This is especially true after all the media-hype over the possibility that the college could elect a non-white man to head the Church. Instead of the Arab Spring, we might see a Apostolic Apocalypse as underrepresented parishioners voice their anger at the election of another Euro-trash geezer. Can you imagine the chaos of ransacking churches, and maybe even defenestrating some bishops into a big pile of horse shit (there hasn't been a good one of those in centuries)?

... read the rest on page 7

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me:

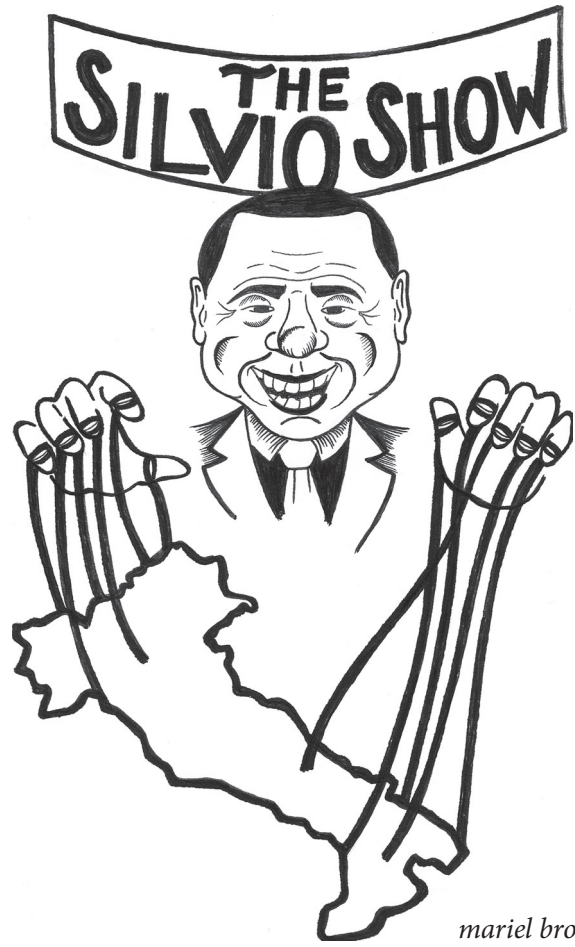
mardi gras
by juliannaroen

freeganism
by phoebefooks

boobs
by benberrick

the return of nine inch nails
by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.



mariel brown-fallon

the shit list with jamiebeckett

North Korea – Ahh a classic case of little man syndrome. North “Can’t-play-nice” Korea publicly announced a preparation of war after the unanimous UN decision to increase economic sanctions following the nation’s third test of a nuclear warhead. Currently North Korea is positioning itself for war although it apparently lacks the missile capacity to reach US soil. Idiiotic.

Sunburn – Did you go somewhere sunny and warm for break? Did you absorb a whole winter’s worth of vitamin D in a week leaving your skin red and cancerous? Well if you did, odds are your new tan/sunburn is blinding and will probably disappear by the end of March anyways. Personally, I like my skin as white and pasty as the sunscreen I apply.

The Amish – So apparently groups of Amish farmers in Ohio have begun allowing energy companies to use hydraulic fracturing (aka fracking). What the hell, Amish? You don’t even use the natural gas that is recovered; besides, you seem like the kind of people who would get bent out of shape by well poisonings. Basically the Amish have a literal view of Genesis, that the earth was created for the purpose of being used by mankind. As a result, they don’t necessarily buy into environmentalism for environmentalism’s sake, and so are okay with the companies making use of the land. I’m sure the fat royalties checks don’t hurt either.

Kevin Spacey – Wow. Spring break flew by and the fact that I spent to many hours watching Netflix is partially to blame. Kevin Spacey’s performance in House of Cards is mind blowing and I watched thirteen episodes within a five day period of time. I blame Kevin and through extension Netflix for my extremely unproductive break. Its times like these that I wish georgelof-tus were here to make a dangerously awesome drinking game. ■

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the news in brief with jamesaglio

“I’ll be criticised for saying this, but the world needs more dictators like Hugo Chavez, if it’s a dictator that he actually was. He showed a strong respect for human rights.”

-**Victorin Lurel**, France’s Minister for Overseas Territories, on the death of the Venezuelan leader. Love him or hate him, and those seem to be the only two options, Chavez was undoubtedly one of the most prominent political personalities of the early 21st century, and his passing has been felt across the world stage. Aeternum vale, Mr. Chavez.

“These are our islands, this is our home, and I think the rest of the world needs to hear us and see us for who we are.”

-**Julie Clarke**, a cafe owner in the Falklands showing support for the Falkland Islands remaina British, the subject of a current referendum on what is certainly the touchiest subject in Argentine-UK relations

“The great thing about hedges is, of course, they, they help to not only to provide corridors for wildlife, and birds and everything else, but they actually provide a very useful function for shelter for... stock.”

-**His Royal Highness Charles Prince of Wales** discussing the importance of hedges.

“I worry about the way things change all the time.”

-**His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales** from the same interview. Spoken like a true elder statesman.

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 HIV cures are pretty cool, right? +++ Sometimes I like to make the News titles all be movies that were made from books. +++ Two Civil War soldiers finally buried in Arlington ■

all the presidents men: or it’s never too early in an administration to get down on bended knee and start *fellating* politicians

by kerrymartin

I’d like to address a common but rarely discussed affliction. It usually comes with unwarranted embarrassment, so I want the people out there who have fallen victim to rest easy, knowing they’re not alone and they need not feel ashamed. No, put away your hemorrhoids, ‘cause that shit is actually embarrassing. I’m talking about president envy.

Now you understand. Admit it: you might not want to take Obama’s job, but you’re damn jealous of his seemingly endless expertise, his stunning cadence, and his thousand-dollar outfits. Watching everything from his State of the Union Address, his conversations with adverse diplomats, and news coverage of him buying a fucking hamburger leaves you feeling pretty good about your country but pretty awful about yourself. You may have just written a groundbreaking twenty-page paper about immigration reform, but Obama knows twenty times more about it than you do, as well as every other topic you’ve ever heard him dumb down for you and the rest of the American public. You might as well crawl into a hole and weep.

Or just keep reading and feel much better.

Here’s the big secret, which you probably already know if you’ve ever watched *The West Wing*: Mr. President doesn’t do it alone. The impression of seemingly universal expertise is the product of the hundreds of experts who advise him; Americans will feel more at ease thinking their leader has superhuman intelligence. Obama is a great diplomat, but he couldn’t negotiate deals with leaders of China and Russia without a team of ambassadors telling him what to say. Obama gives phenomenal speeches, thanks to no fewer than seven speechwriters. And let’s not forget the teleprompter technicians.

But the real powerhouse behind the President is his Cabinet: his Justice League: his team of trusty friends and experts that since our nation’s birth have helped our Commander-in-Chiefs focus on smaller chunks of the big picture. Their work can be as stressful as the President’s, and two-term presidents often shift around their cabinets to get some fresh legs and fresh perspectives. Let’s look at three of our newest cabinet members and what change they’ll bring to Washington.

John Kerry, Secretary of State
Everyone’s favorite Massachusetts Governor, Vietnam veteran, 2004 Presi-

dential Candidate, and ketchup enthusiast, Kerry replaced Sec. Hilary Rodham Clinton on February 1st. Currently on a nine-country diplomatic tour, he promised \$60 million in aid to Syrian rebels (a first for the US in the Syrian Civil War), but garnered criticism around the Middle East for his apparent blind support of Israel. Bringing peace and making allies in the transforming Arab world will be Kerry’s major priority, as well as working with new leaders of China, North and South Korea, Mexico, and EU states to steer the country out of 2008-09’s financial crash.

Chuck Hagel, Secretary of Defense
Another Vietnam veteran and Purple Heart recipient, Hagel is actually the first Defense Secretary EVER to have formerly served in the armed forces. He says he understands the cost of war and will do whatever he can to avoid it, as well as ease our transition out of Afghanistan by the end of 2014. Though a Republican, he staunchly opposed the Iraq War and criticized Congress for pandering to the “Jewish lobby” in regards to Israel. This came back to bite him in his congressional hearing, where his fellow Republicans in the Senate filibustered his appointment, but Democrats finally voted to end the debate and confirm Hagel on Feb. 26th, replacing Sec. Leon Panetta.

Jack Lew, Secretary of Treasury
After serving as Clinton’s Special Assistant and Obama’s Chief of Staff, Lew now leads the Treasury as an experienced economist and loyal Democrat. Sworn in on Feb. 28th, Lew replaces Sec. Timothy Geithner, a banker and a leader of the team Obama assembled to steer the country safely out of the Recession. Now, with the worst behind us, Lew will make sure that we can jump over hurdles like the sequester, the debt crisis, and bipartisan budget negotiations without threatening education, innovation, and infrastructure, programs that pay off in the long run.

And that’s not all: **Secretary of Interior Ken Salazar** and **Secretary of Energy** (and Nobel Physics Laureate) **Steven Chu** have both announced that they’ll be stepping down as soon as their replacements have been appointed. This could be good or bad news for environmentalists, who recently held the biggest environmental rally to date outside the White House to encourage Obama to reject the proposed Keystone Pipeline that would bring dirty tar oil sands from Canada to the US.

blade gunner: do androids dream of electric *bullshit* alibis?

by coleburton

Oscar Pistorius, that South African track star famous for the prosthetic legs which gave him the nickname “Blade Runner”, has just had his bail approved by Magistrate Desmond Nair in his girlfriend’s (should I say ex’s?) murder case. If you don’t know anything about the case here are a few details. On Valentine’s Day night, screams were heard coming from the Pistorius household in Pretoria, South Africa followed by four gun shots. When police arrived they found Pistorius and his deceased girlfriend Reeva Steenkamp, who supposedly passed away in his arms. She was shot four times in the head and body, which Pistorius admits to doing. But he claims it was all a horrible mistake, that he feared for his life and believed an intruder was in the house. Instead of his bogus cover story I think she was just a replicant, and the blade runner was just doing his job of “retiring” outdated models. His official statement to police is probably just a thin cover-up story. Oscar is really supported by the multinational Tyrell corporation and sworn to keep secret from the public the existence of replicants. The presence of artificially intelligent beings, organic and nearly indistinguishable from humans, would not go over well in public opinion polls considering the ban on human cloning and controversy around stem cell research.

Oscar’s statements to police say he believed there was a burglar in the house, and with terror welling up inside, he crawled out of bed without his prosthetics (the same bed where he believed Reeva was still sleeping). He then dragged himself down the hall to where he unloaded four shots from his 9mm pistol through the bathroom door. Pistorius said he had heard a noise and felt “vulnerable” with only his stumps and a lack of mobility, but wouldn’t the robber’s surprise at seeing a legless gimp on the floor with a gun pointed at him be enough of an advantage? If it were an intruder, he probably would have pulled a Vincent Vega by walking out from a shit only to find the barrel of a gun bearing down on him before being quickly blasted away.

The Paralympian gold medalists story just doesn’t seem to add up. How did he not notice that his girlfriend was not next to him in bed? Why did he fire into a room after screaming at the person inside and then not hear an answer? Steenkamp must have heard him, so

why did she not say anything before he fired off the shots? Add to these doubts the fact that prior domestic disturbance calls had drawn Pretoria police to the Pistorius household multiple times and the cover story’s plausibility is quickly diminishing. Its obvious enough to me that instead of a confused significant other accidentally murdering his better half we have a highly trained agent, maybe even another cyber-genetic being (his legs likely wouldn’t be his only artificial parts ladies), murdering an artificial life form in cold blood.

The previous domestic calls had probably been made after Reeva, presumably an older replicant model, began to assimilate enough memories and life experiences to develop emotional responses to the world. Her new emotional reactions proved to be uncontrollable at times, shouting and chaos probably ensued in the house and the cops were called. Unfortunately once one of these “skin-jobs” starts to do this the Tyrell corporation wants to get rid of them quickly and through deadly force. This task must have been given to Oscar, but now in love with the runway model/bio-engineered being, he tried to repress her emotional responses, staving off “retiring” her till the last possible moment. When the replicant finally went off the deep end on Valentine’s Day (probably over something stupid, like forgetting to let the toilet seat down), this blade runner was forced to put down his love like a dying dog.

This alternative story would even explain why he broke down in the courtroom when the charge of murder was read, he didn’t feel uncontrollable regret for murdering his girlfriend while she was in a locked bathroom. Instead he merely felt pity for the replicant whose life he terminated. For his sake I hope the Tyrell corporation will back Pistorius up in court with the best lawyers money can buy, otherwise the “Blade Runner” will be forced to retire himself behind bars. ■

Even for a man of seemingly superhuman intelligence, Obama has always had a hard time pleasing everyone. He seems to be pushing a stronger agenda so far in his second term (now that reelection is no longer an issue), pushing for massive reforms in gun control, immigration, tax code, spending, and environmental policy. Obama’s State of the Union address showed his specific and ambitious plans for many

different things. But he was just serving as the spokesman for the real masterminds of these plans, the Cabinet, who will continue to transform Obama’s ideals into tangible policies. ■

around town.



the mardi gras parade rates as a solid ok (probably because i was *sober*)

by juliannaroen

Being a fifteen-year resident of Burlington, I've gone to my fair share of Burlington Mardi Gras Day Parades. I would often attend them as an adolescent and remember the event being magical. I recall watching big, beautiful floats pass by throwing out shiny pieces of treasure (aka Mardi Gras beads) as they drifted off into a fog reminiscent of Neverland. By the end of the parade, I would return home with enough booty to make any kid feel like they were king or queen of the world. Although my childhood Mardi Gras experience encompassed some of the highlights of my elementary school years, going to the parade as a first-year college student was a completely different story.

The Mardi Gras Day Parade has changed quite a bit since the early 2000s. It has grown significantly in magnitude and popularity with floats and crowds being bigger and badder. As I recall, the floats used to drive down Church Street and there was not much competition to collect beads. This year, the parade took place on Main Street with police officers blocking off the road and a crowd pushing the size of Burlington's population to match. Although the scale of the parade differed from the past, the event did not lose its hyped-up atmosphere and

appeal for those ready to party. Thousands of enthusiastic citizens surrounded the edges of the street, screaming into the News Channel 3 cameras and cheering when the floats came around. If there is a time of year when Church Street is hoppin' at it's peak, the Mardi Gras Day Parade takes the prize.

I am by no means against being around happy and excited people during an anticipated event. But, to be honest, I did not enjoy my experience at the parade for a few reasons. First of all, I did not collect very much loot this time around, due to the ferocious bystanders who tried to catch the crap being thrown in our direction. Second, it was freezing. And last, the floats were not very impressive or original with the exception of Gardener's Supply's, which was themed as an 'Octopus' Garden' featuring faux Beatles members. Truthfully, the Mardi Gras Day Parade is fun for two types of individuals: children and drunk people. When you're younger, parade dwellers are more merciful towards you, with float contenders throwing their beads specifically in your direction, and other attendees holding back their paws from catching all of the goods. As for the drunkenness element, I imagine that it is fun staring at the brightly colored floats and being present

in an animated environment whilst tanked. I was sober during the parade, but it's no wonder to me why the lines for all of the bars snaked for several meters down Church Street.

I realize that I may be overly critical of the parade that the city of Burlington took the time and effort to put on. I know that countless hours are put into planning the event, decorating and setting up the floats, and cleaning up the mess after it's over. I am biased because I have seen it all before and had a much better time attending as a kid than as a college student. Therefore, I would not discourage you in the slightest from participating in the Mardi Gras parade celebration if you're around for it next year. It is a lively event where free stuff is generously thrown at you and people from all over Vermont attend. Who knows? Maybe your first Mardi Gras Day Parade will be as thrilling to you as it was to me when I was younger and encompass one of the highlights of your UVM experience. So, if you're around town and are not doing anything on parade day next year, you should check it out to become a more cultured Burlington citizen and watch an event that is unlike any other. ■

winter running: do's and dont's

by wesdunn

The season of snow, ice, and frigid temperatures is a great one for the many of you who ski and snowboard. But if you're holding running shoes instead of mountain gear when you're looking out your window at the snow, you might feel a little bit less elated. Winter running is a totally different endeavor than its fair weather counterparts. It's not just the various things falling from the sky, but the various forms they take on the ground that might elicit a frown as you watch it come down.

Maybe you're a year-round runner. Maybe you run occasionally to stay fit for other stuff. Maybe you've been on the mountains most of the winter but are starting the transition back to snowless months. Whatever your motivation, chances are you might head over to the gym and hit the treadmills or do laps on the track. Personally, both of those options tend to bore me to death after a mile.

It doesn't have to be this way – we needn't juggle fitness and cabin fever. Running outside in winter weather is honestly a great time, and comes with a little extra sense of accomplishment as well. Here are a few little tips to help you get out there, or if you already are, to help make the experience a little smoother. And, if you know all this already and are rolling your ice-encrusted eyes, then consider it affirmation.

Paved Recreation Paths

Wicked Cold / Stormy: More exposed, probably less fun when icy, because there's not a lot else going on. Dress super warm (think a cape), and try running on the sides, or wherever there's less ice. If running on sure footing means you're on the left side of the path, screw it, you see anyone else out here?

Wicked Snowy: Smooth sailing. Keep the snow out of your ankle and feet areas and you're good to go! Again, when it gets thick and deep, try to find the more packed-down parts and focus on tempo instead of speed.

Wintry Mix: Not fun times. Dress warm and as waterproof as you can get, and think about how warm and cozy your room will be when you get back.

4 Rainy: Keep an eye on the ground for slipperiness, and plod on! Smooth runs in the rain can be very meditative.

Trails (Centennial Woods, River Walk, Red Rocks, etc)

Wicked Cold / Stormy: Take shorter, faster strides. (Maybe try starting your run at a faster tempo to warm up) It will keep you a tiny bit warmer, and will also allow you to not eat shit. The trails will tend to get covered in ice or smooth packed snow; differentiating between this and softer, unpacked snow is pretty crucial if you'd prefer to not hit the deck (without even any cool mud stains to show for it). Fear anything shiny and shun the main path. Grab onto trees when turning on an incline, try to stick your feet into snow or onto exposed roots whenever you can. Expect to go much slower than you normally would. Dress in layers. Rock the tights. Ear warmers and/or a solid hat and gloves are pretty essential.

Wicked Snowy: Good times. It may be slower than fair-weather running, but not always, and you can run pretty much anywhere you please – the snow makes all surfaces equal. Also, the woods and parks are bloody beautiful in this state. Dress warm, make sure your socks and tights overlap, and frolic. At a certain point, yes, there can be too much fun. Try to stay on the more packed-down parts of the trails, keep grabbing trees when you see fit, and be prepared to run pretty slow and arduously when you find yourself passing snowshoe walkers. Consider it a resistance workout!

Wintry Mix: Pretty much everything about the Wicked Cold / Stormy category still applies. You'll also want to especially focus on wearing waterproof stuff, keeping in mind that when you grab trees now, they will dump slush and freezing water on you (wool!). That said, the woods have the best shelter, so depending on how icy the trails are, they are a nice option for a relative reprieve.

Rainy: We'll be seeing more of this as we get closer to spring, and this means a softening up of the ground as well. There will still probably be ice, and honestly, the woods will be extremely treacherous. Dress waterproof and consider it an adventure; at least this time, you will have awesome mud stains to show off.

Sidewalks / Road

Wicked Cold / Stormy: Sidewalks are awfully treacherous when frozen stuff is added: especially Burlington's often vertical ones. Run on the sides when you need to, and, like the woods, beware anything that looks shiny (or even just wet when it's wicked cold). Roads usually aren't a good idea, unless few cars are coming by. Then, they can be quite a bit clearer and safer. Remind yourself to take shorter steps, because if you fall here, unlike the woods, people will see the spectacle and the snow/ice doesn't taste nearly as good. Attire is the same as the recreation paths.

Wicked Snowy: Like the woods, run where you will. Car roof? Go for it. Make the streets your playground. Keep an eye on the fact that your speed will vary pretty widely depending on which sections of sidewalk and road are cleared out. Watch out for various snow removal efforts, from plows to shovels. Be adaptive and creative, and enjoy the look on people's faces when you burst, grinning wildly, out of that snow pile they made clearing their driveway and continue running off.

Wintry Mix: Much like the recreation paths, but with the added bonus of splashing cars and whatnot. Pretend you're in a car by keeping your eyes ahead, anticipating things that you might want to avoid or otherwise react to (not by doing other car things: while sometimes a blast, this is not recommended). These kinds of conditions make winter running the truly epic battle between you and the elements that you were looking for when you stepped off that treadmill.

Rainy: Look out for the splashing, and again, drink up the puzzled and admiring glances from ordinary citizens as you run unfazed through the downpour.

Hopefully these little tips may aid you as you venture forth from the stuffy, sweaty confines of the gym and begin adventuring through the trails and streets of Burlington! If you experience negative consequences from following these suggestions, that is not my fault and builds character, so you win anyways. Happy running! ■

first time skier? what you need to know

by beckymakous

There are some things Vermont is known for – ice cream, flannels, marijuana, maple syrup, and most definitely, skiing. In the wintertime, half the campus disappears on Saturday and Sunday mornings, only to reappear exhausted and happy at the end of the day, lugging skis, poles, a helmet, and boots behind them. Some people actually decide to come to UVM because of the skiing/snowboarding, and a few even plan their schedules around going to the mountain. Hell, the largest student body at UVM is the Ski and Snowboard Club, with over 1,700 members this school year.

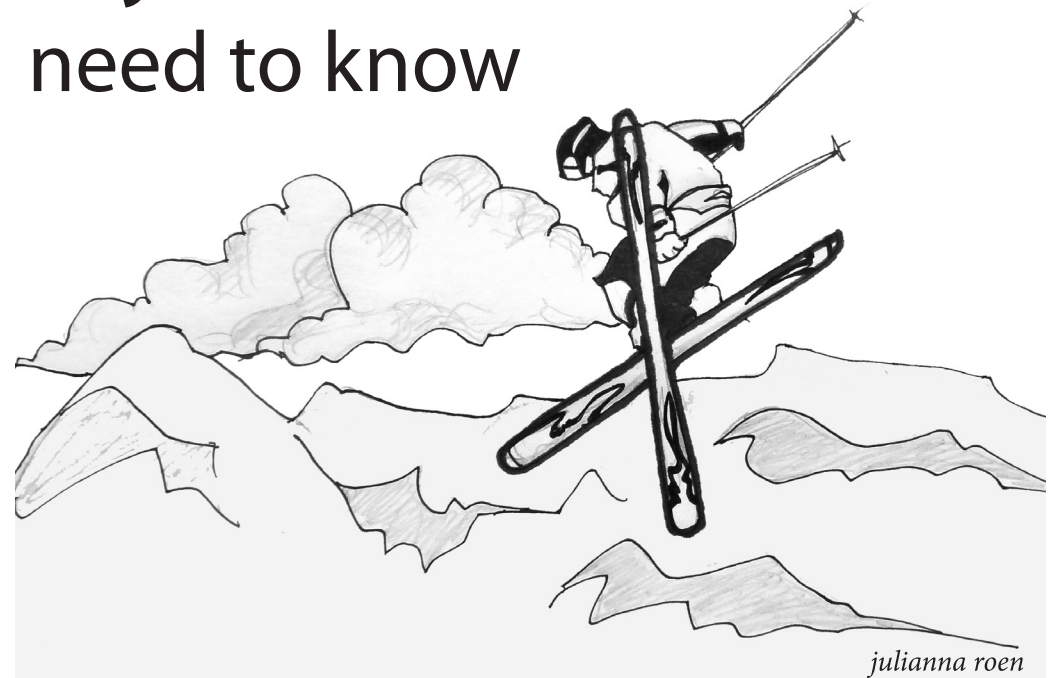
Now, having never skied before coming here, or having the funds to go casually, skiing or snowboarding never appealed to me. However, recently, I got to experience the world of skiing for the first time (just to see what it was like), and it was incredible.

I managed to go on a relatively warm day after a week-end of heavy snowfall. I skipped all my lecture classes to go for a day of skiing at Smuggler's Notch. Because it was a weekday, the lines for the ski lift were relatively short and the slopes were comparatively empty. The only practice I'd had before was when I borrowed my roommate's skis and went behind Redstone to use the golf course sledding hill as a bunny course, being patiently taught the "pizza" and "French fry" ski positions. My first real slope on the mountain was a green circle, but the beginning was steep and I knew how to keep my balance and steer well, but didn't yet know how to stop or slow down effectively. I went flying down that first slope like nothing else, zipping past other beginners and feeling the adrenaline rush. After a second though, I realized I had no control. I managed to slow down a little bit before crashing on the side of ski trail. Thankfully nothing was broken or twisted or sprained, but I was much more cautious after that experience. I realized quickly that a skier should only go as fast as they can control themselves, and people can seriously injure themselves when they go too fast. I had a few other harmless falls on

the real mountain, but by the end I managed to ski a blue square and, though nerve-racking, it was a phenomenal feeling.

How, you may ask, did I manage to do this on the cheap? I donated blood to get a buy-one-get-one free ticket at one of three mountains, and split the cost. I borrowed skis from a member of the UVM Class of 2015 Facebook page, was lent a car from a buddy, and my boyfriend taught me how. The total cost of skiing for one day amounted to about \$35: less than a Bassnectar ticket. And for a day outdoors, exercise, good company, and learning a new skill while having a blast, it was more than worth it. I would highly recommend skiing at least once if you've never done it before – just to see what all the fuss is about.

There are other ways of saving money on the slopes. The Ski and Snowboard Club has discounts for students. Jay Peak just announced that if you have a UVMSSC membership card, you can get lift tickets for \$37 on Sundays. Or, if you want to go casually, you can buy a Smuggler's




Notch's less expensive bash badge at the beginning of the season, and spend \$25 for a full day of skiing whenever you want to go. Or the hybrid pass, which only allows you to ski on weekdays and non-holidays. At Bolton, there is \$19 student skiing from noon- 8pm on Wednesdays. Almost every mountain has some kind of ski deal at least one day a week. So, if you're curious as to what skiing or snowboarding is about, I would recommend finding out. I now understand, and next season I will most definitely be investing in a pair of skis and a season pass somewhere. See you on the slopes! ■

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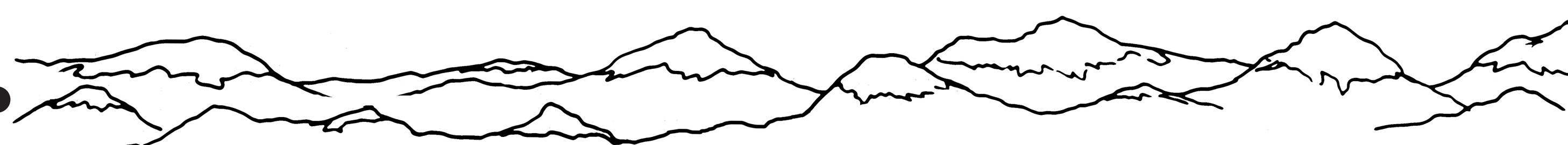
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reflections.



in defense of trash diving: the freegan lifestyle

by phoebebooks

Heaps of cold, steel-cut fries trickle downwards like a small cascading landslide, as the sickly sweet smell of maple balsamic vinaigrette penetrates upward through layers of abandoned shaved carrots and compostable napkins radiating the color of plastic peppershakers. At last, I push aside a wayward buttermilk pancake, saturated in maple syrup and God knows what else, and I uncover the object of my desire: a compostable to-go container beholding a bounty of apple slices and celery sticks, plus half a container of hummus—the exhausted remains of a Ploughman's Lunch, abandoned presumably by some weight-conscious worrier.

Within the confines of a building known as Club 590 (occasionally mentioned under its day-to-day pseudonym, the Davis Center), there exist several stations dedicated to the sorting of recyclables, compostable waste, and everything else that is destined to a landfill. To the majority of students and other passersby, the contents of these stations are nothing but trash, but to me they are a valuable source of calories and delicious dining experiences. Yes, much to the dismay of anyone out there who has swapped germs with me in one way or another, I'm telling you that I eat out of the trash.

"Freeganism" is the practice of reclaiming and eating food that had been previously discarded. (Shoutout to Wikipedia.) Warren Oakes, drummer of mad-sloppy-ridiculous punk band Against Me!, originally scripted the Freegan manifesto in 1996. It explains the aims, methods, and extensions of Freeganism. Motives range from the desire to "tread lightly on the environment", to the argument that food costs money, money requires a job, and jobs suck.

Personally, I eat from the trash for two reasons. First of all, like all Freegans, I want to minimize my environmental impact. I see no need to order more food, and to demand the energy required to put that food on my plate, when there is perfectly edible food that has already been prepared and is otherwise destined to a compost site or landfill. And for those of you expressing any doubt over my

claim that food in the trash is "perfectly edible," let me just state that since I have started eating out of the trash I've gotten sick with a cold once. Never have I thrown up or felt nauseous after a little Freegan indulgence. Obviously, I make intelligent precautions, like not eating discarded food that looks visibly spoiled (meat or dairy products) or from a trash container in a less-sanitary place, such as a bathroom.

My second reason for trash diving is that, as a consumer, I try to avoid spending money on foods that aren't locally sourced. (I won't bother going into the explanation for this, as Bill McKibben has got that covered in a number of widely available texts.)

That aside, my preferred strategies of Freeganism are dumpster diving and plate scrapping. As mentioned above, the hot spots on campus for discovering dumpster delights are the compost bins in the Davis Center, especially in Brennan's and outside the Marketplace, which are characteristically ripe with those compostable to-go containers, protected vessels of half-eaten New World tortillas, and Caprese paninis. Chances are if you've ever tossed out half your lunch in the DC, either a Freegan comrade or I have rescued the discarded remnants.

Furthermore, plate scrapping removes just one step in the process of recovering leftovers. In this strategy, Freegans will ask the infamous postulation, "Are you done with that?" to complete strangers, rather than to close acquaintances. Alternatively, if customers in a restaurant leave food on their plates, nabbing the scraps before a waiter comes by to clear the table is another efficient way of scoring a free meal. For plate scrapping I've certainly received some funny looks, but I've never been denied someone's leftovers if they were planning on throwing them out anyway. I'd like to think that plate scrapping implants the idea that maybe eating someone else's leftovers isn't so outlandish, and is, in fact, a beneficial economic and environmental activity.

In my lifetime, I have come a long way from refusing to share juice boxes with my little brother because I insisted he was infected with "boy germs." I've also come a long way from just a few years ago, blindly throwing money at whatever appealed to my appetite. That sounds extreme, but food is a much bigger part of politics than it may appear on the surface. "Voting with dollars" is an outlet of expressing one's opinions to the entire political system in which we operate. Digging food out of the trash also saves me dollars that I can spend on typical, silly college stuff (i.e. beer and books), and the process is actually quite fun. Friends, I encourage you to set aside reservations: give compost diving a try, and remember always that "one man's trash is another man's treasure." ■



"food is a much bigger part of politics than it may appear on the surface."

gym, exercise, and winter:

my visit to the seventh circle of hell

by staceybrandt

Exercising during winter, the season marked by the hibernation of woodland and dornland creatures alike, may seem quite unnatural. However, like breeding a German Shepard with a Chihuahua, if you want to experience something very unpleasant it can be done. The gym becomes a necessary evil, standing between a beer belly and a two-pack for many of us average folk on campus who are just trying to keep our jeans buttoned. That being said, it's a very unfortunate situation at the UVM fitness center, and avoiding it has become a new hobby of mine. Every time I have gone this winter, I've been reminded why I should just learn to love my love-handles—after all, they could be endearing in some social situations...

Entering the gym out from a blustery winter day, conceivably one would be bundled up in an incredible amount of fabric, from oversized parkas and sweaters to boots and sweatpants. Thus upon my arrival to the fitness center, a ritual striptease commences until it's me standing in skimpy running shorts next to a mountain of clothing. Then I look down at the cubby that should theoretically accommodate my storage needs in one cubic foot of space. Ten minutes of stuffing later, and it appears that three cubbies are vomiting my paraphernalia onto the floor. Fuck it, I don't have time to make my jacket into an origami box just so I look civilized.

After my storage struggles, all I want to do is to find a treadmill with a working TV and fall into the pace of the belt and absorb Rachel Ray's passive-aggressive cooking directions to numb my mind for a while. But, as usual, the gym does not have what I want. Every treadmill and elliptical machine is occupied by spandex-covered butts and fingers flipping tabloid magazines. Even the weird leg-spreading, kegel contraptions are taken. The clock reveals my mistake: It's four in the afternoon.

The hours from 3 to 8pm at the gym are very crowded—think Beijing airport crowded—especially in the winter. All the joggers, bicyclists, unicyclists, tree-climbers, tree-huggers, and Frisbee enthusiasts who would otherwise be prancing around outdoors after class are now all stuffed into a gym that's already over capacity. I finally decide to take my ass to the last resort otherwise known as the indoor track. In the cold seasons, the exhilaration of running in circles is enhanced by sporadic blasts of hot air to the face as you pass by the heaters. The temperature fluctuations mixed with being elbowed in the ribs by an overly intense jogger passing my lane leads me to believe this is some circle of hell. I'd rather run up and down the Davis Center stairs for two hours.

It's finally time to leave. I put my sweat-pants back on only to find a huge wet spot centered on my pelvic region. Horrible thing #47 about the gym in winter:

Puddles of melted snow may result in looking like you were too tired to use the restroom post-workout, so you decided to relieve yourself in your pants. Horrible thing #48: Walking outside after your workout and the sweat freezes to your hair causing a literal brain freeze. Depending on your genetics and sweat glands, tiny ice rivers may also form on your forehead.

So, if you're not trying to get friendly with your muffin top, you've got a couple of options. You could carefully construct your life around your workout schedule to avoid the craziness of 3 to 8. If you're particularly innovative, your dorm room could become a personal fitness center (if your roommate doesn't mind their bed being converted into a pull-up bar). And you could always take up an outdoor winter time activity like skiing or power walking to a dining hall. However you choose to stay in shape, just remember that summer is right around the corner and how much tank-inis suck. ■

"like breeding a german shepard with a chihuahua, if you want to experience something very unpleasant it can be done. the gym becomes a necessary evil."

POPE—continued from page 1

The last thing the world needs right now is more irate religious people. Personally, I've already had enough of them for a lifetime, between indignant fundamentalist Muslims on the news everyday burning American flags because of a pointless war and seeing the Westboro Baptist crew sling insensitive slurs against gays and lesbians. It probably doesn't help that I grew up in the Bible-thumping region of South West-

ern Ohio, in a town that had at least five or six churches for a population of only about 2,800 people. I know it seems improbable but, if given a directive of reform by the body of cardinals through the election of a "minority" pontiff, a liberal reformation of the Catholic Church may finally happen. And then I might even be persuaded to attend Sunday morning mass more often... or not. ■

discover your study style

by staceybrandt

As midterms are in full swing and everyone has started to tense up and wonder why the hell the Anthropology exam is 63% of the final grade, it has come time to hunker down and STUDY- whatever that means...

In the midst of midterm madness, coffee will be chugged, Facebook profiles will be deactivated (and then reactivated shortly after), and, most importantly, individual study habits will become the key to success.

So what kind of studier are you? Your best friend? How about that girl watching Downton Abbey next to you in the library? Take this enlightening quiz to find out!

1. A professor tells you there will be a test a week from today. You...

- a. Immediately start making color-coded flash cards.
- b. Write the date on your hand and hope it washes off so you forget.
- c. Scribble it down in your sketch book next to a gesture drawing of the professor.

2. What is your #1 favorite study spot?

- a. The world is my study spot! I take my flashcards everywhere.
- b. Bed, preferably with my eyes closed.
- c. The third table from the back at Uncommon Grounds.

3. While studying, what beverage would you prefer?

- a. I only ever drink water, juice, or milk. I hate carbonation.
- b. Red Bull – it's five minutes before midnight and my paper is due.
- c. A cappuccino with skim or soy milk.

4. What are your social interactions like during midterms?

- a. Aside from asking all my friends to "QUIZ ME!" on various subjects, I primarily interact with professors at their office hours.
- b. The same as usual...Why would they change...No wait, seriously, why?
- c. I might chill with some friends downtown for a study break.

5. How do you deal with the distraction of social media during midterms?

- a. I do not have a Facebook, though my internship this summer may require me to get Linked-In.
- b. I am constantly receiving Facebook and Twitter notifications on my Smartphone. They are not distractions, but a way of life. How do you expect me to tell everyone about my latest Tinder romance? #seriously
- c. I try to stay away from Facebook while studying so that I'm not tempted to talk to friends, or view 103 pictures of my second cousin's wedding in Hawaii that I was not invited to... Damn you, Kristin...

Mostly a's: The Organized Obsessive

Mostly b's: The PRO-crastinator

Mostly c's: The M.I.A

Studying is your life. Literally. You're not completely sure what else you would be doing with your time if it wasn't for making perfect flashcards, photo-copying pages from the textbook, or completing homework a month in advance. You, my frantic and fretful friend, need to chill the fuck out- for your own good. I'm guessing you've been to all your classes, have sat in or near the front row every time without fail, and listened to the professor with the utmost concentration (sometimes even shushing the girls whispering behind you). I think you are pretty much set for midterms. At a certain point, studying has diminishing returns. Just put down your flashcards, crack a beer, and watch the Kardashians be famous for no reason. You owe it to yourself.

Studying, you believe, will be the death of you. It is the least pleasant activity you could possibly imagine after drinking bong water and cleaning your younger sister's guinea pig cage. (How is it possible for an animal that small to produce so much poop?). You will use any excuse to get out of reviewing for a test including: reading and re-reading your entire News Feed from the past 10 hours, baking a cake with an unnecessarily complicated recipe, or helping a friend rearrange dorm room furniture. For you, I would recommend a 30-minute-on, 10-minute-off study regimen. Put your cell phone on silent in a drawer while you study for 30 minutes, then break for 10. Studying doesn't have to be like sitting through an extended version of *Les Misérables*. You can take an intermission or two.

You have a good handle on studying mainly because when it comes down to getting things done you are nowhere to be found. You have discovered a nook or crevasse, deemed it your study territory, and keep it quiet from your friends who frequently wonder where you are during midterms. Thus, having kept up with your work, you are quite relaxed before the big tests. This may possibly annoy the friends who you always seem to find cramming last minute chem equations into their heads. All around, you are in good shape for midterms. Just remember to tell people when you're heading out to your secret lair and when you plan to return so that a search party does not have to be assembled, or helicopters called in. ■

fashion five-oh. no fear brassiere: *bra sizing with ben*



by **benberrick**

Bear with me. I know that I am a man, and therefore lack breasts of any variety. Despite this fact, I do think that it is enormously important that women be able to feel comfortable not only in their own skin, but also in their clothes. Statistically speaking, if you are a woman living in the United States (and if you are reading this, you likely are at least one of those two things) and a professional has never fitted you for a bra, then you are very likely to be wearing the wrong size. Nationwide, 85 percent of women are in the wrong bras; considering that bras are something that every woman has to deal with, isn't it a little disturbing that this lack of knowledge of basic fit is so pervasive? If your bra is uncomfortable, constricting, has the wrong size cups, or is generally unpleasant in any way, then the problem is with the bra, not with your body (duh). With that in mind, if you are having any issues with your breasticle hammocks, you have two major options to consider.

First and most simply, have an expert fit you at a dedicated lingerie store (preferably not a chain, and definitely not Victoria's Secret, which is decidedly more focused on selling you their branded undergarments and unhealthy body image than underwear that actually fits). In Burlington, try Church Street's newest storefront, Aristelle; it's one of the first stores in Burlington to offer sizing assistance. Given the close location (and if you have no problem having your hoo-hahs measured by a stranger), there is no reason not to at least check that your perception of your bra fit is in the ballpark.

If you are more independent or are too shy to have a stranger wrapping a measuring tape around your bust, then you can do it at home with a measuring tape and notepad (warning: there is some rudimentary math involved). It's better to have a friend to help with the measurements, so if you're comfortable being topless with your roomie (you cannot do this with a shirt or a bra on. The twins must be free and clear with room to breathe to get the right measurement), ask them for help. Alternatively, you can ask a sister, close friend, significant other, or highly professional member of the **water tower** staff. First, lean all the way forward so that your back is parallel to the floor and wrap the tape around your back and the fullest part of

your bosoms—the tape should be tight enough to not slip off if poked, but loose enough not to change the shape of your tah-tahs or provide adequate protection from a bear attack. Write this (and any subsequent) number down in inches—this is America goddamnit, leave the metric system to those European types.

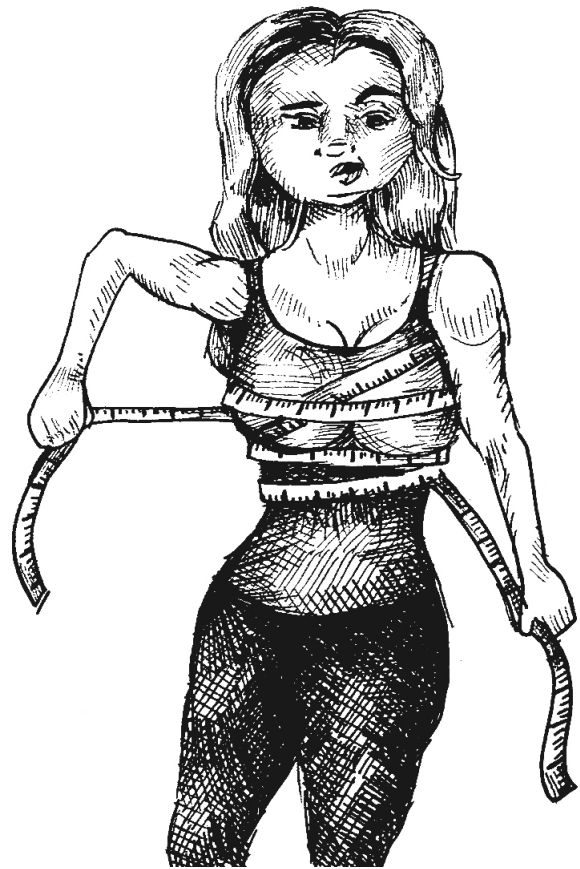
Second, wrap the tape around your torso under your breasts right at the point where they join with the torso. If this feels high, then surprise! It's because you've been wearing the wrong bra. The tape should be wrapped very snugly around your torso, not hard enough to leave a mark on your skin or affect your breathing, but tight enough that it feels like the measure is clinging to your rib cage like a baby sloth from the Internet. Record this value.

From here, the easiest thing to do is use the Internet, but be warned: most online bra calculators are like early medieval geocentric theories of the universe: good-hearted, but completely and utterly wrong. After extensive research, I've found that the best one available is at *www.sophisticatedpair.com/bracalculator.htm*. Enter the first measurement as your bust measure and the second as your band measure, and the calculator should give you the closest estimate of what bra is the right fit for you.

If you insist on doing everything yourself (they are your funbags after all), then you simply have to **subtract the band measurement from the bust measurement** and apply the **difference** to the standard bra manufacturer's chart. The US bra size system is fairly unpredictable over DD, so if you're in this category you are better off using the UK/Australian sizing system.

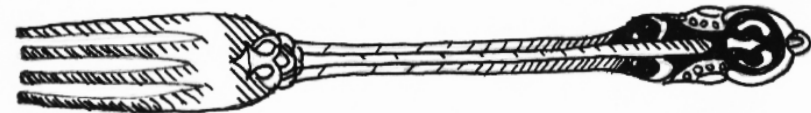
(inches)	0"	>1"	2"	3"	4"	5"
UK cup	AA	A	B	C	D	DD
US cup	AA	A	B	C	D	DD/E

After you've got your general size, find a bra and try it on: wearing it will give you the opportunity to really get a sense of any adjustments that need to be made. Once you've found one that actually fits and looks right, you'll feel like a whole new woman. Bras were made to be awesome, and to support the awesomeness that is your titties (and the girls do deserve it. They rock). ■



katharine longfellow

fork it over.



winner, winner, chicken (and waffles) dinner...

by **casscabrera**

Raised by two Cuban parents, chicken was a dinner staple. Not to brag, but I enrolled at UVM knowing how to prepare chicken seven different ways. I'd list them for you, but—at the risk of sounding like Benjamin Buford Blue of Bubba Gump Shrimp fame—I'll refrain. However, I will let it be known that to spice it up (literally), my momma would make fried chicken from time to time. Fried chicken was a fan favorite amongst my siblings and myself. The Casa Cabrera consensus for that hinges on the fact that fried chicken was the occasional dinner that allowed us to steer clear of the other two quintessentially Hispanic staples: rice and beans, which became absurdly dull after eating it several nights on end. So just keep in mind, friends, that I really like chicken; fried chicken especially.

I also really like waffles. I'd like to go as far to say that my passion for waffles rivals Leslie Knope's, but I probably won't be serving waffles at my wedding, so I'll take that for what it is. Honestly, I'm just a fan of "brinner," or breakfast for dinner, in general. I even have this quirky, but mostly annoying song that I sing when my

parents get lazy and forget that they have seven children to feed deciding ultimately that the dinner menu is in fact a breakfast free for all. If you're the slightest bit curious, the song goes like this: brinner, brinner, brinner ... sung to the tune of the Super Mario theme song.

On a logical standpoint, Chicken and Waffles may seem like hitting the dinner menu lottery – you've got chicken prepared my favorite way and waffles, which simply epitomize brinner for me. You see what I did there though? Semantics, people. "May seem like ..." When it comes to chicken and waffles, I flip logic the bird. I'm just not a fan. To say that I hate or even don't like the chicken and waffles combination is even taking it one step too far. I just have a few reservations about combining my two favorites that I can't overcome. For starters: why? You could resolve that it's all going to the same place with a nonchalant shrug, but that's not enough to win me over. My other problem with this "dynamic duo" is it's frankly intimidating. How do you eat it? Do you pour syrup all over the plate? And does the same thing go for honey mustard and barbeque sauce? Well, that's how ¡Duino Duende! serves

their Chicken and Waffles plate: a single waffle topped with a few pieces of fried, breaded chicken, drizzled with honey apple syrup, and a bowl of gravy on the side.

¡Duino Duende! mitigated my initial repulsion for just the idea of the chicken and waffles pairing. Truthfully, I enjoyed the meal – a good thing for my frugal conscious considering I paid twelve bucks for a dinner I wasn't sure I was even going to like. The sweetness of the honey apple syrup and the savory flavor of the chicken made my taste buds happy, but I realized halfway through the dish that I was eating the two crucial components separately from each other. I had to actively remind myself to eat the waffle with the chicken because that's what the dinner was all about. But that first realization led me to yet another one: it's not the chicken/waffle combo that stole the hearts of many a UVM student, but it's the chicken and syrup blend that has everyone craving the unconventional pairing. Pairing the sweet and the savory together, we're all suckers for that stuff. Maybe this is a little shred of chicken and waffle combo logic restored... ■

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

Hey you, yeah you.
You check **the water tower** every week,
hoping that someone wrote about you.
Well now someone has! I saw you across the room
in that class we have
or maybe it was outside
with that clothing on your body
that looked really good
and stuff.
We talk sometimes
about that totally awesome thing we both like.
Remember that thing you said offhand?
Um, you probably don't even remember it.
But I want to do it. With you.
I won't bring it up though,
Putting it all out in the open
like this is enough, right?
I'll be waiting.
When: you know when
Where: you know where
I saw: you
I am: waiting for you to act.

Before I start there is something you girls should know,
I didn't feel this way til a short time ago...

Once upon a time your volleys incited my infatuation,
And spikes awoke feelings in a southern location,
An occasional ace was an irresistible temptation,
(though I still don't understand your methods of rotation).
When I suggested a match I should have given the stipulation,
That this game was meant to cultivate inter-sport flirtation,
Alas we could not comprehend the impending devastation,
When our Frisbee skills had no volleyball application.
Within minutes the court required extensive sterilization,
De-amount of Dewahl's de-blood was beyond de-contemplation,
"The Doctor" even required cardiopulmonary resuscitation!
You will soon be hearing from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.
Your unsportsmanlike show of public defamation,
Can only be described as the athletic equivalent of castration,
After which I seriously considered a Siberian emigration,
But instead went home for some depressed masturbation.

...so understand that it's not so much that I'm mad,
It's more that I just WANT YOU SO BAD,
To crumble when you face our revamped squad,
The only thing that will save you is an act of god.
One last thing I'd like to say to all volleyball lasses,
You know you're just asking for us to stare at your asses,
With those shorts that drive all us guys crazy,
(And on that note, Redhead, call me maybez).
When: Wednesdays at 8
Where: Lower track
I saw: Mean girls
I am: A seduced moose on the loose

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



i am in denial
i don't want a "thing"
maybe
it would be nice
to have coffee with you
tomorrow or something
i will see you on campus
strutting in your combat boots
and your bleached hair
that i will compliment
when i have the nerve
fuck
i should stop wearing my headphones
maybe i'll say hi
fuck
maybe you'll say hi
you punk motherfucker
When: whenever i get off darkroom shift
Where: outside williams
I saw: a bitchin' punk dude
I am: a secret punkette

In lieu of being honest with you,
I'll admit there was a time
I would have gladly been yours.
But in this life,
where we are caught always
and forever
in a series of dependencies,
I endeavored an alternate course --
because of course --
my actions depended on you,
whose depended on mine,
which depended on me,
who depended on you
to notice;
to respond.
You gave me no signs,
no impressions or time,
so now I'm sort of... his.
And he's... kind of mine.
And I'm happy.
But I still wonder,
could we have worked?
If I'da kissed yah,
would it have been
for the better,
or for the worse?
You're my confidant.
My friend, my buddy, my "brother."
My frustration.
My pain in the ass.
Mine -- regardless of the "how."
And I'll be fine,
as long as I can catch
a glimpse each day
of those
green
eyes.
When: always.
Where: here.
I saw: an opportunity.
I am: fucked.

Roses are red
Violets are Blue
Boy, do I have something to tell you
I want to put it where you poo
To you this is nothing new
Luckily you've had more than a few
Now it is my time to shine
I want so bad to put it in your behind
When: NOW
Where: Anywhere
I saw: the stallion who mounts the world
I am: ready

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

Horrified young woman: Wait, what do they do with the penises they cut off? ...What do they do with the eye-balls?!

Less squeamish friend: Keep them in jars

UHS

Tired young man to friend (3pm Sunday): I'm eating Grundle for whatever the fuck meal it is right now.

Fireplace Lounge roundabout midnight

Venerable sage to his followers: Tinder is like a virtual glory hole.

At one of UVM's fine dining facilities

Young squire: Remember that time I caught you watching porn?

His knave: yeah, but now we watch it together so it's ok!

Wright

Gentleman aghast with Lovecraftian repulsion: why would you ever try to boil hard boiled eggs in your microwave?

The Epicenter (Bailey Howe)

One belated product of the sixties to another(both in possession of dreads that Cthulhu can only dream of, while proceeding through the censor gates of the library): "Uhhh so can we just walk through these?"

Jovial woman working in the Cyber Cafe: "Yeah and then they shootchya!"

Sunday morning in the MAT stairwell

Bro on phone: She got stuck under a coffee table.. I had to lift it up. She was screaming.

Tables under the blown glass, Wednesday

Girl: I think that was Jesus telling me he exists!

Mt Mansfield Room, Davis Center

Young Gentleman: "They hand out Nobel Prizes like condoms at a Planned Parenthood."

Wilks, Wednesday night

Girl: Dude, why do you have Zebra print sheets?!

Guy: I like how they look in the black light!

Redstone Express, Wednesday afternoon

Dude 1 to Dude 2: The way afternoons usually go for me is jerk off for an hour, smoke for a bit, and then do homework.

Athletic campus, Friday night

Guy to group of friends: I wish it was zero degrees and windy right now.

Girl proceeds to slap a bro for bellowing such nonsense

my kitchen

Biddie: Then he asked me if he could put it in the ear.

tunes.



ready, set, listen:

nine inch nails is back.

by dylanmccarthy

The last time anyone had the pleasure of hearing Nine Inch Nails live was back in September of 2009. When they played their final song, "In This Twilight" you could hear an extra dose of sentimentality in mastermind Trent Reznor's voice, a sound totally absent from the studio recording and essentially every Nine Inch Nails song ever. Why's it there then? What gives with being so sentimental Mr. 'I WANNA FUCK YOU LIKE AN ANIMAL'? It's there because at the time Reznor was sure that would be the last Nine Inch Nails live performance ever, and as the frontman for arguably the most popular and socially acceptable industrial band ever, you're going out with something heartfelt.

Fast forward three and a half long years, and we've finally got a statement from Trent Reznor promising the return of Nine Inch Nails in a very big way. This news formed three distinct groups of people, each represented by a quote: Group one says, "Awesome, just awesome. The creepy king has returned, let's get back to that *Pretty Hate Machine* vibe this time!" Group two says, "Uhhh yeah isn't that the dude in the song about fucking animals? That terrified me in 4th grade...never again." And group three says, "But, but... I want another How to Destroy Angels album!"

If group three sounds like you, then just put the paper down because you're a lost cause. However, the other two groups can be understood as "The Fans" and "Pretty Much

Everyone Else," respectively. To avoid excluding anyone (except How to Destroy Angels fans) let me break it down to both groups why Nine Inch Nails return is such a big deal

Why it's a Big Deal for the Fans: *Uhhh... NEW Nine Inch Nails material.* I promise I'm done harping about how this is wonderful without explaining why it's so wonderful after this blurb. Really though, for the fans this is all they need to read. Reznor took the 1990's by storm, and while it's highly doubtful that this reunion will propel NIN to uber-celebrity status again, some new material might just do the trick...

How to Destroy Angels on pause. Reznor's side project with his absolutely stunning wife, Mariquee Maandig has gone on to create a string of lukewarm received EPs and a slightly better received debut album. It's time for this project to be put on an indefinite hiatus. Maandig does have one hell of a voice, but it shouldn't require a watered down, and often times outright boring instrumental side from Reznor. Although, in fairness, How to Destroy Angels has one of the greatest band photos of all time: The trio is on a beach with Maandig and, the non-Reznor male facing the camera, while Reznor opts to face the opposite direction. It's a quick google.

Festivals could really use some hardcore Nine Inch Nails fans. Believe it or not, most fans of industrial music aren't

the spitting image of Rob Zombie, garnered in heavy chain goth pants (think back to high school, at least one kid wore these everyday), with literal nine inch nails. These people do exist though, and a lot of these guys appear by the dozen at Nine Inch Nails shows. This reunion combined with the fact that Nine Inch Nails was already a big act in their original run damn near ensures NIN top spots in the more mainstream music festivals like Bonnaroo for the following year. Hardcore Mumford and Sons fans having to endure a NIN set, complete with super strange circle pit, just because Mumford's playing on the same stage right after NIN, would be one hell of a sight.

Why it's a Big Deal for Just About Everyone Else: *There's no way of knowing what their new sound is going to be.* It was clear from the start that Reznor wasn't trying to win any Grammys or impress the mainstream listeners with his sound. Against all odds, Nine Inch Nails achieved ridiculous popularity. Let me elaborate: Reznor insisted upon and did in fact record 1994's *The Downward Spiral* in the house where the Manson murders took place. Yet it was unanimously praised by critics, and topped "best of" lists left and right. Johnny fuckin' Cash covered one of his tracks, and Reznor won an Academy Award for his work on the damn Facebook movie! For those of you who saw the Oscars that year, we all know how shocked/apathetic he was. I guess after all the positive response to his strange industrial sound, he realized there was a lot more he could do this time around. In a recently released statement Reznor says that he decided to "re-think the idea of what Nine Inch Nails could be..." Also that the "band is re-

"believe it or not, most fans of industrial music aren't the spitting image of *rob zombie*, garnered in heavy chain goth pants."

inventing itself from scratch..." If you were turned off before, try and open your arms for Papa Trent one more time.

Expect some insane dubstep remixes. I don't hold anything against non fans, as I've said, this stuff is weird. Spearheading a genre where the most commonly associated act is Marilyn Manson is tough. That's why many aren't looking to industrial for their source of bass, and instead turn to Zeds Dead. It's time to mix and match people, because the remix possibility here is insane.

You might get to see quasi-pony tail Trent Reznor. Last year a video surfaced of a late 1980's TV show performance of NIN, and Reznor was rocking an absolutely insane cross of the Skrillex cut and your standard ponytail. Chances are this hairstyle of the gods won't be seen again, but here's to hoping.

Trent Reznor is continuing the "90's stars revival" trend in a big way. Rose tinted glasses or not, the 90's were awesome. At our age it was Hey Arnold!, Pokemon, and Aaron Carter (really what more do you need?) but in hindsight, the decade we grew up in boasts some of the best music ever recorded. Now that Reznor's joined the revived ranks of Pavement, My Bloody Valentine, Blur, and more who knows what other legends from the past will appear again? ■

créatif stuffé.



just listen

by bethziehl

my darkest winter, part five

by ryanchartier

All of my stuff is moved in at my new place on North Union Street. It is summer 2011, six months after my darkest winter. The new place has a large deck attached to the front of the building. My roommates and I are on the second floor so we can look out to the majestic view of shitty overpriced apartment buildings to our left and right. "It's so nice to be back," I think while cracking open a PBR.

An hour later, I sit with my eighth drink having to pee really badly and wondering if this was really the right choice. The next two years of my life will be dedicated to getting a master's degree. Alas, I will be a man of letters like Roland Barthes! Look out for the ice-cream truck old man! I find myself deep in thought as drunken numbness sets in.

Flash

I'm in my high school English classroom; my teacher proofreads my college application essay.

"Did I ever tell you about the time I taught my first class in 1972?"

"No I don't think so..."

"Well it was a humid late August day and the students were all misbehaving. I thought it would be a good idea to start with some Kerouac, you know? Try to get them excited about being young with their futures ahead of them and all..."

Flash

The Kalkin basement is a depressing place to be, but this particular philosophy class is interesting to me. My professor discusses different aspects of free will and our ability to choose. He draws a diagram on the board that resembles a fork-in-the-road.

"So you thought you might go to UNH, but then you ended up coming to UVM. Did you think that no matter what you did, you would always end up at UVM or did you have the choice to actually go to UNH? Would your lives all be completely different?"

Flash

Late on a Friday, 1994, it is past my bedtime. My dad sits and watches television with a Budweiser in his hand. This seems rare, but I think he's in a good mood. I hide behind the couch because I can't sleep and I want to catch a glimpse of what he's watching. The theme music frightens me, but I can't help but love it in some strange way. The second season of the X-Files premieres and it's my Dad's favorite show. He takes a sip of the beer and realizes I'm there.

"Hey, what are you doing over there? Someday you can watch this, but it's too scary for you right now. Time for bed, al-

right little Ry?"

I look back and wonder who the pretty lady on the screen is. My dad has an open bag of pretzels next to his spot on the couch.

Flash

Move-in day freshman year at UVM. I look out my back window in Mercy Hall at all the other new students trekking towards orientation-type events and get ready to go with my roommate.

On the way behind everyone else, a familiar but mysterious dude comes up to me and shakes my hand. "Welcome to UVM man. Everything is going to be great." Shortly after this, he disappears into the crowd and was never to be seen again.

"What was that all about?" My roommate looked puzzled.

"I don't know, but at least he was friendly."

"Why didn't he shake my hand or say hi?" he asked.

"Don't know man."

Flash

I am back on my porch. Out of the stupor, I begin asking questions. Where will I be in spring 2013? What are my plans? I really missed out on my vitamin D this winter. All the lonely nights with junk food, books, and X-Files really brought me down. Where were all my friends? What was I really doing with my life? That winter was almost as pointless as above-ground swimming pools in New England. I joke with my friends that it was "my darkest winter" because it symbolized everything I didn't want my post-grad life to be: lazy and directionless. Maybe deep down I always knew I wanted to go back to school. Somehow it wasn't as difficult as I thought to get back to Burlington. There was no specific train I had to take with a bunch of strange new people on it trying to get back to Vermont. Some sort of electro-magnetic force didn't even bring me to Burlington the first time. All of that aside, I'm here and I need to make the best of it.

"Yo, you wanna watch Serbian Film this time?" my roommate asks, peeking his head out the window.

"Dude, I've told you I'm never going to watch that movie."

"Werrrrd. Oh by the way, I was thinking how we shouldn't have furniture, just an open living room where we can dance or something when people come over. Be all free and shit."

A lone firework fizzes up towards the sky over Loomis Street.

To Be Concluded... ■

"Craig, you got the burritos?" Ben yelled over the car.

"Yeah. Did you get the beer?"

"Of course," Ben replied, coming around the car, holding two six packs.

"You think that'll do it?"

"Are you kidding? I've got two more. I just didn't have the hands."

I sat in the back of the trunk, watching them pack up the food and drinks. Sarah and Brendan had yet to show up and it was getting darker by the minute. I wondered if maybe they had missed the turn, but they knew the island just as well as the rest of us.

It had become our tradition to get together on one of the last days of summer before we all headed back to college. Normally, I was just as stoked as the rest of them, but tonight didn't feel the same. My year at school had been so different from theirs and I felt myself drifting away from these people I called friends. I was grasping for something that was no longer there for me, and I worried that it was time to let go. I zipped up my jacket and put my headlamp on as Sarah and Brendan pulled up. Try to have fun, I told myself.

"Hey guys," Sarah said. "Ready for this?"

"Ohhh yeahhh," said Craig.

The guys threw on their packs, which made a nice clinking sound, and we headed to the trail head with our headlamps on. I felt the excitement of the others as we bounded along the rooted trail and across log bridges. The rain from the past days had made sections of the trail dangerously muddy. I heard a scream as Ben pushed Sarah off the log crossing and into the mud. Turning, I found Sarah laughing, covered in mud, ready to retaliate against Ben with a big mud hug.

"Guess you'll have to go swimming to get that off," Ben said.

"Guess you will too now," said Sarah, hugging him.

I heard the stream running beside us as we neared the end of the trail. Then, finally, the trees broke and we stepped out onto the stone beach. We all turned our headlamps off and allowed our eyes to adjust to the darkness. I sat down on a big rock and brushed my fingers along the smooth stones at my feet. Most were rounded and egg shaped from the relentless waves. The entire beach was made up of these rocks and the little stream trickled down to join the ocean. Everything was seamless.

The others came to where I sat and formed a circle on the rocks. All we did was listen, listen to the waves crash on the beach and then crackle as they pulled the stones back with them. Tonight was perfect because there had been a recent storm and the waves pulled the rocks back with great

er force. The sound was even more distant than usual.

I remember the first time I had come here. It had been pitch black like tonight. I couldn't see the beauty, but I could hear it. I felt its pull on me with every crashing wave. The cliffs sheltered the beach on either side and they sheltered me. I have returned here more times than I can count.

Brendan and Ben gathered wood for a fire and Craig passed around the food and refreshments. We all sat together, not speaking for a while. They knew I liked the quiet and I sat, sipping my beer, listening to the waves. Craig lit a joint and passed it around, but I chose not to partake.

I listened to the others rehash all of their favorite summer stories about all the hilarious shenanigans. It was true. These guys were a lot of fun to be around and I've always loved summers on the island with them.

I watched as Sarah headed for the ocean, dragging Ben along with her to wash off the mud in the water. They flirted back and forth as they splashed into the ocean.

"It's funny how bright it is, but I can't see the moon," said Brendan. "It must be here though. Maybe around the cliff or something."

"Let's go see," said Craig.

"Wanna come?" they asked.

"No thanks. I just want to sit and listen."

I did not need to see the moon to know it was there. I saw them in the dark, outlined by the blackness as they scrambled along the rocks and then disappeared around a boulder. I was left alone, but did not feel alone at all. Everything around me seemed to whisper, let go. Let go. Let go. The stone I had clutched so hard in my hands fell to the ground. Maybe it was true. Maybe I was ready. I needed to move forward and stop holding onto my past. The passing of a friend at school had changed me, and my high school friends just didn't understand that. It was okay to let them go, to move on. I wasn't scared anymore. I didn't need them to define a part of me because I knew who I was now.

I waited until they all returned to the fire and it grew very late before we packed up. Brendan dropped me off at my house and I knew this would be a difficult final goodbye. I had always been closest to Brendan. I gave him a hug and then moved to quickly get out of the car. He grabbed my arm before I could step out.

"Kat, good luck," he said to me, with a friendly smile before letting go of my arm. I turned as I left and smiled back at him, knowing he understood this was goodbye for good. ■

URBAN INDIE FILM MAKING SUMMER MONTREAL 2013 27 MAY --- 2 AUGUST

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- Urban Indie Filmmaking
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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 raze the Davis Center.

Beyond Waterman, past the green and the hill Behind Williams, Billings, and the Old Mill Hides the rest of campus, which looks rather ill Like the refuse of a devastating concrete spill. I get that the 60s weren't great for architecture Angell lends little distraction to lectures. But looking at our nice old buildings, I'd conjecture That we'd see a revival of decorum and texture. Instead, they sank seventy million gold talents Dwarfing the construction cost of Ira Allen, To build a center with the fashion sense of Todd McGowan So they can hike tuition and win many medallions. Davis Center, I admit, you improve UVM, But talk to Christopher Wren before you do it again. by traphouse traditionalist *Kerry Martin*

Next issue, we drink in **Ireland**. The week after, we get particular about **Grammar**. Send your raps to thewatertownnews@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! ■

cat litter.



with collincappelle



on the web at www.satirestyx.com

Tip o' the Week

any laundry day where you end up with an even number of socks should be considered a holiday

by casscabrera

drinking game: the most popular girls in school

Drink every time:

- Mackenzie Zales is introduced by her resume: "Head Cheerleader, Homecoming Queen, and Part-time Model"
- Someone is pooping or mentions pooping
- Handjobs are mentioned
Drink twice if the handjob is described as "second-rate"

- Saison says, "How do you say ..."
- Drink twice if the word Saison is trying to say is in fact a French word
- The third grade is mentioned
- Someone references Gossip Girl
- Rachel Tice makes an onscreen appearance
- Two characters make out
- A wild gremlin (aka McKayla Van Buren) appears
- The trademark Van Buren "Hey-iiii" or "Bye-iiii"

makes your ears bleed

- "Fucking Rachel Tice" is used as a scapegoat

- Lunch Lady Belinda gets all Mary Kay Letourneau for Cameron Van Buren

- Ashley Katchedourian makes an onscreen appearance

*** Finish your drink when anyone gets his or her arms ripped off

"Latin mothafucker, do you speak it?!"



POPE FICTION