



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 13 - issue 8 - tuesday, march 19, 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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fresh bread: a conversation with kingbread

by kerrymartin

"How hip hop am I? I am so hip hop," he told me. "I come from flushing the toilet with a bucket of water hip hop. I come from the hood where the window was broken and I had like nine cats crawling out my window in my room." He laughed, throwing his bald head back and shaking his impressive black beard. "I love cats. I'm a Bengal, baby, that's a big cat! And I'm hood, man, I'm hood like fish and grits!"

This is Kingbread. Let's set the records straight: he's not dangerous, he's not homeless, and he does not own a gun. And his name is not Cornbread. If you find him swaggering down some Burlington path and he starts spitting lines at you, don't run away; stop and listen, you'll probably learn something. The police may be his "main enemies," but he loves UVM students, and he hopes we love him just as much.

"I can't keep saying how much I love the support UVM's showing me," he said when I interviewed him on Friday at Manhattan Pizza & Pub (footage of which will be available online). In the years since he moved from Cincinnati to Burlington, he's

become a hero among many students and a permanent fixture at their parties. And now, thanks to his publicist Jordan Hurlley (known on the street as J. Realzy), you can find him on YouTube, Twitter, Soundcloud, and Facebook, where he has over 3,000 followers. But his various arrests, allegations of drug dealing, and recent year-

i don't need to be on campus to interact with my fans. i can catch 'em on isham, you know, loomis, hickok, downtown, where we do stuff that we can't do on the campus [wink and double thumbs up].

long ban from UVM campus keep him a controversial figure. "I got some haters up there, I know everybody can't love everybody, but that's what keeps me goin'...I'm motivated by the hate. If everybody loved me I wouldn't have no reason to go hard...I go hard for those who love me and go hard on those who hate me."

Don't reduce his whole identity to lyrics like "Damn you brought strawberries boo/and I get to pop your cherry too/and I

got that big banana/let's put fruit salad on camera"; there's a man behind the music. Born to a Jehovah's Witness family in the Cincinnati ghetto, Kevin Martin started writing raps when he was fifteen. He left town after the brutal Cincinnati Riots of 2001, and his father found work as head chef at what is now Burlington's Hilton Hotel, bringing him and his son to the Green Mountain State. "I'm a Vermonter," he declares. "I gotta represent for the home team, a lot of my success came from Vermont. I wouldn't be who I am without VT."

Vermont was where he converted to Sunni Islam and got married. "I'm married Islamically, which means we all know about them four wives [flashes peace sign]...I still can be me, my wife trusts me, I still can do what I do. I'm a lot of things to a lot of people." Like most things he told me, the exact details didn't need to be discussed.

Burlington was also the site of his arrest in 2007 for crack distribution sent him upstate to Ray Brook Federal Prison until 2011. Although he had already become

... read the rest on page 4



liz stafford

wicked smaht: the *real* students of harvard

by staceybrandt

Over break I visited two old friends down at Harvard (phonetically Hah-vehd) whom I've known since the days of snack-time and bedwetting. In our preschool days, these impressive individuals were studying *The Odyssey* while I perused the epic tale of a stubborn moose in, *If You Give a Moose a Muffin*. Despite the intelligence gap—or chasm, depending on my theoretical inability to learn quantum physics—we have continued to be great friends. While at Harvard I sampled the "raging" party scene, the nerdiness, and the twenty-first century diversity that now exists at coveted university. Though, most of the old red brick still remains, this isn't the same school your great uncle, John Williams II attended during the Depression.

The diversity at Harvard is just as, if not more, conspicuous than the lack of diversity at UVM. The mix of cultural backgrounds just between my friend's four roommates was staggering: Indian, Turkish, Swedish, Vietnamese, French, Australian, and Chinese. As I sulked in my white-American female inadequacy, I felt like I was wearing a nametag that read, "HELLO I'M, Nothing Special." Initially, I wanted everyone to prove their heritage because the unbelievable diversity seemed almost contrived. "Oh your mother's from Vietnam? How is it you say 'imposter' in Vietnamese, again?" My skepticism melted at everyone's genuine niceness. It's not their fault they're brilliant and ethnically eclectic – obviously it's their parents'.

Unlike a standard UVM pregame, dorm room basses were not bumpin', no testosterone induced shouts were heard from down the hall, and no one was desperately searching for duct tape so that Edward Forty Hands could commence. And to my pleasant surprise, it was eleven o'clock and I was not holding a girl's hair back, applauding when puke made it into the toilet – "Bull's eye! You're basically Annie Oakley." To my dismay, an electronic remix of "Super Bass" (barely audible from an iHome) was the wildest part of the get-together, I prayed the rest of the night would not follow suit. Two of my host's roommates had already retreated to the dorms for a rousing linear algebra study session. My host assured me this was a socially acceptable activity for a Friday night at Harvard as

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me:

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the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Lost. A stray. Dispossessed. Lightless. These feelings have encapsulated me each an every week since Valentine's Day that I have eagerly snagged myself an issue of your publication, opened each pulp scroll immediately to the centerfold "Reflections" section and found, to my dismay, a disheartening lack of horoscopes from oracle **lizcantrell**. Where is my divine guidance, Cantrell? I ask you--I plead you--to keep us wayward satellites no longer in the shadow of your lurid eclipse. Bring us the bread we have so patiently triumphed.

-One Fallen Star
Class of Whatever

Dear Fallen Star,

It is true that the pages of the water tower have been lacking in astrological advice recently. I can only blame my shortcomings on the prolonged winter. When the frost creeps up, I find that my ability to interpret the cryptic meanings dwindles with the receding daylight. I apologize for any trauma such absence has caused you. Now, as we round the corner to the upcoming vernal equinox, I suspect that the stars will reveal themselves again. Look for new predictions in the coming months, and rejoice. I am grateful for your continued support of my professional interest in prophecy. Fear not, I will proclaim the mysteries of the constellations once more.

Yours in mind and spirit,
Liz Cantrell
Co Editor in Chief

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

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uvm's alternative newsmag

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the shit list with jamiebeckett

The Catholic Church - This week a Cardinal of the Catholic Church made a public announcement claiming that pedophiles should not be considered criminals but seen as psychologically ill. It would be a valid point if the priests in question had not acted on these impulses. As it stands, however, children were hurt and the responsible authorities have neglected to stop the abuse. Pedophilia is an illness, molestation is a crime and should be treated as such. If they can't see this, then maybe the Church ought to be considered both ill and criminal.

Smoke-free Campus - While the details of this proposal remain unknown, I for one am outraged with the universities hubris in attempting to remove tobacco from campus. Moving the butt bins twenty feet away from all doors on campus has proved ineffective in preventing the mob of smokers outside of the library. From my observations, this has only increased the number of cigarette butts on the ground. What's next? The university is going to tell me I can't smoke weed either?

Russians - Conservative extremists in Russia have filed a lawsuit against the US demanding a roll back Alaskas 1867 sale. The group filling the lawsuit, called the Pchyolki, cites technical violations of the terms of the sale, namely the probably extension of marriage rights to homosexuals. The Pchyolki's other claim to fame was the recent fiasco in Moscow involving the punk band Pussy Riot. These commie bastards need to go bury their head in the snow and drink themselves to death before they do something really stupid.

The Police - Determined to disrupt everyone's vibes this St. Paddy's day weekend the pigs obviously deserve to be shat on. The email students parents received this weekend was necessary.

Lack of Sleep - Sleep is for the weak! Wake up, DRANK. ■

the news in brief with kerrymartin

"...Vehicle slowed down, swerved left off road + hit tree. Civilian shot 5 times in back + legs. Continued progress to Afaq..."

-The diary of Lt. **Tim McLaughlin**, a marine who not only survived the 9/11 Pentagon attack, but also helped lead the first invasion of Baghdad, including the iconic toppling of Saddam Hussein's statue. The tattered journal's exhibition and online publication mark the invasion's 10th anniversary, a jarring reality check as the war enters the history books.

"It was like waiting for the birth of a baby, only better."

-A **Roman man**, in St. Peter's Square when Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio, Archbishop of Buenos Aires, Argentina, was elected to the papacy on the second day of conclave. The first non-European pope in over a millennium, the 76-year-old Pope Francis may spell a new future for the church. Maybe.

"Failing to clean my pipes led to me becoming critically ill."

-**John Shone**, an acclaimed bagpiper who nearly died after breathing in an infectious fungus living that grew inside his instrument. Gotta clean your pipes.

"Something must have influenced [Jesus] to call for a South American pope...some new hand arrived and Christ said, 'Now is the opportunity for South America.'"

-**Nicolas Maduro**, interim president of Venezuela, theorizing that it was his late predecessor Hugo Chavez who swayed the Lord to choose Cardinal Bergoglio. God is currently under FBI investigation for corruption charges.

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

contact the wt.

Letters to the Editor/General

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

Editors-in-Chief:

watertowereditor@gmail.com

Advertising:

watertowerads@gmail.com

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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: another tragic rape in India just as the last one faded from the news +++ requiescat in pacem Olivier Metzner +++ reports: early detection treatment could cure 1 out of 10 HIV cases ■

god damn north korea is just the worst

by jamesaglio

North Korea is widely regarded as one of the least pleasant places to wallow in for a lifetime—widely regarded by everyone except the North Koreans, that is, who are presumably not provided with this information. A land isolated from the rest of the world, beset by hunger and poverty, and ruled over by a government that heavily censors and oppresses its populace while the upper echelons party like they are not directly responsible for the misery of 24 million citizens.

Recently, North Korea has made the news because it seems to be taking a more aggressive stance than usual towards its southern neighbors. They have tested another nuclear bomb, and have threatened to pre-emptively strike the United States in what feels like an empty threat, given its lack of ability to launch a ballistic missile armed with a warhead capable of not crashing somewhere in the Sea of Japan. Even so, this posturing (almost certainly a response to the recent UN sanctions backed by North Korea's only ally that is not the Democratic Republic of the Congo, China) does not bode well for the country under its new leadership.

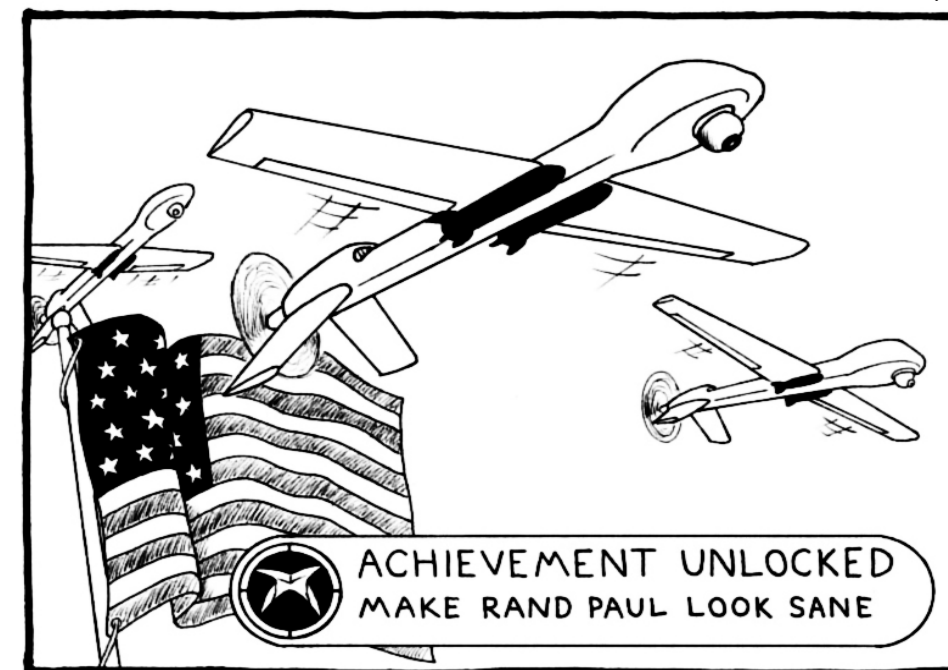
Of course there have been positive changes since Kim Jong-un took office. The legendarily brutal Camp-22, for instance, seems to have been razed. The concentration camp, tucked away in the Northeast corner of the Hermit Kingdom, was where 30,000 North Koreans lived out their lives toiling away for the state while being malnourished to such an extent that the gulag system would find it offensive. 1,500-2,000 people were added to the camp each year but the population remains constant, thanks to Third Reich-style *Vernichtung durch Arbeit* (extermination through labor). So if it closed down, that could be a sign of something good, right? Oh no, nevermind—27,000 inmates starved to death

and the other 3,000 were relocated to another concentration camp. That sort of loss is absolutely appalling, and has been going on for six decades now. This is just one example of the kind of thing that has galvanized the rest of the world against North Korea.

Enter Dennis Rodman. Rodman, professional crazy person/basketball player at first seems like an odd person to serve as an envoy to the land of Juche. On second thought, however, he is a perfect match for Kim Jong-un, professional crazy person/basketball enthusiast. Rodman traveled to Pyongyang with a crew from *Vice* and some Harlem Globetrotters and apparently all people involved had the time of their lives—apart from the peasants of course, but if their own government doesn't care about their human rights, why should Dennis Rodman?

The rest of the world was horrified. Gawker ran a mortifying piece juxtaposing party tweets from the *Vice* crew with images of malnourished children that invoke Bergen Belsen. Rodman stated upon his return that he could not endorse some of the things Kim Jong-un does (you know, the democide), but considers the youthful tyrant a "friend for life." The whole crew was there under the excuse that they were filming a documentary for HBO, so it is possible that they will produce a jarring video that allows the massive atrocity that is North Korean domestic policy to be distributed to the entire world and the whole "party bus" atmosphere was adopted as a means to get inside access, but that seems a bit unlikely. In the meantime, the rest of the world is still scratching their head over how Dennis Rodman became the Westerner with the most intimate knowledge of the workings of North Korea. As Carl Sagan once said, a brand new glorious dawn awaits. ■

kevin kennedy



ben berrick

charge of the white brigade: the return of the cossacks

by kerrymartin

No one really knows what Cossacks are. Russian historians still debate whether Cossacks descended from escaped serfs or Tartar warriors or an ethnic group in their own right or just a group of elite horsemen. They helped colonize the edges of the Russian empire, standing by the czar even against his own subjects. They were squashed in the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution and forced into exile by the thousands.

But in the Russian imagination, they shine bright as the honorable, brave, and free guardians of the Motherland. Unbound by law but respected by all, they are as traditionally Russian as cowboys are American, samurai are Japanese, and Mounties are Canadian. They are enduring symbols of national pride and purity; Russian schoolchildren are still taught the story where "a young Cossack spots a Chechen swimming across the Terek disguised as a log and shoots him."

But now they're jumping out of the history books. With the backing of slightly-democratic President Vladimir Putin, southwestern Russia is witnessing a Cossack Revival. Traditional Cossacks, in imperial uniform and armed only with their nagajka (whips), have started patrolling alongside police. In some regions, they've even been granted some basic law-enforce-

ment rights. And Cossack training camps for boys age 11 to 17—where children learn how to march with groups, shoot guns, and respond to emergencies—are growing popular.

Keep in mind the purpose of the Cossack Revival. Don't get the wrong impression: this is about racial and ethnic purity. The government has granted Cossacks free land in regions with shrinking Russian populations. They are a nationalist force designed to resist the rising tide of Muslim immigration and preserve a vague, conservative, and outdated vision of "Russian identity," of which no one seems to have a clear idea. Some Cossacks join the force to protect their national and ancestral heritage. Others are skinheads.

Imagine cowboy recruitment centers in the US, where they train you to fight back Latino immigration. And imagine them getting the Boy Scouts on board with it too. Then actually dress them up like cowboys and let them patrol with police or on their own. This is no less absurd. Get excited for gruesome tales of racial violence, because once the Cossacks feel even more entitled, the whippings will get worse. As a New York Times headline put it, "The Cossacks Are Back. May the Hills Tremble." ■

around town.



KINGBREAD *continued from page 1*

popular among the UVM hip hop and party crowd (with hits like “Yay at the Bar”), it was in the pen that Kingbread evolved. Whether he’s repented for his crime is unclear, but there’s no doubt that his talent reached a new level.

“Most of your successful people—your rappers especially—were drug dealers,” he declares. “Am I a drug dealer? That’s still to be known, still to be found out, it’s probably not true. But I used to be, that’s why I did Fed time, and let me tell you what: my time is where I wrote my rhymes. If I never did that time, I wouldn’t be hot as I am right now.”

Prison was also where he dreamed up his record label, Royal Cash Records, of which he is the self-promoted Chief Executive Officer. “I thought of that idea when I was incarcerated, I thought, ‘Kingbread is Royal Cash, Royal Cash is Kingbread.’” Armed with this flawless tautology, Kingbread proved himself a champion rapper to his fellow inmates. “I was goin’ hard up against dudes from Philadelphia, New York, niggas from all over the world was feeling my rhymes, from Dallas, LA, like ‘Yo, this nigga flew in from Vermont. He got it, man, he got it!’ We gotta go harder cuz where I’m from geographically, me being from Vermont, I was kind of like an outcast in there.”

Since he’s been free, he’s been meeting new people, making new connections, and getting the word about that Kingbread is on the rise. Back on his home turf, he no longer feels like an outcast. “I’ve never felt persecuted [in Burlington]. I felt like I’ve been a target sometimes. But I’ve got a lot of support on campus, and if a group attacked me, there’s gonna be another group to back me up.”

He’s a man of strong and sometimes controversial politics. “We’ve got a sequester goin’ on, we cuttin’ budgets, I saw a bunch of news last night, he and John Boehner havin’ beef. Obama’s got a lot of shit on his hands right now and he’s gotta fix it.”

But many of his beliefs are influenced by his faith in Islam, which is why he opposes the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan and believes that “anyone with common sense knows that [Obama] was born a Muslim, that man is a Muslim, unless he denounced Islam (which he probably did).”

On gun control, he says: “I do not own a gun, will not own a gun, do not need a gun, I’ll just box it out.”

His thoughts on the politics of hip hop were even stronger. “In hip hop, we practice our first amendment all the way man, I practice my first amendment all day,” he says. “Here’s an interesting fact though: white people support hip hop more than black people do. Why’s that? Cuz every nigga thinks he can rap.” It can be a dirty game, but when it comes down to it, Kingbread says, “I think hip hop saved a lot of lives, I really do.”

Kingbread is already on top and rising. He’s rapping real, cracking jokes, and going hard all over town, and he’s not stopping. He was barely deterred by his recent ban from UVM campus until March 2014: “I don’t need to be on campus to interact with my fans, the kids, my supporters. I can catch ‘em on Isham, you know, Loomis, Hickok, downtown, where we do stuff that we can’t do on the campus [wink and double thumbs up].” His goals for the future? “I wanna blow up!”

With funny, clever, and sometimes exaggerated lyrics, Kingbread talks about life. But from a man as positive and energetic as Kevin Martin, the result is party music, tunes to get drunk to. “I wanna make people happy man, I wanna make people laugh. I wanna make people think like ‘Damn, he just said some real slick shit.’ Cuz that’s what it’s all about now, it’s all about talking that shit in the rap now...this is not a humble business.”

So here’s to you, Kingbread. If you keep spittin’ that shit, you’ll make UVM students as happy as we make you. Even if some of our freshman are scared of you. And to those freshmen, here’s one last word of advice that Kingbread learned in the pen: “Don’t judge a book by its cover.” ■

food cart wars:

who has the best grub?

ahli baba’s kabobs

by dylanmccarthy

When it comes to eating in Burlington nothing can compare to the wonders within Ahli Baba’s Kabobs. I’m the pickiest eater I know, don’t get me wrong I’m not the guy who’ll push something new away because it looks weird or smells funky, but if I’m not digging the taste, nothing short of an act of God is getting that food down my throat. Freshman year was a rude awakening because, as you might know, gaining the ability to eat as much Sodexo as you want, is effectively the same as unlimited access to a buffet exclusively serving hot cardboard.

It was a humid Tuesday in October when I first ordered a “chicken kabob pita” from the Ahli Baba’s food truck in front of Williams, and that pita changed my life forever. Ahli Baba’s takes the concept of ‘put your best foot forward’ to heart, and with great success: When you eat at the Ahli Baba’s food truck you’re not eating food made by a hungover fellow, following a sharpied instruction sheet he couldn’t remember if his life depended on it, you’re enjoying the master craft of Grandmaster Chef and Ahli Baba’s co-founder, Lars Murdock. Ordering food feels more like chatting with a friend after a few visits, and is a welcome shift away from the ubiquitous scowls of the Grundle chefs. However, the Middle Eastern magic you can order here is good enough that Lars could act like *Seinfeld’s* “Soup Nazi” and I’d still say it’s Burlington’s best.

The Ahli Baba’s food truck offers a more unique approach to breakfast. You might bat an eye if you’re a “Bagel Purist” (most abiding by the everything bagel, or the glorious cinnamon raisin) and you realize your breakfast fixins cannot rest on a bagel. Yet even then I’d insist you indulge in the wonderful breakfast pita. The sheer girth of the breakfast pita alone will let you know you’ve made the right decision this morning.

“the sheer girth of the breakfast pita alone will let you know you’ve made the right decision this morning.”

derful breakfast pita. The sheer girth of the breakfast pita alone will let you know you’ve made the right decision this morning. Furthermore, the uncommon (optional) addition of peppers, onions, and salsa is a nice change of pace if you’re frequently rocking the standard ‘meat cheese egg’ combo.

Even though you can’t go wrong with a breakfast pita, you’d be denying yourself Ahli Baba’s finest goods if you didn’t explore the lunch menu. The lunch menu for me is built around a core of three pitas (I call them ‘the mighty 3’): The falafel, the steak, and the chicken kabob pitas. Naturally, one can find salads and even a kids menu, but for the unlucky freshman reading this who has yet to experience Ahli Baba’s (if you’re the unlucky junior or even SENIOR then I just don’t know what to say) then ‘the mighty 3’ are the only logical starting points.

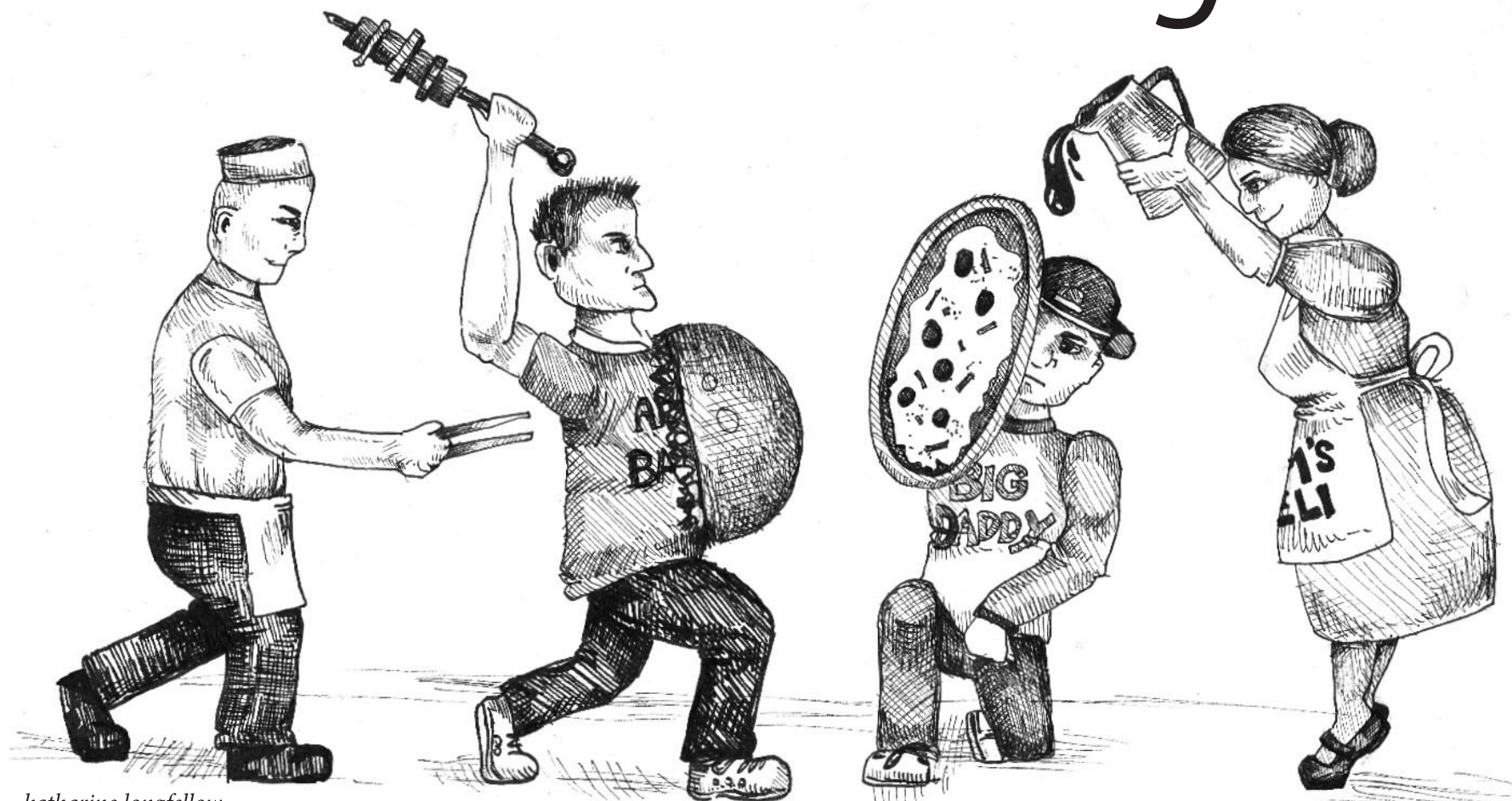
Your choice between the steak and chicken kabob comes down to your preference for beef or poultry. Both can come with some fine bbq sauce, salsa, sautéed green peppers, mushrooms, and onions topped off by lettuce and tomatoes all curled up in that delicious pita. Then comes the king of ‘the mighty three’ the falafel. It’s hard to trust a falafel these days: many places have turn to the frozen stuff, and that just isn’t the way to go. We want something fresh in our stomachs before that 3-hour class on Monday! We want to trust those golden brown spheres! Ahli Baba’s is the source of Burlington’s premier falafel, made on house, and as the GZA once said “fresh to def.”

If you’re looking to escape to lines, and mediocrity offered by your meal plan, then the best place to run is that light blue food truck.

pam’s deli

by benberrick

I freely admit that I am biased in the food truck game, because deli food is in my blood (obviously not literally). My Dad was a good ole’ fashioned bagels-and-lox-rye bread-spicy horseradish kind of New York Jew, and he passed that love of the deli down to me. That being said, I certainly won’t argue that Pam’s is a passable deli, but it sure as hell is a good food truck. Out for breakfast and lunch, once you’ve stopped in enough and made some small talk, it’ll be the car where everybody knows your name (who of your friend group gets to be Norm is up to you). While their coffee is entirely overpriced and should be avoided (seriously, \$2.00 for coffee? There better be gold flakes in there), the breakfast sandwiches are worth every penny. Even just a bagel with cream cheese will hit you right in the nostalgia for great breakfasts past, though if you don’t get an everything bagel, I think less of you as a person. Lunch is a bit more pricey and, while it’s good, there isn’t enough to set it aside from the other options on the strip apart from their monopoly on the BLT, which come to think of it, might make the price right. Seriously. I know that it’s treif, but that sweet bacon sandwich is the best thing that’s happened to me recently. Ignoring how sad that is, just hit Pam’s up—it’ll beat Sodexo sandwiches by a mile every time.



katharine longfellow

lucky chinese food

by jamesaglio

Lucky Chinese Food is the second best thing to ever happen at UVM—not bad when #1 is Wolfgang Mieder. Everything about it reeks of glory. From the first approach to the ordering experience to the experience of biting into your little nuggets covered in steaming hot goop, Lucky produces a tour de force of culinary excellence that could bring Wolfgang Puck to his quivering, post-coital knees.

Before we get ahead of ourselves, however, let’s take it from the top, *Barber of Seville* style. Unlike the other food trucks on campus, brightly colored and clean, the Lucky-mobile revels in its discombobulation. Shellacked with what should only be described as *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest* white, Lucky—beaten and battered—looks like it ventured across a hellish wasteland à la *The Road Warrior* in order to fulfill its God-given purpose, to supply you with shitty Chinese food.

I want to clarify that the label “shitty Chinese food” is in no way, shape, or form an indictment against Lucky or any other purveyor of such quality meat-like products. Rather it is a genre of food (really a way of life), and they the creators are artists, like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

Then there’s the ordering itself. Hollering through the too-low window over the drone of the generator, and then straining to hear the response of the vendor is an experience that I can only describe as being touched by divine forces. The vendor then shuffles away for what

seems like an eternity before returning with what you ordered.

As a side note, here “what you ordered” is assumed to be the General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (that’s £3.31 for all you Brits out there). Presumably, given that there are many, many other items on the menu, people have occasionally ordered something other than the General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (£3.31), but I honestly cannot say why anyone would ever do such a thing.

As you lead away with whatever you ordered (the General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (£3.31)), you can feel the heat rising from the Styrofoam container. The heat beckons. Finding a place to sit, you slowly lift the lid off the General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (£3.31) and then probably just bury your face in it. This is entirely conjecture, because I always seem to black out during the actual eating process, but I know that when I regain consciousness I have the remains of a sauce that tastes nothing like General Tso’s, and is not even the right color—odd because I distinctly ordered the General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (£3.31)—lingering upon my face space. I assume I ate it, because I can feel my arteries gradually stiffening, and I certainly seem to have enjoyed it given certain physiological responses.

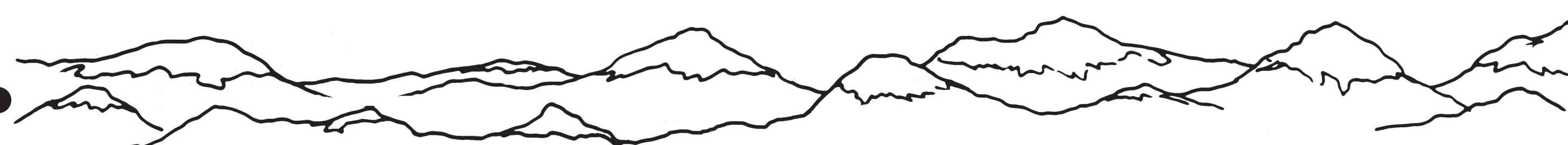
All in all, you cannot go wrong with Lucky Chinese Food’s General Tso’s chicken with pork fried rice for \$5.00 (£3.31).

big daddy’s pizza

by kerrymartin

My grueling three months working at Peppino’s Pizza in South Denver confers me with the authority to judge and rank the world’s pizza. Period, end of discussion. So the other day, I thought I’d take my keen culinary tongue to one of the pillars of UVM dining: the Big Daddy’s truck. Leaving Waterman, my nostrils met the most intoxicating whiff of pepperoni and diesel wafting across the green, so I trekked uphill—choosing my path carefully—and reached this beacon of hope, mouth watering already. Like a subsistence hunter who, after tracking a beast across the sun-baked land for days, fells his prey and prepares its flesh for his family, I walked up to the window and gave my blazed but not unworthy cashier a twenty for a two-dollar slice of buffalo chicken pizza. I waited for my slice, escaping the rain under the awning so generously provided by the Big Daddy’s truck, and observed the fairly-priced menu: slices of cheese for a dollar (that’s pizza, not Kraft singles), and pep for one-fifty. My slice arrived, a moderately-sized triangle topped with cubes of chicken and a drizzling of bright orange hot sauce, unmistakably Franks. I gobbled it in a matter of seconds. Now, don’t take that to mean that Big Daddy’s pizza is UVM’s most delectable dish: it’s definitely not. The cheese is squishy and subpar, and the dough is nothing to call home about. But compared to the mass-produced slabs of grease that you can get any and every day at Cook or Redstone (not to mention the half-edible fat-frisbees coming out of the Grundle ovens), a dollar or two for the occasional Big Daddy’s slice can be a welcome change of pace. K-Mart out. ■

reflections.



before blackboard

by marissabucci

imagining college without instantaneous social communication

I know, I know. Our former babysitters, parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles all survived college without text messaging or Facebook. But for the generation currently attending university, the thought is terrifying. How did professors contact students to tell them about paper extensions? What was life without Blackboard? And most importantly, how did people relay party addresses to each other?

Ever since I was in middle school, technology has pervaded my life and shaped my relationships with other people. It started with Instant Messaging the popular kids from school, trying to get them to be friends with me. Sadly, abrcrbpink6 and I would never quite hit it off no matter how hard I tried, and phillysixers357 would never like me the way that I liked him (though I did secure a few backseat makeout sessions with him the summer before college). I never experienced calling my crush's house, and panicking when his parents picked up. I only briefly experienced the long-lost art of passing notes in class, but by high school it was replaced with covert, under-the-desk texting.

And a vast majority of what I have experienced thus far in college can be attributed to the hurricane of social medium that has descended upon our generation. Facebook allowed for thorough stalking of my future classmates the summer before college started, and was in fact how my roommate and I met and picked each other to live with.

I'll admit: on busy days, the Twitters of BBC and *The New York Times* keep me informed about the world on the most basic level, and Alter the Press keeps me musically updated. But sites like Pinterest and Tumblr are like heroin—highly addictive, and once you start, you need more and more of it in higher doses. Tumblr is the teen angst capital of the Internet, where one realizes that they are not the only ones who feel a certain way—there's a whole contingency of other heartbroken, confused, angry, and hormonal people out there. Tumblr is a time-passer, as well as a way to get into

“it’s so easy to schedule, reschedule, and re-reschedule dinner because everyone is just a send button away”

someone's mind. You quickly learn what someone likes and dislikes, what song lyrics “speak to them,” and what their dreams are. Or in the case of **water tower** staffer Patrick Murphy's Tumblr, you learn that his head must be a very strange place to be.

Furthermore, texting to coordinate dinner plans, party invites, and funny anecdotes has become second nature to all of us. It's so easy to schedule, reschedule, and re-reschedule dinner because everyone is just a Send button away, but when our parents were in school, when you made plans you had to stick to them. Having the flexibility to change times around if something comes up is a luxury for sure, but just once

I would like to experience the feeling of stone-cold commitment to a plan.

Speaking of commitment, the way that we view relationships has been drastically altered by the advent of social media. Instead of introducing oneself in class (anyone who still does this, I commend you) and striking up a friendship, we are quick to get phone numbers to begin electronic communication. Our dads either had to buck up and ask the girl on a date, or hope and pray that he ran into her at some basement party. But now, everything is coordinated and planned, from the initial receiving of the number down to the acceptable response time frame. Being bold is sending a Facebook message complimenting a stranger on something they're good at, and getting in a fight means typing so furiously on your iPhone that the screen could shatter.

After nineteen hours in a van, one night in Fredericksburg, VA, and five kilos of snack food, my group had left the frosty north for a warm escape and an emblem of the Old South: Savannah, Georgia. I think I can speak for my eight fellow group members and say we had all felt rather suffocated and restless amidst a sea of white snow (and people). We eagerly evacuated our stuffy white van—which felt less like a vehicle than a can of sardines by this point—to feel on our faces the cool sea breeze that rustled the leaves of great oaks and swayed the Spanish moss that hung from their thick branches over the city streets. Pastor Steve of the First Presbyterian Church welcomed us heartily and showed us where we'd be sleeping. We weren't quite sure how we'd fit into this place over the next week, but we knew we were out of Yankee territory.

conversations with the old south

by kerrymartin

So let me tell you about my Alternative Spring Break. No, this article isn't about Alternative Spring Break; if you're looking for information about it, you can read my article about it from last spring (Volume XI, Issue VIII). This article is about old people.

After nineteen hours in a van, one night in Fredericksburg, VA, and five kilos of snack food, my group had left the frosty north for a warm escape and an emblem of the Old South: Savannah, Georgia. I think I can speak for my eight fellow group members and say we had all felt rather suffocated and restless amidst a sea of white snow (and people). We eagerly evacuated our stuffy white van—which felt less like a vehicle than a can of sardines by this point—to feel on our faces the cool sea

whose brain tumors had not damaged his intuitiveness (he would ask us personal questions and seem to know the answers before we even said them). I talked to Jeremiah, a painter, carpenter, and father of five, who had lost many teeth but not his heart of gold (and his professed affinity for “tasty old ladies”). I talked to Horace, a passionate and pious man who preached at length about peace, politics, education, tolerance, and Jesus Christ (believe me, it was way better than most lectures I hear at school). I talked to Curtis, a funny old man who told me tales of his former gambling addition (as we played Blackjack together, betting packs of Sweet'N Low). And I talked to Miss Lucy, a 93-year-old woman who had outlived her children but still had the energy to dance, play piano, and insist on giving everyone hugs.

We were sad to leave. They told us to come back and visit, knowing as well as we did that if any of us managed to make it back to Savannah and revisit these homes, even within a few years, we might not see many of the faces that had grown so familiar to us during the past week. But each face (and its matching personality) will stay clear in my mind for many years to come, as well as the lessons I learned about growing old.

There are harsh realities of life that young people like myself have trouble accepting. It felt different to be around people who had accepted them entirely. After seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred years on earth, tragedy becomes second nature. Like cold alpine brooks rushing down mountainsides, gaining momentum, tripping over obstacles to form rapids and falls, eventually reaching flat land, growing wide and smooth, and beginning their long, steady traverse to the sea, aging humans reach an equilibrium. They take the good as well as the bad. Children live, and some die. Boys go to war, and a few men return. Love happens and hurts; marriages collapse, and spouses die. Everything happens. But the people who so nonchalantly told us the gravest tragedies that had befallen them, whose stories made us want to cry or console them or run home to our loved ones, they've realized that everyone just takes a different path to the same place. So what's the use of being sad about it all the time?

I returned to the cold, thinking about age, thinking about my own life, thinking about a dead UVM student named Jamie Love whom I never knew, thinking about my grandmother who passed away two months ago. Death goes on, but so does life. I just hope we all know how lucky we are. ■

These homes were not permanent residences, just places where seniors can spend a few hours a day playing games, eating lunch, and talking about old times with what friends they have left. Some are younger or sharper than others and can drive themselves there and back. Others have relatives that can drop them off at the home. But many, for physical or mental reasons, can no longer drive, and have few to no surviving friends or relatives. A Seniors Inc. shuttle picks them up right from their doorsteps. It was not hard to meet a diverse mix of characters, who, except for a few who have lost their communication skills to old age or Alzheimer's, have no lack of stories to tell.

I talked to Robert Morris, an Air Force veteran

everything you need to know about wwoof

by wesdunn

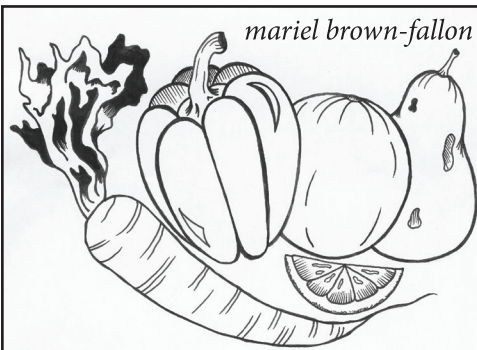
Spring break has passed, and holy shit, it's March. If your summer plans are nonexistent or flexible, I've got a proposition for you. That is, if you like working outside, eating good food, seeing new places, meeting new people, and learning cool stuff.

It's called WWOOF, which stands for World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms. The deal is this: You work (technically volunteer) on a small-scale, organic, and/or sustainable farm in exchange for free room and board. The farmers get cheap labor, while you get a place to stay and food to eat. You also get the chance to meet new people and make new friends, explore new places, learn a lot about agriculture and sustainable living, and really get your hands dirty, immersing yourself in some of the most fulfilling work you'll ever do. You can WWOOF not just anywhere in the 50 states, but all over the world as well. And you can do it for pretty much any time frame you want—a few days, a few weeks, or months.

To get started, go to the WWOOF website and sign up to become a member, which will cost you 30 bucks in the USA and 50 in Canada. The webpages contain directories of farms that allow you to search for farms based on location or specific aspects (goddammit, I wanna pick berries!!!). They each have profiles with pictures and descriptions of who the farmers are, what's going on at the farm, and info about accommodations and the area. When you find a farm you're interested in, you contact the farmers by email.

WWOOFing experiences obviously vary greatly, but to give you a more tangible idea of what WWOOFing can be like, here's

a little bit about my experience last summer. After searching for a while, sending out six or seven emails to farms that looked cool, I heard back from a few and ended up going with Threshold Farm, a small biodynamic farm in the Hudson valley region of upstate New York. Threshold had cows, chickens, pigs, a big orchard of apples, peaches and



marie brown-fallon

pears, and tons of different veggies. I spent a little over a month working there.

Where you live while WWOOFing varies. Common options are a room in the family's house, pitching your tent on the property, or a guesthouse. Threshold employed the latter, and in mid July I showed up to a rustic, dirty, but functional old house. My fellow WWOOFers included a couple from NYC and a chef from Brazil. They left after a week, and then the universe brought two attractive 20-something women with extremely lax clothing standards to join me for the rest of my time at the farm—I considered this a huge withdrawal from my karma bank.

The work was hard, some of the hard-

est I've ever done. How much you work perform will also vary by farm, which is very important to look into. At Threshold, I was suited up and ready to start at 5 or 6 am, and was done by noon or 1 Monday through Saturday. Going into it, I figured I would have afternoons free to do whatever I wanted—roam, read books, fornicate, etc. This was really only the case after a few weeks, because until then, I spent every afternoon after work napping or similarly immobilized. Throughout my stay, I went to bed at 8 or 9, basically sleeping and waking with the sun.

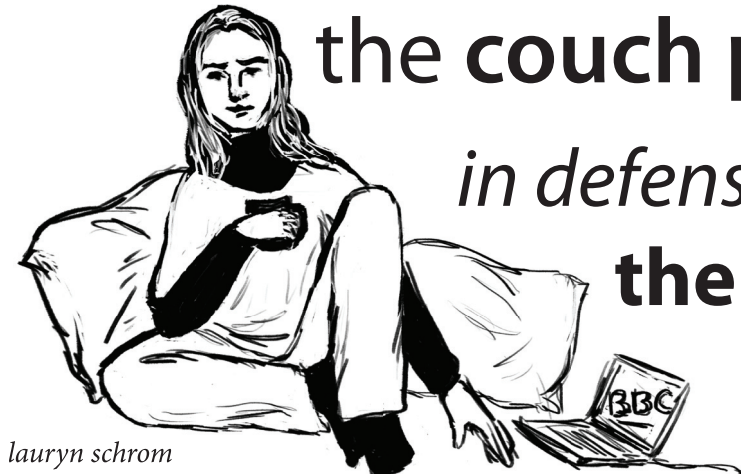
What did I do? First of all, I milked cows, which meant getting intimate with a lot of cow shit and flies. All the flies. I weeded. All the weeds. I harvested veggies, built a chicken run and a pig run, fed both of those kinds of creatures daily, picked apples and peaches, and a whole ton of other stuff. Most importantly, I got to walk around with boots and a straw hat and dirt under my fingernails. Quality shit right there. After a couple weeks, I started to get in shape for this kind of work, and began to enjoy my afternoons exploring the beautiful countryside and relaxing at a swimming hole with a waterfall that my fellow WWOOFers and I found. I also used the farmers' library card and read a couple good books from the library in town.

Farms will go about feeding you in different ways; at some you'll have all of your meals with the farmers, but at others you'll have maybe one or none. At Threshold, we all ate lunch together. The farmers provided us with food from the farm and some other sustenance to use for dinner and breakfast back at our house. This was probably one of the hardest aspects for me; we didn't get a lot of food, and it wasn't the most exciting. Eventually, I got more comfortable with the food, realized I actually liked several vegetables I'd never tried, and learned some new recipes.

So that's one example of the WWOOF experience. For me, it was really positive, and I got a lot out of it. Some people have less positive experiences—it all depends on the farm. If you decide to WWOOF, do your research carefully, and know two things: 1) The farm descriptions are great, but pay close attention the reviews and your dialogue with the farmers to get a feel of the situation. 2) You can always leave. Nobody is keeping you there, unless the farm is very secluded and you're dependent on the farmers for transportation—a situation that you should probably preemptively account for.

If this has caught your interest, check out more about WWOOFing on the interwebs and get going! Now is the season to contact farmers; they're looking for summer WWOOFers in this late winter/spring period. Do it for a week, a month, or all summer! Do it with friends, make friends, eat awesome food, work really hard, get super dirty, and through it all be proud that you're a part of the anti-industrial agriculture movement. Find a farm that suits you, whether it has a bunch of goats or a cool water-capturing project, and dig in! ■

the couch potato chronicles: in defense of the lazy spring break



lauryn schrom

by rebeccaaurion

I'm not one of those people who hear the words “Spring Break” and immediately think: “Yes, happy day! I'll book the flight to Cancun and locate every white t-shirt I own! I must dampen them upon my person at once!” Hell no. My thought process goes a little more like: “Aww yeah. Time to do jack shit for a week.” I'm fully comfortable with my laziness, dear reader, because I'm convinced that sitting on my sofa in sweatpants and shoveling Doritos in my face is as close to nirvana as I'm likely to get.

Some part of me does admire those individuals who managed to do something productive during their break; I just wasn't one of them. Aside from screaming at the Bruins to defeat Tampa Bay (which we did, 3-2, in case you were wondering), I spent a good major-

ity of my week getting caught up on *Doctor Who*, scrolling through Tumblr and generally pretending I didn't have four papers due the week we returned. And even though I'm paying the price now to play catch-up, it was completely worth it.

Here's how I see it: we spent the past 8 weeks or so busting ass and trying not to catch that mysterious flu that seemed to pick off classmates one by one. Personally I think we were all entitled to at least a few days of extreme laziness. Or at least, a few days of doing something that genuinely relaxes you. If that's helping to build schools for impoverished children or working on your tan, that's great. I just hope you used sunscreen. Personally, relaxing for me means curling up on a sofa with some Earl Grey and casually weeping as the BBC kills

off every character I love. When I'm not unconscious, that is.

I'll admit that there's a part of me that really wishes I had done something other than consume my weight in non-Sodexo food that week. But in the end, I needed a break, in the true meaning of the word, and I'm sure I'm not the only one. So if your break sounded anything like mine, be proud! You got a well-deserved rest from the stresses of college life, and that's nothing to be ashamed of.

Everyone's entitled to spend their vacation how they wish. So don't begrudge those who choose to spend it in their Fortress of Solitude glued to their Netflix account. Maybe I'll save the world during the next vacation, if I'm not too busy watching *Harry Potter* instead. ■

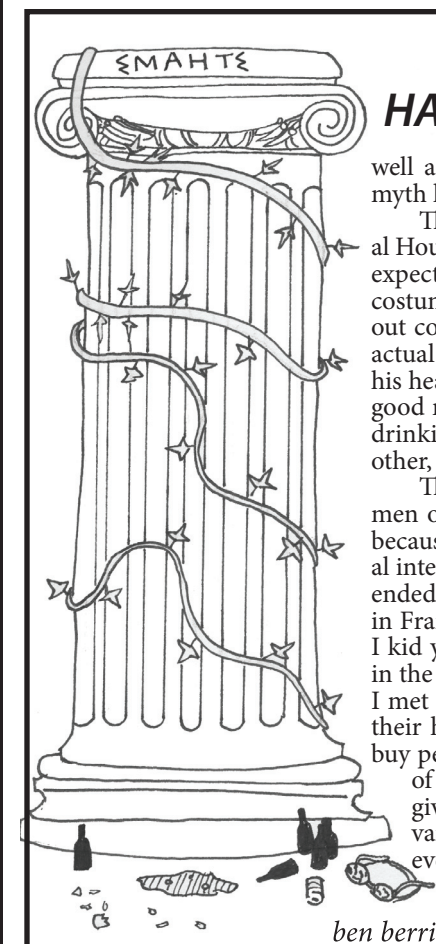
“there are harsh realities of life that young people like myself have trouble accepting. it felt different to be around people who had accepted them entirely.”

HARVARD -continued from pg 1

well as doing laundry...Ok, so the Harvard nerdiness myth has been confirmed as fact.

Thankfully, we had been invited to the “International House” (something like UVM's L/L) for a “rage”. I half expected to show up at IHOP where a guy in a pancake costume would be dancing around on ecstasy handing out coupons. But we arrived at an actual party with an actual DJ and an actual kid passed out on a couch with his head between the cushions. It became evident that a good number of Harvard kids like to blow off steam by drinking, dancing, and recklessly making out with each other, much like any typical college student. Strange.

Thanks to the International party, I was groped by men of five different countries, which was kind of OK because UVM has deprived me of extensive intercultural interaction – also, I was heavily intoxicated. My night ended with an emotionally charged political discussion in French with an astrophysicist on the squash team. I kid you not. Such experiences are considered typical in the capital of Academia. With that said, every person I met during my brief visit was quite nonchalant about their hidden genius, rare ethnic background, ability to buy perfect SAT scores, or whatever other combination of factors granted them acceptance to Harvard. I give these kids major props because if I went to Harvard I'd be reciting full-length T.S. Elliot poems in everybody's faces. ■



ben berrick

fashion five-oh.



some fashion is timeless

by sarahperda

There are two classes of human that, given they don't whine or smell significantly more than the rest of us, are unbelievably adorable: babies under the age of five and old people over the age of 60. It's strange to think that we grow significantly less lovable during the years between infancy and senescence, but the fact remains: you're just not sickeningly cute for a majority of your life. What is the link between the young and the old that makes them infinitely cuter than the rest of us, you may ask? Their sense of style, of course.

The fundamental shared fashion between babies and the elderly is not diapers, which I can almost guarantee was your first thought, but rather their mutual affinity for sweat suits. Whether they are velour, cotton, or that nice swishy windbreaker material, monochromatic sweat suits permeate both varieties alike. Even though sweat suits come in an endless variety of colors, both babies and oldies seem to learn toward the pink or blue variety, though in varying shades. The young seem to prefer more vibrant shades of pink, blue, or even purple, while the elderly tend toward more modest, pastel hues. Perhaps these preferences are simply a testament to their stage in life; babies are ready to take life by the horns, whereas the oldies already have. In any case, they're both presh and show that fashions do indeed come full circle later on in our lives.

Another style the young often flirt with is one-piece bathing suits. If you did not own a Disney Princess themed bathing suit as a young lass, then you did not have a childhood. Period. One-pieces are intended to protect one's youthful skin, but this fashion goes by the wayside when they are deemed "uncool" around middle school age. From there on out, every acceptable shred of skin must be exposed to the sun's wrath for the sake of social acceptability. Although society dictates that this style of suit goes on hiatus for much of our young adult life, it makes a return in the most grandiose fashion around the ripe old age of 60: skirted, printed one-pieces. If the leathery old ladies on the beach donning these suits topped off with a nice visor and some side-shield sunglasses don't give you the warm fuzzies inside, then you have no soul. In any case,



the one-piece does come back to us in the end, and survey says the elderly look just as cute as they did the first time they rocked it.

Going from the top down, the final fashion item that looks just as precious on old people as it does babies is stark white sneakers. During most of our lives, sneakers that are bright white just make you look kind of nerdy (unless they're a fresh pair of Nikes, in which case you had better not disrespect them with a single speck of dirt). Babies and oldies, however, have an uncanny ability to work pristine

kicks like none other. The elderly and babies keeping things fly...who woulda thunk?

So there you have it. The reason babies and old people are cuter than the rest of us can ever hope to be is directly related to their similar tastes in fashion. Though I am not one to advocate comfort-chic by any means, I will admit that I cannot wait to be elderly, purely so that I can wear velour jumpsuits and house slippers in public without any shame. Until then, however, try to keep things stylish, party people. Your time to be cute again will come. ■

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 had the biggest crush on you last semester
But I don't see you around
You were always in town with a clown
He's sorta a hipster and you were a class act
You're also an English major.. Can I tap that?
You lived in a forced triple on Redstone, I swear!
And you have beautiful long, brown hair
I hope you're not dating that guy cause he's a quack
I'd like to take you home to the sack
In the summer you wore a striped dress
I thought you were hot, I must confess
I haven't seen you around and it's made me sad
Can you give me a call? It would be rad.
When: Weekends
Where: The Bars
I saw: Brown-eyed girl
I am: Smitten

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

To Megan in my environmental science class,
The one with a gorgeous face and a gracefully curvaceous ass
You keep staring at me and I keep staring at you,
Does my stare really bother you? Because I like
The way you stare at me,
Your eyes' glow gives me satisfaction
I hope your body is full of action,
For I am having difficulty controlling my passion
And I really hope you are single,
because you make my scrotum tingle
I can't tell if it's really me you're staring at
But the silence bothers me let's change that
Seven weeks to go let's do something fun
For I really hope you are the one
And I'm sorry if my stare makes you mad,
Because I want you so bad.
When: mornings and other times
Where: envs 002 and other places
I saw: Magnificent Megan
I am: an average guy

I've never done this before so wish me luck,
SPOILER ALERT: I'm looking to fuck.
When you put that strawberry in your mouth,
I instantly grew bigger down south.
It was ripe, juicy, and red,
You're probably still in the dorms with twin bed.
As for me? I live downtown and sleep on a double,
Hit me up if you want to get into some trouble.
When: First Tuesday after break
Where: Second floor of the lib
I saw: A sexy girl
I am: Going to break your heart

advertisement

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The University of Vermont

100 YEARS
1869-2009

fork it over.



krustacean creations (k)from (k)the krusty krab (yay alliteration)

by jamiebeckett

Those who reside on the east coast take pride in their favorite crustacean, the lobster. Aside from a traumatic experience in my childhood, I have eaten lobster just once. Back when I was four years old, my father and his big bald friend Mitch decided to treat me and my siblings to this luxurious delicacy. I had the privilege of going to the store, picking out my own lobster, and I proceeded to name and play with the cutie in the backyard until dinner time came around... The water was boiling, and as I watched as my dad mercilessly dropped Sheldon into the pot, the scream of the lobster cooking was matched by my own. Cruelly, Mitch watched and laughed in the background and had no qualms in eating my portion of the meal, for I refused to eat my aquatic friend.

Fast forward fifteen years to last week's break when I was kindly treated to this delicious New England delicacy. For the first time I ate lobster, and God damn it was good. The tail and claw meat were chewy, and the melted butter lubricated my esophagus as I ate two of the creatures. I gained a sick satisfaction sucking the last dregs of meat out of their puny little legs as I reflected upon my seafood cuisine. While lobster is by no means a staple to my diet, crab is a sort of family tradition. Christmas Eve at my house always consists of a crab feast, straight out of the Pacific Ocean. Crab is piled high on the table next to the most delicious things to ever leave my mother's kitchen: crab cakes. Listed here is a recipe for a culinary orgasm that won't leave you itching in your South Sea. While these crabby patties will turn out nothing like the golden drenchmas my mother is capable of making, they sure as hell beat a crabby patty from the Krusty Krab. So Squidward, do you want a Krabby Patty?

Ingredients:
1 pound backfin Blue crab meat or other lump crab meat
(King crab from Alaska is best, bitches)
8 saltine crackers
1 egg, beaten
2 tbsp mayonnaise
1 tsp mustard
1/4 tsp Worcestershire
1/2 tsp Old Bay seasoning
2 tbsp vegetable oil
Salt to taste

Preparation:
Carefully check the crab meat for any cartilage. Put meat in a bowl and set it aside. Crush the saltine crackers very finely and mix with all the other ingredients. Gently fold in the crab. Only mix enough to combine ingredients, because you don't want to break up the crab into fine shreds. Shape into 6 crab cakes, and refrigerate for at least 1 hour. Heat about 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil in a non-stick frying pan. Sauté until golden brown on each side. This will only take about 3-5 minutes per side. Garnish with tartar sauce, remoulade, or simply with a squeeze of lemon. ■

tunes.



the great free music debate:

spotify vs. pandora

by mikestorace

We college students are cheap bastards at heart who need to make do spending as little money as possible. This applies to the world of music, as well. Like seriously, when was the last time you bought a freaking CD? A variety of free music devices exist on the Internet that can allow us listen to music without falling back upon the illegal practice of pirating. I know I personally have pirated a fair amount of music in the past, and hope to change my evil ways. Two clever and innovative music websites have come into the realm of popular usage. These are Spotify and Pandora.

Spotify, the green bubble on your periphery, is a free application that you can download onto your computer. You must use your Facebook account to login with, but, once you do, you can access the glorious world of music almost in its entirety. Spotify is set up in a way that shows the discography of an artist and allows users to play any song from its collection. This proves extremely useful for listening to new CDs when they first come out, and for listening to albums in their entirety. Spotify also lists the

top 5-10 tracks of an artist for the casual, popular listener. Spotify is not without fault, however; it is plagued with advertisements. If you have ever used the device before, you know the sound. Spotify has its own theme music that it plays during nearly every commercial break. Speaking of which, Spotify plays A LOT of commercials. It has a rather peculiar advertisement scheme. The program plunks a commercial immediately up front as soon as you start listening; after this initial one, these advertisements become slightly less frequent. The most annoying thing about Spotify is that you cannot mute the advertisements; when you try, the ad simply pauses. It is so fucking annoying; I hate that fucking theme music so much; it haunts my dreams! If you can put up with the annoyingly frequent theme music, Spotify is a tremendous free program.

I will admit I am more of a Spotify listener, so my take on Pandora may be a bit biased. I used to use the Internet radio station a great deal more, however, I have stopped due to one main objection. When you start a Pandora station for a certain artist, you don't get to listen to that ac-

tual band. Pandora takes the type of music of that artist and generates a playlist based on that type of music. This Internet radio station is a tremendous tool if you need a personal DJ. As your station develops, you can upvote and veto songs, and your station becomes more refined. Pandora has its benefits. When you don't feel like picking and choosing your songs, like at the gym, at a party, or when you're focusing on homework, Pandora is the free music device for you. When you want to pick exactly what song and artist you want to listen to, look elsewhere. Remember Pandora is not advertisement-free itself. Last time I used it, I got some pretty sketchy ads regarding love dating websites and searching for love.

People, people, people... please don't forget about YouTube. Although Vevo ruined the purity of the Internet's great baby, youtube is the optimal source for looking for music. Both Pandora and Spotify held out for a long time without them. I guess you can't have your cake and eat it too. If you want to remove the ads, then you have to pay money. I think I'll just stick to listening for free. ■

dead sessions at nectar's

by nickpatyk

I have only been to one Grateful Dead cover set other than this one, and that was Cats Under the Stars at Nectar's a few months back.

It was amazing in its own way, but this show was truly something else. The core lineup of the house band Cats Under the Stars is Zach Nugent on guitar and vocals, Ed Grasmeyer on bass and vocals, Josh Dobbs on keyboards and Peter Rahn on drums. To this, add guitarist Mihali Savoulidis from Twiddle, a Vermont-based quartet that blends reggae and funk. Next, let blues rocker Bob Wagner spruce up the scene. On drums, sub in Russ Lawton from The Trey Anastasio, and you have a dream come true for Dead fans.

During the first half of the show, both Zach Nugent and Mihali put on a dazzling display of lead guitar skills. Luckily, I was able to ask Mihali about his influences as a player.

"I studied with a Jazz guy in high school, and then just learned by copying my favorite players." Some of those players are Trey Anastasio of Phish, Jimmy Herring (a master of fusion), and jazz-great Earnest Ranglin.

On another note, Zach Nugent's playing truly does justice to the music of The Dead. One almost forgets that he's not actually Jerry Garcia. Needless to say, hearing both players mesh and exchange leads was a great time. Later in the show, Bob Wagner joined in. His impressive yet humble blues chops livened up the room, reminding me of Eric Clapton to a degree. I had the pleasure of talking with Wagner after the show.

"I love blues. A lot of the guys I like are bread and butter blues guys, [like] Derek Trucks and Jimmy Herring. They're totally different styles, but they're cut

from the same cloth. One's more bluesy, one's more jam-oriented. I love those guys."

Of course, a large part of the group's drive came from behind the drum kit. Russ Lawton electrified the music, and spread a great energy to the band and the audience. I also got to ask Lawton how he liked playing with Wagner, Mihali, and Cats Under the Stars.

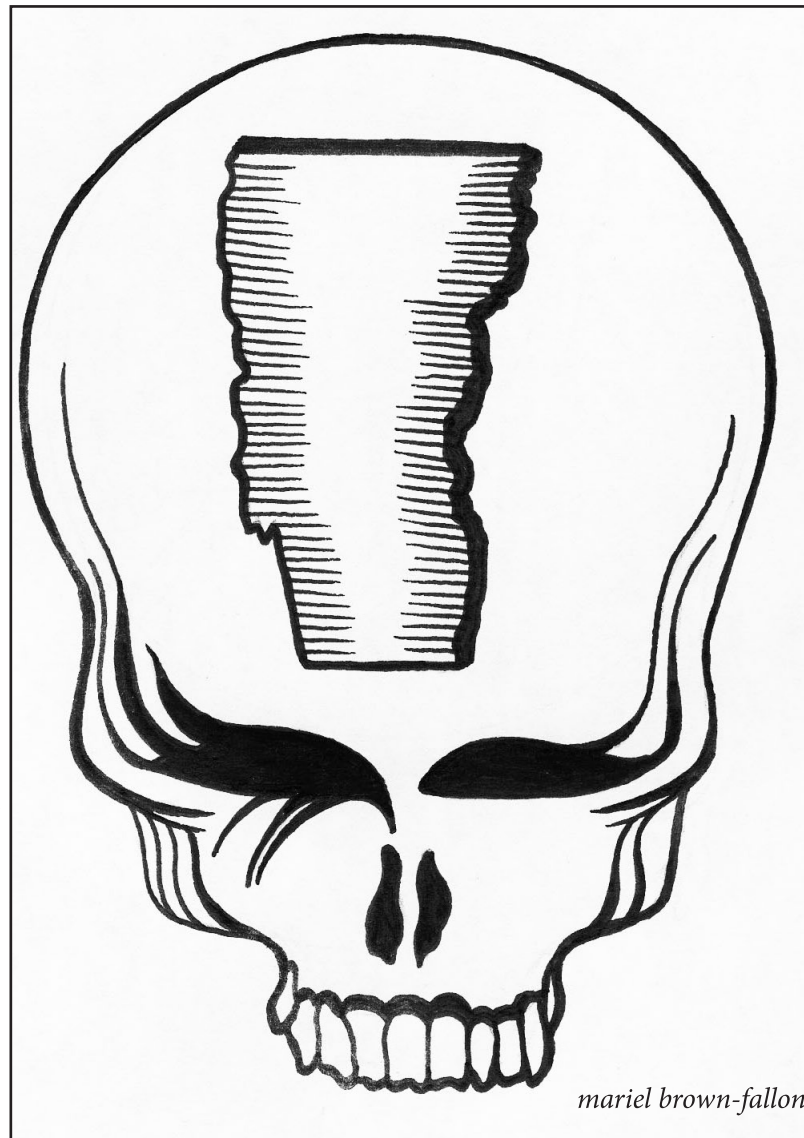
"a lot of the guys i like are bread and butter blues guys, [like] derek trucks and jimmy herring. they're totally different styles, but they're cut from the same cloth."

"It was really fun. There's people showing up, giving the energy back, and it sounds great in here. It's a cool room."

I also asked him how playing with Cats compared with playing in The Trey Anastasio Band.

"There are certain similarities, cause you're jamming with something. But it's different material. It's just Dead songs as opposed to Trey Songs. Bottom line: good people, a lot of fun, the vibe of the crowd's cool, and that's all. I like to play." Like Russ said, the second floor of Nectar's is cool. It's just the right size, and it's a fun place to be.

Dead Sessions take place every Tuesday night at Nectar's in downtown Burlington. If you go, bring an ID and get ready for one heck of a show. It costs \$5 for 18+, and is free for 21+. ■



marie brown-fallon

créatif stuffé.

my darkest winter, part six

by ryanchartier

In summer 2012, a sailboat drifts towards the Appalachian Mountains across Lake Champlain in the warmest part of July. The sun sets, casting a shadow over my family's faces as they lounge in the boat relishing the splendor of Burlington in the summertime. I guide the boat towards its destination of big old circle route as Gideon, the owner of local business Let's Go Sailing, calmly judges my novice sailing ability. "Let the wind guide the sails and adjust accordingly," he advises. My brother waits, chomping at the bit for a taste of captain life, ready to triumphantly lead the boat home to the waterfront docks. I helped take us out here, but could I really bring us back to where we were supposed to be?...Yes of course, you aren't even really in control of the boat. Gideon is, I reassure myself. My brother soon grabs the wheel, and I sit down next to my parents who look more content than I've seen them in years. To our left there is a lighthouse that I've somehow never noticed before in all my time in town, wearing down ever slowly. I look for the mirror inside and fondly think about Lost again.

Presently, a graduate thesis has me in a chokehold and I spend my days in the library seeking solitude, but can barely go to the bathroom without being watched and probably timed. WHY DOES ANYONE SIT NEAR THE BATHROOM ANYWAYS?! It's March 11, 2013, and I've been in graduate school for a year and a half. There are only seven weeks of school left and then school is all over. Before I can enjoy the promising showers of April, I must finish this DAMN PAPER! The paranoia and anxiety seep back into my system. It's like I never left My Darkest Winter. It's happening all over again somehow. I thought I escaped it. Wouldn't staying productive help me avoid the darkest winter again? At this point, I am not sure. Did I just spend graduate college thinking that I've *SPOILER ALERT* [lived in two alternate timelines when really I just need to accept my present disposition and "move-on" to the afterlife?] NO because that is bullshit and not how my favorite show of all time is supposed to end!

Flash

Sitting on the couch with my friends on graduation night in 2010, we finish the final moments of *Lost* live and the arguments begin. The feeling of finite conclusion really sinks in and everyone begins trashing the episode. Amidst the shit talking, I hold back tears, because not only is the show over, but my friends are leaving town soon and so am I. My priorities are a bit skewed. Regardless, I am not sure what to think of the situation, but decide to just let everyone have their say,

even though I mostly disagree with what they think about the show at this point. I look around and think...this is the last time we will all be together at Redstone Apartments because we never bothered getting a place downtown. But with living arrangement regrets aside, I realize this moment is special.

Flash

Present Time. My mom calls me up while I'm working on my thesis, and we chat about the winter of 2011 because I tell her I'm writing a piece for a campus newspaper on it. "Yeah, remember how long it took us to clean out that basement?" "Probably a month with all the ruined carpet and Dad's increasing anxiety about planning where to put everything and what to give away," I say. She laughs and I tell her about my future plans which I am still not certain of at the moment. She seems certain things will work themselves out. "Even grad students don't always know what the hell they are doing," she jokes.

Not long after talking to my mom, my dad texts me about the UVM basketball team making the America East finals. He's always had his own way of checking in on me. This text is shortly followed by PLEASE LET KNOW WHEN COMING HOME NEXT. He doesn't seem to realize that he is not an android, but that his phone is. I'll let him roll with it for now. As long as he doesn't send...oh wait just got a weird smiley face after he tells me about Tom Coughlin being on the Daily Show last week. Next, he sends BIG BLUE, and for now that's it I guess.

Again, I wonder if I am nearing the end of a new "darkest winter". I get back to writing my thesis for a bit before coming to this final segment. None of us are sure what to do with our lives after college, but we shouldn't rush because alas, we need to take Ferris Bueller's advice! I say that one day, in a sort of looking back, we will all realize how we arrived at our future no matter how crazy the route. When my darkest winter was over, I realized that I learned a lot of things, but nothing was as important as moving forward in life with a sense of purpose, even if I didn't know what the hell I was doing. Recently, my friend just told me to watch *Twin Peaks* when I have more time. Of course I'm down. It seems I will always find another show to obsess over. All of these stories sometimes make our own lives more interesting, especially when we are just sitting around waiting for an answer to life's big questions. Everything will eventually make sense. We all need a narrative to follow. But now, after finding peace with my past, it's time to get some sleep. ■

trees press close like thin almond slivers, rising tall but hesitant.

we have come here to take back our time. we stole minutes for each other.

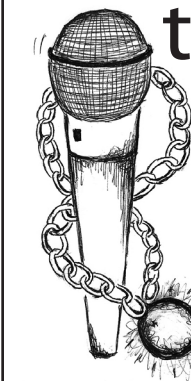
dipping the back of our heads in shocking cool creek, we look up, daring the sky to rain.

mist settles on cheeks flush from escape. it is a wet veil of heaven, cast like a net over nervous bodies.

this wax paper moment is almost too much, blurred and sensory, as if i had dreamed it.

lost

by lizcantrell



the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, U'Vemcees, 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 get shitty about **Ireland**.

If you're looking for cloudy skies and green grasses

Where we can start fights and still score all the lasses
Raise your glasses when there ain't enough spuds for the masses
And the bitter's all we got to feed our hungry asses.

They were depressed and oppressed, that's why they got sloshed
Every dime of the dole went to getting ale-washed
Those who stand up to the Brits will get squashed
Colonialism's no joke, you ain't gettin' joshed.

That island's piss poor, there ain't no fuckin' leprechauns
It's GDP is probably not much better than Kazakhstan's
It's population is downwardly spiraling, off and on
They measure the year by each ten thousandth bottle gone

But the dew of those hills still runs through my veins
My fame's the only reason St. Patrick's remains.
by slightly-Irish line-spitter *Kerry Martin*

Next issue, we correct **Grammar**. The week after, we support **Utopian Socialism**. 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! ■

your own land

by nickpatyk

Differences are seldom based in anything real. Deep down, we're all sharing the same experience. Within each of us are unique beats of heart and pieces of love. When these things come out, we connect with one another. When we connect, we can feel whole, true, and passionate. Let us embrace this passion, singing the praises of goodness and energy of the heart.

Let us hope for more good moments than bad, More brightness than dark. Let us show the world that positive energy can triumph, Whether we stand tall, short, big or small. Let the praises of freedom and equality be sung unto each of us. Let music of the heart be heard by all who desire love, and may the day be won by the goodness inside all people.

Let us come together, and spread the energy of our world. Let not one man but a generation of saviors rise in the face of darkness, and in the name of hope. Let us be happy just to be. Let us seek nothing less and nothing more than inner peace and outer love.

We shall relax within our hearts, within self-connection and brotherly love. We shall take our neighbors by the hand, sing it strong throughout the land, that love and beauty will come out, through any storm, through any doubt. So sing it strong and sing it true, beauty will become of you.

Let freedom inside all your heart, watch your life get up and start. For all things past and done and gone, give life and hope to what will come. And what will show is beauty true, so seek it out, sing through and through. That you are free, and you will stand, for your own rights, on your own land.

cat litter.



collincappelle



Tip o' the Week

Midterms aren't important. Go Skiing instead.



kerry martin

What your preferred laundry time says about you

Monday – Friday 8:00 am – 9:00 pm

Congratulations, you are superhuman and can somehow fit laundering into your busy course schedule and don't mind the machines always being crowded. Its not that I hate you... its just that I can't relate to your kind.

Monday – Friday 9:00 pm – 1:00 am

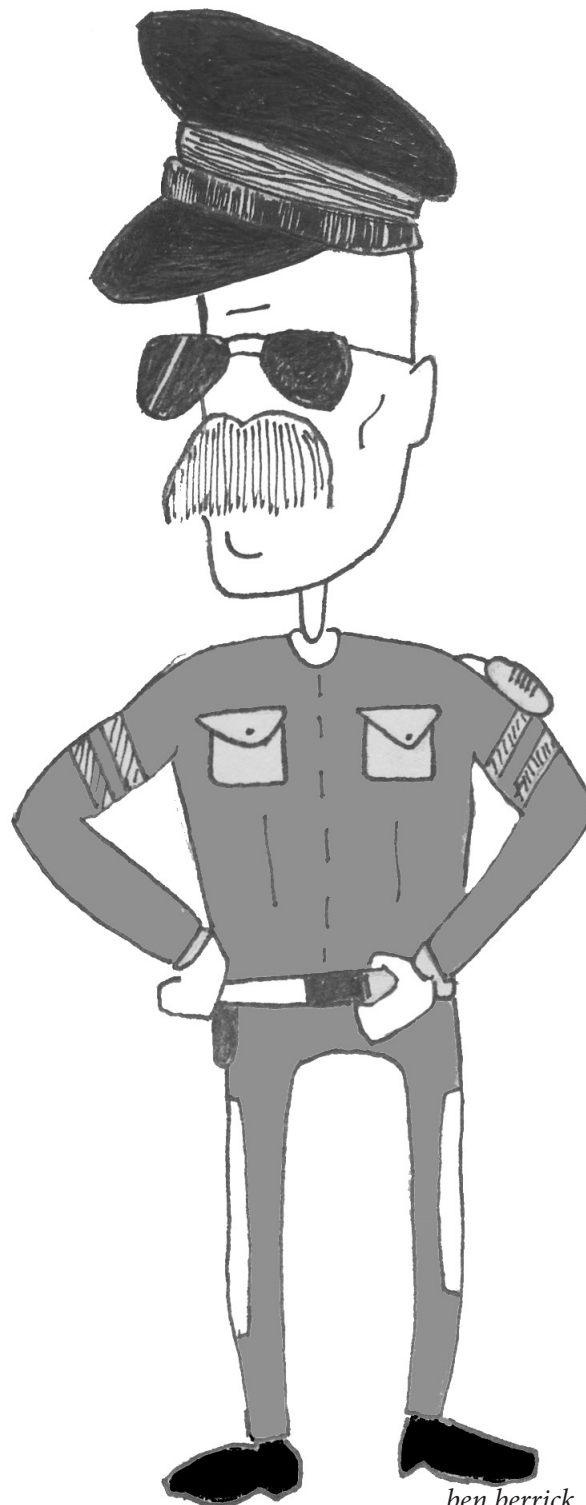
Sorry but you have no social life. Sadly, I fall into this category so don't take it too hard. On the bright side, you know the value of your time and like the fact that you will most likely find an empty machine.

Saturday and Sunday

You my friends, are lazy sacks of shit. "Oh I'll just put my laundry off til' the weekend" you think to yourselves only to find that everyone else in the dorm is exactly like you and the machines are all full. Then you complain about how life is unfair or something like that.

Any day 1:00 am – 8:00 am

Get ready to check yourself into a rehab clinic because you are a meth addict, or you have some crazy insomnia in which case you should still check yourself into the hospital. This is not a good time to be laundry so if you find yourself shoving clothes into a washing machine at three in the morning you should check where your life's going.



ben berrick

The Silenced Crime Log

Like most of you probably do, I got the *Cynic* last week and opened immediately to the crime log only to see it wasn't there. How devastating! After I got over my horrifying realization, my spidey-senses kicked in and I began to wonder why the most holy crime log was omitted. My first thought was that because it was spring break no crime happened. I accepted this hypothesis until I found out the true reason, which is much more sinister. Finding the true crime log I have decided to print it in **the water tower**, seeing how the *Cynic* has already tried to silence the truth.

Monday March 4:

Officers apprehended a *Cynic* member trying to taint the drinking water. There is no danger however as he/she was pouring the arsenic into the stack of **water towers** in the Davis Center, not the actual water tower.

Wednesday March 6:

A group students quote "tripping ballz" were apprehended walking along the waterfront over spring break. They were wearing issues of the *Cynic* as their only clothes, indicating they have close ties to the *Cynic*.

Sunday March 10:

Police were called on reports the smell of smoke coming from a dorm in Millis. Upon arrival officers found a blown up moonshine distillery. (So this isn't really *Cynic* related, but how do you not report this. Shame you *Cynic*).

Thursday March 14:

Someone stole my wallet and I want it back. I must warn you that if it is not returned by Thursday, I have a special set of skills...