



# the water tower.

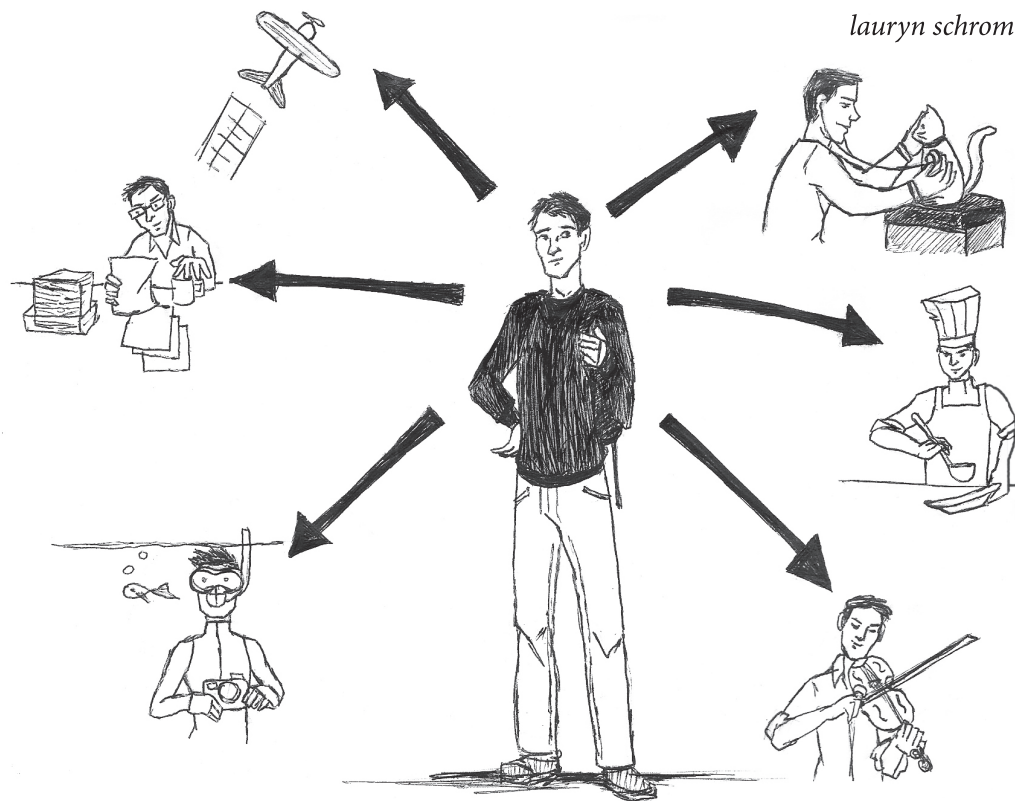
## uvm's alternative newsmag

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### alumni stories:

# life after uvm



lauryn schrom

by lauragreenwood

Who do you want to be after you leave UVM? Throughout our college careers, this question gets reworded and rephrased to us a million times. The major we choose and the clubs we join may scratch at the surface of this question, but the truth is you won't know who you want to be until you are. I work for Chatty Cats and I've had a variety of phone calls with alumni who represent what UVM was in the past and demonstrate what citizens this college can produce. During my hundreds of phone calls, the surest truth is that our alumni do not just equate to what is found on our Wikipedia page.

The most interesting and unpredictable alumni are those who have gone on to work in a field completely unrelated to their major. In this day and age where the main goal of attending college is getting a career, it's hard to fathom that after semesters of focused study there is no guarantee. A degree is not a binding contract; just because you're a business major doesn't assure you'll start, own, or even work for a business. Take the accounting major whom I talked to who now is an international pilot. Or how about the home economics major who, without having taken a single math course while at UVM, now runs the books at a national contracting agency. The reality is that nothing

is off limits after graduation if you've got the drive and aptitude. I feel a bit guilty imagining how, after years of taking classes in a specific field for thousands of dollars, I may go on to become a professional in some unforeseen career.

Moreover, I want to emphasize that you don't have to spearhead some revolutionary business or make millions of dollars to justify your education after graduation. To date, the most popular careers I hear from alumni are nurses, teachers, and

**you don't have to spearhead some revolutionary business or make millions of dollars to justify your education after graduation**

cubicle-type jobs. Sure, there's a random CEO of a bank in there—or my personal favorite, a post-war zone archaeologist based in Hawaii—but those are the anomalies more often than not. And, hey, it's okay to just live simply! Modern society puts pressures on us to feel like if we don't change the world than we have failed somehow, but I think that mindset fails to take into account small-scale humanitarians. Be like the woman from Williston who is currently unemployed but is extremely pas-

sionate about creating local gardens and public natural reserves for the community. Donate your money, your time, and your voice to any cause—whether it's striving to spearhead preventative medicine through our culture tendencies or endowing invaluable lessons to your children.

Many conversations with our ordinary alumni have changed how I talk about my experiences at college. The age old question of "What do you plan to do after graduation" is less daunting once you've gotten a good picture of what most alumni have done. The teacher in Texas, inspired by her summer in Nicaragua, who now fights passionately to educate immigrants no matter their legal status has taught me about building upon and adapting one's experiences. The many ski instructors living on each pay check in Colorado have demonstrated the importance of care-free living. My favorite conversation was with a graduate student who has built a career upon medicinal musical therapy in nursing homes and hospitals. Unlike the sage wisdom of our grandparents, alumni grew from the same location as us. Even if you don't ever have the opportunity to really talk with alumni before graduation, reflect upon what sort of UVM alumnus you want to represent.

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### squimley and the woolens: the new band on campus

by staceybrandt

"Psychedelic funky noise-ass-shakin' jam" was the response of bassist Braden Lalancette when I inquired about the genre of his new band. Braden, along with guitarist Brigham Burlingame, guitarist Nick Ledak, drummer Lincoln, and singer Steph Marandi, form the new band Squimley and The Woolens – a bizarre name which compliments the uniqueness of their style. Having recently played gigs in and around campus at Radiobean and Slade, this bunch is ready to spread the love to all of Burlington.

Squimley's shows are characterized by a sense of joy and energy, which the crowd

**"even the most self-righteous hipster would tap his foot (ironically, of course)"**

displays by dancing (in any combination of swaying, ass shaking, and arm flailing) and the band displays with their commitment to the music. "We're providing a good time and having a good time", says Lalancette, who believes that though everyone in the band has their own style, all the sounds work together. I think he has point. Smooth guitar riffs atop upbeat drums and bass lines create grooves that could make even the most self-righteous hipster tap his foot (ironically, of course). Soulful female vocals add a texture to the music which most jam bands lack, and which puts Squimley in its own category.

It's all about the vibes with Squimley and the Woolens, and whether that vibe is cool, funky, or just groovy-hippie-shit is up for audience interpretation. The gig in the basement of Slade solidified Squimley's presence on campus as well as their entry into the underground music scene (literally and figuratively). Though the usual Slade crowd can be, well, a little strange, a surprisingly mixed group of people showed up to watch Squimley jam among dim Christmas lights, washing machines, and artificial grass. Hell, even some lax bros ventured into hippie territory to hear Squimley play. The sudden removal of the band members'

... read the rest on page 10

get inside me:

apartment shopping by lizcantrell

how we became rappers by lauragreenwood and kerrymartin

test tube meat by coleburton

k-pop by juliannaroen

# the best news team in the universe.



## the shit list

with jamiebeckett

**The Common Cold** – Everywhere I go I hear someone coughing up a lung. Maybe that's just me suffering through my daily routine hacking up phlegm or it could be the fact that there is an epidemic on campus. To those of you whose constitution is better than an HIV positive elf, stay strong and power through finals.

**Lack of Points** – It's that time of year again, the time where everyone who's on unlimited likes to remind you how great their meal plan is. Shut up and throw your faces in the Grundle, I'd rather starve, steal and scrounge to get by on points than have unlimited. On a serious note, I have no sympathy for people who ran out of points buying water.

**Snow** – Why is it still snowing? Go away. Seriously, where was the snow in January when I wanted to go snowboarding? Now it's April and all I want is some sunshine and bipolar Vermont weather decides to throw a whole slew of unpleasant weather events our way. Cum at me vitamin D!

**Dungeons and Dragons** – Probably the best game of all time somehow ended up on the shit list namely because no one will play with me. That's okay though, I'm an experienced Dungeon Master and can keep playing by myself. Who needs friends when you have a Cleric of Pelor on your side, am I right? #curelightwounds

**The Big Lebowski** – Thanks dude, for reminding me that limitless apathy is a viable solution to everything. I could get worked up about upcoming exams and grades and such or I could just go bowling and see what happens. Some say grades are important, but that's, like, your opinion man.

**Fake Tanning** – I love seeing Oompa Loompas on campus. I know how much sunshine we have had and I also know that your tan is either sprayed on or cancerous. Either way it turns me on. ■

the water tower.  
uvm's alternative newsmag  
uvm.edu/~watertwr  
Editors

## the news in brief

with kerrymartin and jamesaglio

### “This is a huge deal. We depend on science in so many aspects of our lives. There's a strong feeling that we need to help people understand the nature of science itself, as an intellectual pursuit.”

-David L. Evans, executive director of the National Science Teachers Association, celebrating the Next Generation Science Standards, a call to guidelines about how we teach science that 26 states have agreed to take seriously. Evolution and climate change will become regular topics in our middle schools, and traditional Biology and Chemistry classes might be tossed in lieu of more holistic curriculums.

### “It's hardship, quite simply, that drove us to take up arms, that's all. It's hardship that commands us.”

-Michel Djotodia explaining his rebel group's impetus for last month's coup d'etat that placed him as interim president of the Central African Republic. A Muslim claiming to represent all of his region's subjugated minority, this controversial leader is still shrouded in mystery, but isn't giving up power any time soon.

### “The surge in member states' appetite for progress and action in the fight against evasion is extremely welcome.”

-Algirdas Semeta, an European Union tax commissioner, praising the support for a push against tax havens. Following the EU bailout of Cyprus's banks, which were notorious for protecting millionaires' assets from taxation in their own countries, many want to suspend this practice in other tax havens like Switzerland and Malta.

### “Lentement, lentement, lentement.”

-Lorenzo Pellegrini, Swiss tree warden, describing the perfect growing rate for violin-grade spruce trees, “slowly, slowly, slowly.” The 83 year old has been tending Risoud Forest for five decades, selecting ideal trees to produce Stradivarius-level resonance and ensuring that such trees will still exist in the centuries to come. He climbs up trees “like a squirrel,” and is on familiar terms with the local wolves, to whom he gives his leftover polenta. I don't usually like to make generalized statements, but this man is basically the best human being to live ever. Look him up.

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.**

Special Thanks To  
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

news ticker: seriously look up the tree guy now +++ pearls before swine: BBC uses students as meat shield for journalist making program on North Korea +++ cruelty to badgers increases twofold ■

## institutionalized: the mental health crisis on college campuses

by nickpatyck

On Tuesday April 9th, Dylan Quick of Lone Star Community College went on a stabbing spree. He managed to injure fourteen people before being taken into custody by police.

Was the attack premeditated? Absolutely. Quick “has had fantasies of stabbing people to death since he was young.” (Dana Ford, CNN). Luckily, a group of students tackled the perpetrator and ended the madness.

Yet this incident is only one of many. As shown by a report by federal law enforcement officers, over the past century over one half of violent attacks on college campuses have occurred in the past twenty years.

The report, released on the third anniversary of the tragic Virginia Tech shooting, offers a starting point for research on threat assessment. It asserts that growing campus populations and expanding media coverage are some causes of the increase in reported violence, along with stricter requirements for colleges to report crimes.

Apparently, attacks are most common during April and October, and are perpe-

trated mostly by men aged 16 to 62. Another disturbing statistic indicates that one-in-five women who attend college will become the victim. So why are college campuses such epicenters of violent crime? Within the report, a third of the attacks were connected to close relationships. The next leading cause was revenge, followed by “romantic rejection and obsession” (Daniel De Vise, Washington Post).

Yet this report fails to help schools profile future killers. Is this possible? A good starting point is an examination of the mental support system offered by schools. Regarding the Virginia Tech shooting, a judge ordered that gunman Seung-Hui Cho receive outpatient mental health care after he made several suicidal statements. Yet upon scheduling an appointment at the campus-counseling center, Mr. Chow was only given a pre-appointment interview, and no follow-up meeting ensued. Cho's parents were also never informed of their son's intentions toward self-harm.

And were there signs of Dylan Quick's impending attack? Apparently not. Magdalena Lopez, across the street neighbor

of Quick, vouched for the regularity of his actions. “I can't imagine what would have happened to that young man to make him do something like this. He is very normal.”

So why are “normal” kids wielding box cutters, and how to we prevent the recurrence of incidents like this one?

In essence, mental healthcare must be made clearly available to all who need it. There is no reason why such extreme violent acts should take place when preemptive action is possible. Sometimes there are just obvious signs. For instance, directly after the Columbine shootings of 1999, Seung-Hui Cho actually wrote a paper hinting at plans for a homicide.

But what kind of preventative measures are we talking about? Should college applicants be required to submit mental health records upon applying? A report on the matter states that although “students may start fresh in college, their history may well remain relevant.” Personally, I don't believe students should be required to list mental ailments. Very few people would be completely free of a record. According to a study conducted by the U.S. secret service, “there is no accurate or useful profile of the school shooter.” Essentially, arresting

potential attackers will most likely result in the detainment of innocents. The only other option is intelligent prevention. Essential to the health of a community is its emotional fluidity. Thus, early education should emphasize the healthful expression of emotions. Although elementary schools do a good job at teaching kids basic math and reading skills, there seems to be a distinct lack of emotional education. Another report on campus violence suggests that students K-12 should take a required “introduction to mental health” course. It also suggests that schools at all levels should encourage the development of “organized peer mental health support groups.”

While these measures will certainly not stop all attacks, there is something to be said for emotional education. One of the reason individuals turn to violence is because there is some lack of fundamental social understanding. When Seung Hui Cho was diagnosed with “selective mutism” (an anxiety disorder marked by failure to communicate socially), he was still in middle school. Maybe if he had gotten the care he needed, there would have been no Virginia Tech shooting. ■

## the immortal chavez: the venezuala of yesterday, tomorrow!

by dannisism

With the death of their dearly beloved president, Hugo Chávez, in early March, the Venezuelan people hit the polls en masse on Sunday April 14th. Chávez brought about a socialist revolution by nationalizing the nation's oil industry and by aligning with anti-Western leaders such as Cuba's Fidel Castro and Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. He won power through a democratic election in 1998, but sought to maintain it indefinitely like the caudillos (strong men) of Latin America's past. Chávez had battled

cancer since 2011, going to Cuba to receive treatment. After missing his inauguration in January, Chávez, in his last request of the people, asked them to elect Maduro if he were unable to finish out his six-year presidential term.

The stage is set with Maduro primed to carry on Chávez's legacy. His main opponent, Henrique Capriles Radonski, the governor of Miranda state, lost to Chávez in the 2012 election by a margin of just under 11% of the vote. This was the lowest mar-

gin of victory for Chávez since his rise to power in the '98 election. The spirit of the people appears to be behind Maduro who is playing up the Chávez support as much as he can. Madura claims that while he was praying in a small chapel, a bird containing the spirit of Chávez started chirping to him and his whistled response was met again by the bird. Maduro uses whistling and several other tools such as images of Chávez and chants of him to call on his spirit in these all-too-important final moments of the campaign.

Capriles, from the Coalition of Democratic Unity, has been a continued critic of many of Chávez's policies. If elected, he plans to phase out price controls and the foreign exchange rate in order to bring the inflation rate to more manageable levels. As of February 2013, Venezuela's inflation rate was 22.1% according to the Central Bank of Venezuela. Capriles' original plan for his six-year term was to get the inflation rate below 10% before the next election. Beyond these economic reforms, Capriles plans to shake things up both in the military and in Venezuela's oil industry. He plans to remove Cuban military advisors from Venezuela's armed forces, and he seeks to end the use of Venezuelan oil to fund other countries.

The United States was hoping to erect a stronger link with Venezuela through Maduro, but recent remarks show as much contempt as was displayed by Chávez. Maduro goes as far as saying that the United States was responsible for giving Chávez the cancer that led to his early death, and he has also expelled two US military attachés who he claimed sought to destabilize

the government. Capriles, on the other hand, hopes to work with the Obama administration. Capriles in no way wants to continue the ways of Chávez, who through all his eccentricities has left his people in turmoil. Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, is considered to be one of the most dangerous cities in the world. That, combined with the country's continuing economic struggles and its draining ties with cheap oil partners continues to hurt the people, not support them.

And through all this struggle, the people are caught up in a haze of Chávez love. No one can deny his charisma. Chávez held a weekly television program, maintaining visibility in the eyes of the people that. He captured the heart of the people, and he has passed their collective love unto Nicolás Maduro. But Maduro is no Chávez. He lacks Chávez's booming voice, his dominant demeanor, his televised speeches in which he would shout his opinions, recite poetry, and praise the Venezuelan people for hours on end.

There are those who are not convinced that Maduro is the real deal or that he has nothing new to offer, but there are many more, like 42-year old Livia Llovera, who believes that “Maduro is going to win through Chávez. If it was just him, he might not. The leader is Chávez. We will admire him forever.” I would like to believe that the people of Venezuela thirst for change. But the national heart is still captured by Chávez, and it will be the self-professed son of Chávez, Maduro, who will capture the election. ■



katharine longfellow

# around town.



## deckin' out the digs without *breakin'* the bank

by lizcantrell

For those of you about to vacate the dorms for the sweet, sweet living of downtown Burlington, congrats. You may be saying a sad goodbye to late-night Marche but you are also about to say hello to "no Res-Life". Before you go buck wild and start running down Isham with your cape of freedom, swigging from a bottle of Rubenoff and Vitamin Water, take a minute to prioritize. You can't just show up June 1st with all your stuff from your dorm and no plan to fill in the gaps. While you can probably pilfer some old family furniture, dishware, and odds and ends, there's no doubt you'll have to cough up some change for basic apartment items. Get the roomies together and follow this plan to outfit your new digs on the cheap.

### Kitchen/Bath

Walmart is your savior. Here, you can throw down fifty bucks for an entire basic cookware package (knives, pots, pans, utensils, etc), and also pick up essentials that everyone forgets like a plunger, toilet scrubbie brush, etc. Whatever you do, *do not* go to Bed, Bath, and Beyond. This store is like crack for Pinterest enthusiasts and those with a fondness for late-night-TV infomercials. Think that mint throw rug with lilac fringe trim is totally perf for the living room? Think again when you check that \$39.99 price tag. The aisles of cream colored soaps and heavily perfumed potpourris just beg you to overspend, and before you know it, you've piled up a lemon zester, three different sized slotted spoons, and Williams Sonoma kitchen towels. Save yourself the checkout line shame by not going anywhere near this oasis of interior décor.

### Furniture

Recycle North is your go-to. Used goods aren't always grody, and they generally come at a tempting price. For a typical four bedroom, you're looking for a two or three person couch, a chair (the bigger and squishier, the better), a coffee table, and the black-sheep seat (beanbag, floor cushion, milk crate, magic carpet, etc.) Don't buy curtains or drapes (and don't call them drapes, Martha Stewart). Grab some fabric and make your own, or tack colorful and thin tapestries over the windows.

### Food/Bulk Items

Costco wins, hands down. For things like paper towels, cleaning supplies, coffee/tea, and shared food items (flour, sugar, olive oil, low-quality hashish, etc), it simply cannot be beat. If you plan strategically, then you can get away with one or two trips per semester. Doing things the discount, mass-purchase way is much better than making frequent trips to Rite Aid, City Market, Hannaford, etc, because a lot of toiletries and household items at those stores are actually quite pricey, even with a saver's card. Bottom line: make Costco your first line of defense against running out of toilet paper.

### Specials

Take it a step further and decorate when the holidays roll around. I went to an apartment showing last December, and the guys who lived there had tied empty beer bottles to their Christmas tree as ornaments. Brilliant.



katherine longfellow

### Funsies

Some might call them luxuries, but you should def consider injecting some awesomeness and creativity into your new pad. If you're gonna call it home for a year or more, you'll want to put your little stamp on the place. Pick up a few weird posters, make a collage of tacky Facebook photos of you and your peeps, showcase some cool art, or pin up an old advertisement for Spam. For example, my roommates and I have a framed poem about dolphin sex, which is not only a good conversation starter, but also enhances our appreciation of the haiku form.

One last thing: invest in devices that assist alcohol consumption, such as wine glasses, big ass pitchers, funnels, a holy grail, bendy straws etc. You're kidding yourself if you don't think these will be useful. ■

## #UVMProblems

by caito'hara

### ALUMNI—continued from page 1

The experiences we have in college will not be the be-all end-all of our lives, but they begin the shaping process. Consider, either twenty years from now or even later this week (seniors) you'll receive a phone call from a current UVM student asking what you enjoy most about UVM. What are you passionate about at this school? Frankly, it is so awkward when most alumni have no answer to this question. I only hope that years from now, UVM will have left me with a greater memory than what's written on my diploma. Even just hearing what bars alumni liked to frequent is better than them not saying anything. Collect experiences and stories while you are hear at this school as I they are just as important as credits.

After I leave UVM, I want to be a student who can confidently say I've done it all. I want to hold the entirety of my years UVM in my hand and revel in how much I did. Beyond the Facebook albums, the scars of piercings removed, the folders of written essays, the addiction to Speeder and Earl's, the beer belly, the phone contacts, and —most of all— the diploma, I want to leave UVM eager and fearless of the future. ■

If you're one of the thousands among us that occupy the section of the internet known as "Twitter", you may have come across a profile called UVMProblems. (twitter.com/umvproblems). Much like the **WT**, UVMProblems focuses on happenstances at UVM and in the Burlington area that are unique to our situation and our town. From chasing down Rally for the perfect picture opportunity, to grossing about the love/hate relationship we all have with free cone day, UVMProblems shines a spotlight on the little highs and lows that come from being a student here.

Founded in the fall of 2011 by an energetic junior, and now with 2300 followers, this twitter feed is inviting to all. From the new froshes just learning about the nuances of daily life, to the battle hardened seniors looking to break out into the world, this feed provides daily laughs for any who venture across it. Some have implied that the feed was started because the user hates being at UVM. When asked about it, she just started laughing. "That's not it at all! I love the school and love retweeting what people send me." See, "UVM Problems" shouldn't be taken in a negative way. It's running into Kingbread on a dark street for the first time, "dates" at Brennans (or the Grundle even). It's bitching about tour groups, bemoaning the Waterman construction project, and being aware of the little things, day by day.

This feed has had its ups and downs. From its early days of doing it just for kicks, to the high life of followers,

retweeters and now, soon at least, a new admin, things have undoubtedly been pretty good. When questioned about the eventual handoff, things got a little emotional. While she's mostly going to miss Burlington itself, and the comfortable little bubble that is college, "It's hard to hand it off. It's kind of my baby in a way." There is an application available for those who are interested in taking this over. Whoever does end up taking it over, one thing is certain; you have to love to tweet. The thing I noticed most in talking to UVMProblems is that she really loves our school and what makes it special. And she wants to make sure that it's going to continue in her absence. It doesn't matter if you're a freshman or a junior, male, female or whatever you identify as; the important thing to her is that this feed continues and continues to give us something to giggle at on those cold windy days. ■

A note from UVMProblems to you:

"I love you guys! Thanks so much for all your support. This couldn't have happened without your uvm-problems and without the greatest university and all the weird stuff that happens here. I'm looking for a replacement! Send your application to uvmproblems2013@gmail.com, look for the application questions in my twitpics."

## music of the night : the phantom comes to burlington

by rebeccaaurion

Well, the Andrew Alden Ensemble has done it again. Following their impressive performance accompanying *Nosferatu* in October, the all-male quartet is back with two new live film accompaniments: *The Phantom of the Opera* and *Night of the Living Dead*. Having loved *Nosferatu* (where the group played a live score they had composed themselves right underneath the screen, for you non-Culture Vultures out there), I had no intention of letting the occasion slip me by. However, I decided to only see *Phantom*, since I'm not a zombie fan and would rather not embarrass myself in front of a crowded theater by shrieking in fear every five minutes. I don't handle horror movies well, sue me. However, I'm an enormous fan of the *Phantom* musical and film from recent years, and this was my first foray into seeing the first adaptation of the original Gaston Leroux novel.

Frankly, I was very concerned that I would hate the film. Waiting in the theater for the show to begin on Friday night, with only a few older couples and the occasional artsy student type to keep me company, I was really curious to find out how the Andrew Alden Ensemble would pull this off. First of all, it's a silent film, and therefore any music would have to be completely original, of course. But on top of that, this is also a film that has had numerous other adaptations featuring Tony-award winning music that *any* theatre-loving individual would be well versed in. To say scoring this film would be a challenge is a definite understatement.

However, I am pleased to report that the Ensemble did, in fact, succeed. Having seen and heard their work before, this group clearly has their own style very well developed.

The eerie, haunting style of music I'd encountered in *Nosferatu* made a reappearance in this 1925 silent film. Alden and his group were able to convey the suspense in each scene, and even manage to keep me on my toes, despite being very familiar with the story. Whereas the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical and its film incarnation in 2004 portray the Phantom as a tortured, Byronic hero figure and the story as a sweeping romantic tale, Alden's music made it very clear that this film had very different intentions. I found myself revisiting a story I thought I knew backwards and forwards. With its melodramatic acting, cheesy special effects (Lon Chaney's makeup, for one. Yikes) and grainy

**" i found myself revisiting a story I thought I knew backwards and forwards. with its melodramatic acting, cheesy special effects and grainy black and white, this film was intended to disturb and horrify its audience, and I have to say it succeeded."**

black and white, this film was intended to disturb and horrify its audience, and I have to say it succeeded. I know I definitely did not see Lon Chaney's Phantom as the seductive, broken character that he is viewed as nowadays, most

notably in Gerard Butler's and Ramin Karimloo's portrayals. I was genuinely disturbed and unnerved by the film. Except, that is, when I noticed that one of the stage hands in the film looked exactly like Sir Ian MacKellen, and I had to violently suppress my urge to shout "Gandalf, they're taking the Hobbits to Isengard! Get back to Middle Earth!" For the record, the urge was successfully repressed, in case you were wondering.

The beautiful music of the keyboard, drums, violin and guitar working together in harmony told as much of a story as the pictures on the screen. Perhaps it's my modern viewpoints, but I'm not sure that this film would have been nearly as suspenseful without the live score playing alongside it. Music adds so much suspense to film, television, theatre, any kind of entertainment, when it's done correctly. The Andrew Alden Ensemble clearly knows what they're doing, and are genuinely nice people on top of it. I had a chance to speak with Nat Saralamba, the guitarist in the group, after the show, about the recently ended Midwestern leg of their current tour where they're playing rotations of *Phantom*, *Night of the Living Dead* and *The Lost World*. Compared to their 2012 tour, where they only played *Nosferatu* at 6 locations in October, this 2013 tour spanned many states from February to March with three current shows in rotation, and a fourth, *Battleship Potemkin*, to be added in May, it's safe to say the future of this group is looking bright indeed. Personally, I can't wait to see what the silent films they choose to adapt will be the next time they roll into town. ■

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# reflections.

## ...and then, i became a rapper:

## two Wt'ers rise to fame

by lauragreenwood

All the great rappers come from somewhere. Chi-city, New York, LA, the ATL. Well, the start of this rapper's career all began in a little known burb called Stow, MA (often confused with Stowe, VT but believe me, very different). You can call me LL-CoolG if I'm surrounded by my girls in Red Lips Big Hips, or LGwoodz if I'm spitting solo; but, most important you can call me a prodigy coming from that central Mass plot and changing the game daily.

It all started at a house party in high school. I know, you're saying, "LGwoodz you were too young to be partying!"; but hey you can't cap greatness. AmIRight?! The crew I surrounded myself with back then were full of musical philanthropists. Somehow, even though I'd only played the flute in middle school and "Mary had a Little Lamb" on my Meme's piano occasionally, I'd made the cut into this exclusive collective of musicians. That night, they were up to their usual 'nigans of creating beats and playing instruments. Always a connoisseur never an artist, I sat back and drank up the carefree setting. That's when I heard him rap: Scrub Mitchell.

Hearing Scrub rap was life-changing, however not because he was particularly amazing. Honestly, Scrub blew my mind away because I'd never even considered the prospect of free styling. He often started with a written verse about smoking weed or killing some zombies, but then afterward he spat words from thin air about

anything he could grasp. Back then, I listened to rap, I rapped alongside tracks, heck I even made dances to rap song—and yet never had I considered giving it a swing. Long story short, I stood up that night and just rhymed about anything. My favorite strategy to starting a free style remains asking the crowd for a first word or idea and rhyming off it.

Free styling brought out a different side of me: a violent side. Somehow no matter what the topic was from "clock" to "Arjun's room" to "Spanish class", every verse eventually ended with a brutal murder accompanied with a heaping side of profanities. Not exactly talent show appropriate. I became obsessed with it though. I'd rap whenever someone dropped a beat because I lived for the high seconds before my brain began rattling off rhymes. And, at least other people exclaimed, I was good. Within months the Cum Laude, Irish step dancer, lifelong Death Cab lover was turned into a "diiirty" rapper. I mostly rapped at parties at the request of others and alongside my girl Hannah; however, if was in a good mood it wasn't rare if I found myself rapping alone in the car.

Ah, but your probably thinking, Laura, what about that Red Lips Big Hips thing you mentioned? Again, this great achievement was created in Stow during an America-themed gathering. As night claimed the sky, homemade beats amplified throughout the room. Indulged in their happiness,

four girls laughed and loved taking in the scene. And then we rapped. I don't remember the actual details of who started the circle, maybe someone nagged us into it or maybe we convinced each other to let lose. There on "the Girl's Cushion", we passed our imaginary mic, wowing a distracted crowd of party-goers—but more importantly ignited the excitement for an all-girls free style rap group. Red Lips Big Hips. The lips because of a tube that had been passed around in honor of the party's theme, and the hips because we're women and proud of it! The official members are as follows: LLCoolG (Laura), Gettin' Handsie (Hannah), Peaches (Katie), and Kazaam (Nicole). We've only recorded three tracks and officially performed once, but hey it's always been more about gettin' the bros than getting the dough.

I free style because it's enjoyable, it's impressionable, and it gets a party started. It says "fuck you" to your inhibitions and lets you become a whole new persona. As you free style, you can't hesitate or over think. Instead, you just roll with the punches and pick up whatever beat you lose along the way. LLCoolG is just a hobby, a character I play where it doesn't matter if I screw up because who really cares! I rhyme when I want and I (literally) kill verses. Rap because you're young or because you're free, but don't challenge this stunner cause dude I'm LLCoolG. ■

by kerrymartin

It's taken me a long time to answer the question, "What is hip-hop?" and I'm not even entirely satisfied with the response I have now. When I first started listening to Ludacris in sixth grade, it would be another seven years before I learned about Grandmaster Flash and Black urban culture in Rashad Shabazz's D1 class. But what still leaves me unsatisfied is the fact that almost my entire hip-hop education has taken place in the classroom or on receiving end of some iPod headphones. The more I learn about hip-hop culture, the more I realize how cut off from it I've been. It's only thanks to the digital age that a small slice of hip-hop, this thing we call rap music, penetrated to the heart of suburbia and entered my life. I hadn't even been to a rap concert until I saw Brother Ali in the Davis Center.

But nothing subtracts from the eight years I've avidly listened to rap and the six years I've written it. By this point, I've forged—however casual or untraditional—an undeniable relationship to the genre.

It really did all start with Ludacris. As a sardonic and profane sixth grader on the brink of gut-wrenching puberty, I needed something to point out how absurd and laughable the world was. "Rollout" from his second album Word of Mouf did just that.

From there, it was 50 Cent, Eminem, and Ice Cube; Lil Jon, The Game, Young Buck, even Birdman (but never his adoptive son). Snoop Dogg's "Drop It Like It's Hot" was my first personal theme song, soon replaced by Lil Scrappy's "Money In The Bank." My first ringtone was "It's Hard Out Here For A Pimp," for which I had just watched Three 6 Mafia win an Academy Award. I counted the gunshots in Tony Yayo's "Drama Setter" (17) and the number of times Luda says "ho" in his magnum opus, "Ho" (104). By eighth grade, I'd grown a Jewfro the size of Tel Aviv, and every Friday, I wore a crappy dollar-sign medallion and a T-shirt that read "G-Unit: Heavy Weight Construction."

Don't get me wrong: I knew I was making a fool of myself. Back then, in my most hopeless hour of adolescence, I channeled my love of gangsta rap—unexpected from the whitest kid anyone knew—into a sort of self-satire. It raised some eyebrows, but it was good fun. It was both a mockery and an embrace of 2000s rap culture as I knew it; all that was missing was the rap.

I toyed with rhyming and came up with my first rap, titled "Keep Off The Grass," an attempt at drug-euphemism that turned out unclear, self-contradictory, and about as threatening as Andy Milonakis with boxing gloves. I hid it under a pile of other unfinished projects, and soon after felt like an even bigger amateur when I began listening to Lupe Fiasco.

And then there was "Fat Bitch." The summer before I started high school, sitting at my desk on a day I should have been outside, I penned my first full-length rap in about 35 minutes with a blue marker. "Fat Bitch" was in-your-face, the fictitious, filter-less, first-person account of dating a fat girl until she gets skinny and leaves me, at which point I get drunk at a club and wake up next to another fat girl. I had grown so comfortable being an object of ridicule that I wrote "Fat Bitch" with the same attitude. It was too offensive and too obviously ama-

teur not to be a joke: "Ridin' in the Cadillac/She's too big for the front so she sits in the back/Now she's pissed, she wants a Big Mac/What the fuck, you just had a snack!" I was 14.

It spread like wildfire, at least across the small world of a graduating middle schooler. Rapping then turned into my primary hobby, but nothing else I've written has captured the mystique of "Fat Bitch." By now, my janky, Garageband recording has made its way through a network of mutual friends, carried from Cherry Creek High to Colorado State, CU-Boulder, UVM, Duke, Denison, and probably some others I don't know about.

"Fat Bitch" was the crowning achievement of a greater effort, a rap group that we called The Cadillac Boyz. Essentially a group of friends that just wanted to make up rap names for ourselves, at our greatest point our MySpace page had two songs ("Fat Bitch" and "Pills"), one music video ("My Car Is A Piece Of Shit"), and several pictures of me sitting fully clothed in a hot tub with fake grills and an empty bottle of tequila. But my friends didn't want to start high school as the resident wangsters, so The Cadillac Boyz fell apart.

But I kept writing. My independent raps, either scribbled down during Trigonometry class or mulled over for months before completion, alternated between self-glorifying absurdities and political diatribes. And sometimes both: "When I'm angry, you might just see gore/Not the VP, just the shit he ignores." I was still an amateur, still bound to sorry attempts at the type of rap I listened to, and I would have kept falling short of the mark had an incident during sophomore year not forced me to rethink my tone.

It was just one line: "En las calles, mi treintatreinta es peligroso/Cuando te mato, va a estar ruidoso" (look it up). One line that my Spanish teacher would not take as a joke. One line that got me suspended for a day, my backpack and locker searched for weapons, and me investigated by the school psychiatrist. One line that made my parents delete all my favorite music. The last line of an era.

But the start of a new one. I was done pretending, done turning myself into a clown. I realized I could use my rhymes to recognize myself, even if what I found there had nothing to do with the music I listened to. I would never again live up to "Fat Bitch," but maybe it was time to start rapping for myself. I found some new favorite rappers, socially- and self-conscious MCs like Lupe, Common, Immortal Technique, and the Hilltop Hoods. And I evolved.

I don't have space to tell you everything I've learned and written since then, but I'll try to sum it up by answering this impossible question of "What is hip-hop?" It started as an urban artistic subculture in the South Bronx that used the public sphere as its studio for rapping, DJing, breakdancing, and spray painting. But that's not what it's looked like in my life, and I don't think that should exclude me from participating in hip-hop. After all, hip-hop helped make me who I am today; what could be more authentic?

Here it is: hip-hop is the newly emergent, the shock value, the painful truth, the way of getting by, the escape, the cultural renaissance that never ends, but plays itself out in every would-be MC who ever picks up a pen. You're invited. ■

pro by phoebefooks

"Spring Break forever..." I'd been seeing these words appear repeatedly on my Twitter timeline for what seemed like weeks. I'd heard them muttered in passing on campus and in the outside world alike. The mystery begged resolution. I needed to see *Spring Breakers*.

Yet, at the same time, certain cohorts of mine reacted in tame, yet genuine, astonishment upon hearing that I was dying to see this new release. They had either seen it and hated it or heard a similarly negative review from someone else. "It's just boobs and bad acting," they'd say, "Plus James Franco plays the leading male, but he's not even hot in it." Pure blasphemy.

But these mixed reviews piqued my curiosity all the more, and with a secured Cats-at-the-Movies ticket, I made my way down to the Roxy last Saturday to see what all the hype was about. The first ten or so minutes of *Spring Breakers* went above and beyond the justification for the film's rating of R for nudity, and, for that matter, all the comments I'd heard about excessive boobs. Yes, there were boobs. Tons of 'em, as far as my eyes could see. Boobs of all sizes and colors, often presented in slow-motion being shaken by their possessors, or being drenched in waterfalls of Bud Light. There were asses too, presented in a similar nature to the bounty of breasts, along with abs, and shoulders, and legs.

"And it was actually really beautiful," commented my friend and UVM sophomore, Simone Bailey. I would agree. The filming of *Spring Breakers* was rather expertly done. Each array of deliciously sun-

con by marissabucchi

I'm ashamed to admit it: I paid to see *Spring Breakers*. \$8.50 for my movie ticket, and \$6.50 on the snuck-in Boloco burrito. The burrito—my first ever from Boloco—was delicious, but the movie made me want to throw it right back up.

Okay, maybe that's a bit of a stretch, but I did leave the movie theater in a state of incredulity, confusion, and sadness for society. I couldn't help it; as the credits started rolling and Ellie Goulding's "Lights" started playing at the end of *Spring Breakers*, all I could do was laugh. My friends' laughter and mine masked a deeper issue that we discussed soon after the movie. *Spring Breakers* was quite possibly the most offensive and tasteless movie that we had ever seen, and the plethora of positive reviews threw me for a loop.

The movie opened with that one Skrillex song that everyone knows, and shots of everyone's ideal spring break. Boobs, beer, volleyball, everything you expect from a stereotypical college spring break was right before your eyes in vivid, neon technicolor.

Harmony Korine, the director of *Spring Breakers* is known for his dark and satirical films that showcase issues or are just generally weird, but this film was inexcusable to me. *Spring Breakers* presents the adventures of four college students who desperately want to have a typical spring break. Their lack of funds leads them to extremes and they rob a tiny restaurant in town with fake guns to get the money. The girls are successful, and set off on what they

## spring breakers

kissed skin, neon bikinis, smiling drunken faces, and fountains of cheap beer eclipsing a hot Floridian sun, backdropped by golden sand and cerulean waters was nothing but visually appealing to anyone of any gender or sexual orientation. In fact, every frame seemed to last just a second short of it feeling creepy or overtly sexual. In other words, it wasn't pornographic. It wasn't even at the raunchy level of American Pie. It was *Spring Breakers*.

Director and writer Harmony Korine perfectly captured not the realistic experience had by stereotypical Florida-bound spring breakers, but the perceived and idealized one, and then spiraled the story into escalating absurdity, which aligned seamlessly with the satire. Yes, satire. The understanding that *Spring Breakers* is entirely satirical is crucial to one's comprehension, analysis, and enjoyment of the film. I think anyone who didn't like it was simply taking this arthouse flick too seriously. Either that, or they were just really turned off by all the gorgeous tits and tails.

Additionally, I'm not sure how one could not appreciate the fact that two out of the four main leading female roles were filled by ex-Disney Channel stars, Vanessa Hudgens (High School Musical, 2006) and Selena Gomez (Wizards of Waverly Place, 2007-2012, also ex-girlfriend of teen pop sensation Justin Bieber, and somewhat of a teen pop sensation herself). Hudgens' character is rarely seen without a blunt dangling from her glossed lips and is involved in an aquatic threesome with Franco and the other lead female, played by Pretty Little

hope to be the best spring break of their lives.

First of all, the normalization of gun violence in *Spring Breakers* disgusted me. Perhaps Korine was trying to make a statement about the violence that pervades our society, but instead of bringing it to attention as a negative issue, he only further contributed to its normalization by glorifying it. From Candy (Vanessa Hudgens) and Britt (Ashley Benson) demonstrating their gun-intimidation skills, to the two girls plus Cotty (Rachel Korine) dancing around with machine guns while James Franco soulfully played Britney Spears on piano, guns were rampant throughout the movie.

In light of the events in Newtown, Aurora, and several other locations across America in the last year, the guns were not only tasteless and too frequent, but also perpetuated exactly what we as a nation are trying to change. Studies have shown that violent video games, TV shows, and movies contribute to the normalization of violence for young children, and this movie is no exception. By the end of the film, I was gun-tired and unsurprised when Britt and Candy shot up an entire compound of armed men, which is most definitely not the reaction that I, as a 19-year-old girl in Vermont, should be having to these images.

*Spring Breakers* also featured rampant sexism and misogyny that once again, even if Korine was trying to make a statement, fell flat. The scene where Cotty, wearing

Liars' Ashley Benson. Hilarious. And with Gomez starring as the seemingly innocent, church-going victim of college-girl corruption, it's almost as if the casting itself was intended to be part of the humor in *Spring Breakers*.

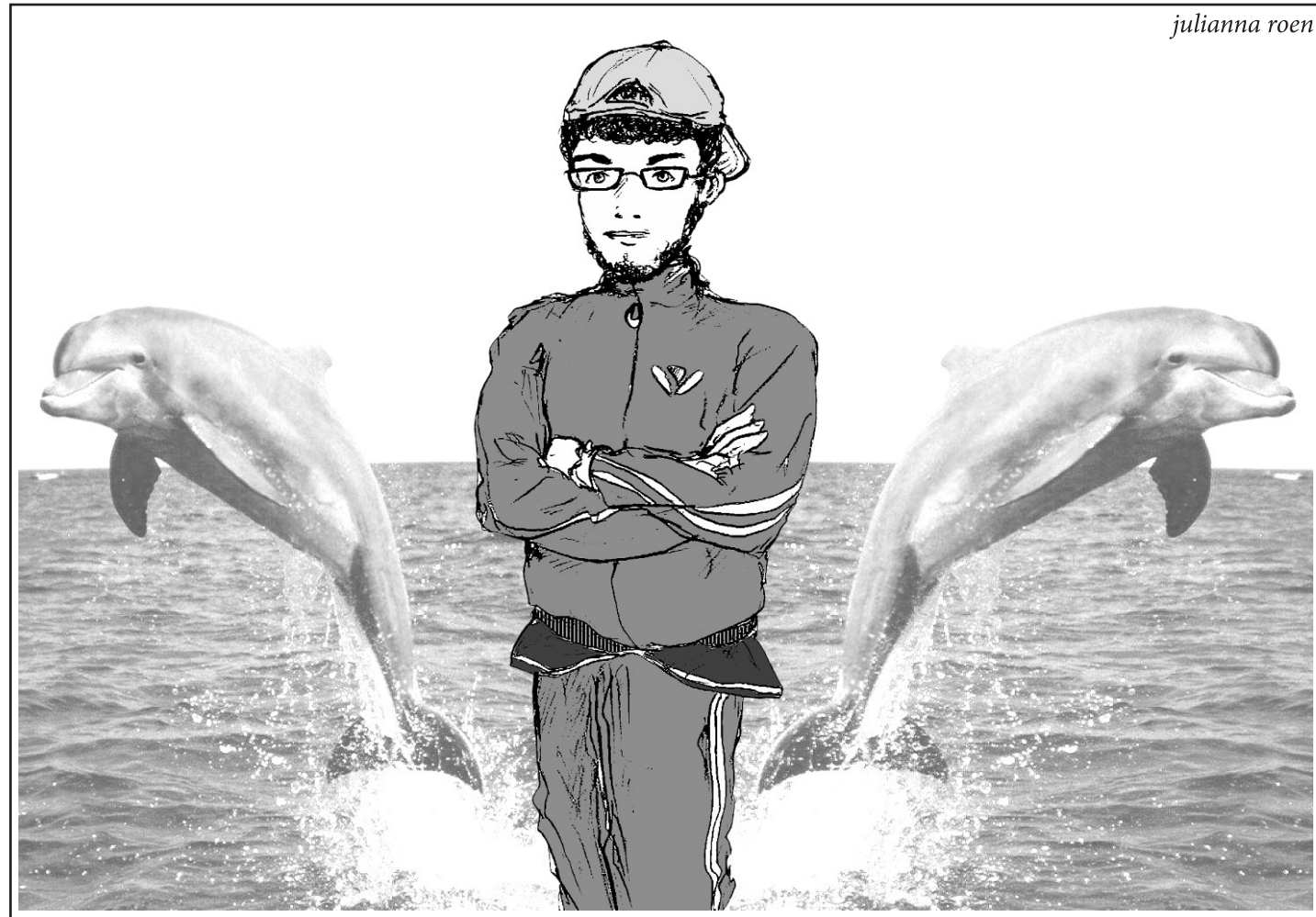
Other than nearly-nude childhood stars now matured, you'll additionally see the following in *Spring Breakers*: hot pink ski-masks adorned with unicorn patches, plenty of weapons, cocaine, and cash money, and (major spoiler alert) James Franco deepthroating a machine gun and afterwards giving a performance of "Everytime" by Britney Spears on a poolside piano, a scene a friend of mine described as "the greatest moment in cinematic history." I won't even bother going into too much detail on the plot because it's pretty much irrelevant in the grand scheme of things. Essentially these four girls rob a restaurant in order to get enough money to go on spring break in Florida. They have a blast and never want to leave but are unfortunately thrown in jail for cocaine use, until James Franco bails them out and they get a look at the dangerous, yet thrilling, life of seedy Floridian locals. And Gucci Mane is in there somewhere.

Despite all the negativity you may have heard about *Spring Breakers*, I recommend wholeheartedly that you give it a chance. Maybe the type of humor isn't for you, or maybe you don't like looking at trashy, hot people, but if you don't like either of those things, then I'm not sure I know how to advise you. Go see *The Host*, perhaps. ■

only a bikini bottom, taunted a group of drunken frat boys with, "You can't have this p\*\*\*y," was simply egregious. Perhaps Korine was trying to demonstrate female dominance and control of their bodies, but it fell flatter than Selena Gomez's stomach.

I'm tired of trying to rationalize what Harmony Korine's possible logic could have been behind his making of *Spring Breakers*. I can appreciate the female form just as much as the next guy, but I saw far too much of it, from far too many angles, for far too long for this to be considered anything more than a soft-core porno. Combined with James Franco referring to them continuously as his "bitches," and the girls fulfilling every stereotype known to man, I just couldn't make it sit right with me.

I probably sound like a curmudgeonly old feminist who can't appreciate a nice satire, and maybe I am. But I'm not saying that you shouldn't see *Spring Breakers*; in fact, I encourage you to see it and make your own judgments. I just happened to view the film through a lens that is all too critical of the current state of affairs, and I couldn't bring myself to find the genius in the darkness. I'm a firm believer that humor is the best way to cope with hard times, but to me, this was not the correct way of tackling the issues. If you're looking for a dark comedy about the human condition through the lens of teenagers, I recommend Heathers. Or Youth in Revolt. Or Jawbreaker. ■



# fashion five-oh.



## get the look, get the job: the basics of interview attire

by lizcantrell

*With the first sign of spring comes the dreaded interview season. If you're looking to score an internship, job, or research opportunity for the summer, chances are you'll have to sit down and impress your potential future boss in person. You can dazzle them with your accomplishments and work ethic, but you should also be conscious of your fashion grade. The first step is to assess the formality of the position for which you're applying. A general rule of thumb is to dress one notch above what you think is appropriate, or more bluntly, "dress for the job you want." That being said, if you're trying to land a gig with a law firm or with a major company, you must go business formal all the way. No exceptions. And, for any interview, do a quick double check for stains, rips, and general fit before you walk out the door. Now that you know the general guidelines, let's break it down.*

### Ladies

Behold the Holy Grail that is Kohl's. Lauren Conrad (known as "LC" to those in the biz) created a truly affordable, comfortable, and chic-as-hell line for this store, and you need to go there. Like now. The collection gives basic blazers, slacks, and simple shift dresses a youthful, but not immature, update by balancing patterns and bold colors with clean lines and simple proportions. So, for example, you can work a traditional navy blazer with one of her trendy printed skirts, if it's in the same color family. The best part about LC's line is it all works together. You can literally pick up two skirts, one pair of pants, one dress, two shirts, a jacket, and a sweater and be set for tons of outfit combinations. Plus, it's hella affordable compared to stuff you'll find at Macy's, and it'll last longer than shitty retailers like Forever 21.

As far as footwear goes, classic pumps or simple flats work best. No strappy club sandals or "exotic" of-the-moment trends. You don't have to stick to the "no-open-toed-shoe" rule if you're working at a more creative industry, but make sure whatever's on your footies is comfortable for walking, sitting, standing, and coffee runs. Pop into Payless or Famous Footwear for an array of options that won't break the bank.

The best advice anyone could give you about interviews: don't use 'em as an opportunity to test-drive new looks. You don't want to be fidgeting with something that was "too-long-but-on-sale-and-totally- worth-it", or worrying about your blouse having too many sheer ruffles. Stick with clothes you have actually worn before, fit you well, and don't make you feel stiff.

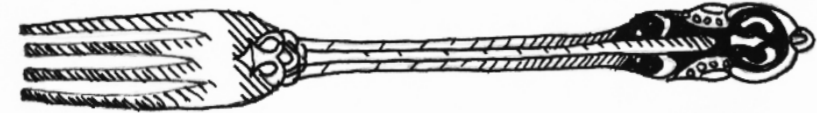
### Gents

Fortunately for you, the formula is pretty easy. Step one: dress shoes. Step two: dress pants. Step three: dress shirt, tucked in, with a belt. Step four (depending on the office vibe): sport coat or blazer. Step five (if it's the big leagues): as long as you got your suit and tie, you'll leave it all on the (office) floor.

That being said, you don't have to fear injecting a little personality into the look. You can ditch the basic black jacket and pants combo for gray, navy, or white (hard to pull off, but super fly when done right). If you're adventurous, opt for a tasteful colored shirt, perhaps a nice salmon or a mint green. If it looks like any color you'd wear at a rave: no. Leave the Day-Glow lime green at home.

All in all, lads, the best advice is to avoid anything Tucker Max would do. Instead, picture yourself as the ever-dapper Mr. Don Draper (though the fedora, day-drunkenness, and infidelity might not be office appropriate in today's day and age). ■

# fork it over.



## test tube meat: the future of carnivorism

by coleburton

This coming fall, the first hamburger made purely of laboratory-grown meat will be grilled in the UK. Some of those crazy Brits are now creating the first artificial meat product strip by strip, and will soon add in man-made blood and fat in an attempt to give the patty some good ole' flavor. As an avid meat-lover, I have eaten more than my fair-share of Grundle burgers and chicken patties, but even I am hesitant to be excited about a mound of human-manufactured muscle situated between some sesame-seeded buns. I have a few problems with ingesting a product made by scientists in a lab, but the idea of growing meat without the environmental costs is definitely a promising idea with some very obvious advantages. For example, this development could potentially free up millions of acres of fertile farmland for feeding humans rather than the animals that we currently farm for slaughter. Also, this could be a small step towards reducing man's overall negative impact on the environment.

But first off, let's be real here: lab meat just seems too creepy for me to want to eat it. I remember Better Off Ted (if you haven't seen this show, you seriously should watch a few episodes) parodying this very idea as one of the ridiculous money-making scheme of Veridian Dynamics, the dystopian mega-corp in the show. This company will do anything to make money, even making deadly pumpkins for fruit (yes it is a fruit) warfare. VD is obviously a satire of any one of the many major monopolistic mega-corporations we unfortunately have around today. Although scientists may mean well with this innovation, I don't necessarily trust Tyson or Cargill to start artificially manufacturing meat for my consumption. We already have horse in our burgers and we use livestock for meat; I can only

imagine what companies will try to slip into a test-tube sirloin to lower costs and raise profits.

Another problem made apparent in this particular Better Off Ted episode is when Phil and Lem, two endearingly nerdy scientists who work for VD, try to find a way to make the bodiless lump of muscle they created taste agreeable to the human test subject. After his first bite he said it tasted like something familiar... despair. Faced with this problem, the scientists eventually settle on hooking the meat chunk up to an electric source that causes it to slowly beat. As it exercises, it gains muscle mass and also becomes much more delectable which VD's hapless test subject finds out (to his great surprise).

Personally, I think real-world scientists will run into problems similar to those which Phil and Lem faced. I don't see how simply blending these ingredients together will create anything that tastes even remotely good. If they can't find a way to make this thing taste like the real McCoy, the project may as well be dead in the water. I don't think the solution will be as easy as hooking the beef up to a car battery. No carnivore like myself is going to jump for lab-meat that doesn't even taste like the genuine article, and it's unlikely that many

vegetarians are going to be jumping on the bandwagon either. The simple fact that the strips of muscle, grown in petri dishes with a reddish nutrient medium, look like stringy used tampons also doesn't make it anymore appealing to my taste buds. One day I might be ready for the scientific wonder that is test-tube meat, but unfortunately for now, all of us meat-lovers must find a way to be content with our slaughterhouse beef, pork, and poultry (sorry, no one cares about fish). ■

# 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

Your baby face  
Puts a lady in her place  
You're a two timing playa  
Whom no one can hate  
Do I get it? No.  
But do I respect it? Damn Straight  
Working out usually isn't your plan  
But when you take off your shirt  
You're a sexy ass man  
The fratstar life is your game  
So come spend the night with me  
An I'll reveal my name.  
**When:** Erry day  
**Where:** Greater New England  
**I saw:** A baby face  
**I am:** The Game Changer



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

Under the stars we'll dine,  
And name the two constellations we know,  
But first we'll finish off just a little box of wine,  
And letting our fingers entwine,  
I'll tell you that you're fine  
Will you come with me?  
Like there's barely time to wait?  
And I'll follow even when you're blue  
And also when no rain is falling from a heavy sky  
Cause I'm tangled up in you,  
And cannot say goodbye  
When I can hear your voice,  
Whether soft or singing pretty off in my ear,  
I know I'm lucky as can be  
Cause you'd be anybody's choice,  
But instead you're choosing me  
**When:** All the time  
**Where:** Lots of places  
**I saw:** A good lookin phish  
**I am:** A grateful redheaded gal

Six roommates now there are in total  
The tallest one will definitely remain unboneable.  
You offered thick D  
And she said that just can't be  
Because there is a tree in her bed.  
You really did put christmas to bed.  
#captainsquirtpatrol  
**When:** Monday morning?  
**Where:** Reggae night  
**I saw:** A weiner cousin  
**I am:** Uncomfortable.

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# the ear

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uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

### U-Heights hallway

*Dude 1:* Yo, it is sure easy to go to the gym with the fine ladies that go there.

*Dude 2:* Nice.

*Dude 1:* Ya, one of the regulars wasn't there today. I mean she's not in the greatest shape but she's working on it ya know?

*Dude 2:* She'd be like an investment.

*Dude 1:* Exactly.

### The Davis Center, Tuesday Evening

*Personal Trainer:* I hate seeing fat people take the elevator. I know the Davis Center stairs are the longest in VT, but still, this is why there is obesity in the U.S.

### Tuesday (free cone day) outside WDW

*Ratchet girl 1:* "Dude i ate a muffin, then got a free cone, then ate a sandwich...and pizza"

*Ratchet girl 2:* "Damn that's a lot...let's go to the vending machine"

*Ratchet girl 1:* "OK"

### Tuesday night, by the Flying Diaper

*Guy 1:* That's bat shit crazy.

*Guy 2:* I believe the proper term is "guano insane".

### 2nd floor of Bailey Howe

(After overhearing a small child yelling)

*Tall, strange girl:* HE DOESN'T EVEN GO HERE.

### Rowell

*Biddie:* my breasts are aching with rage!

### Redstone Lofts stairwell

*Girl 1:* I am NOT losing my virginity to a gigolo

*Girl 2:* They're professionals. I don't see a problem using their services

### MAT

*Young lad:* I wish I grew up during the Game of Thrones era.

*Young maiden:* Why?

*Young lad:* Because I would be badass and would get laid every night.

*Young maiden:* Yeah, by your sister

### Outside Pearl Street Beverage

*Classy Lady on Phone:* I've been pantsed! I don't know where my pants are.

*Friend on Other End:* (Inaudible)...

*Classy Lady:* Never mind, I forgot them in my room.

### Molecular Genetics Lab

*Brain Dork* (to girl wearing shirt with serotonin molecule on it): Cool shirt!

*Girl:* Oh, thanks. It's the happy molecule!

*Brain Dork:* Kind of, did you know that close to 90% of serotonergic innervation is in the gut? So be happy because it helps you poop!

*Girl (looking weirded out):* Oh  
*Girl promptly leaves. Brain Dork sighs at failed attempt to talk to a female.*

### Davis center tunnel

*Friend 1:* I ain't hopping over no fence like an illegal immigrant.

*Friend 2:* What if the cops were after you?

*Friend 1:* That's the only exception.

### U Heights North Lobby

*Girl:* I'm not going to do weird things with my body for your entertainment!

### Redstone

*Girl 1:* Have you ever been to China? They don't have toilet bowls, they have toilet holes.

# tunes.



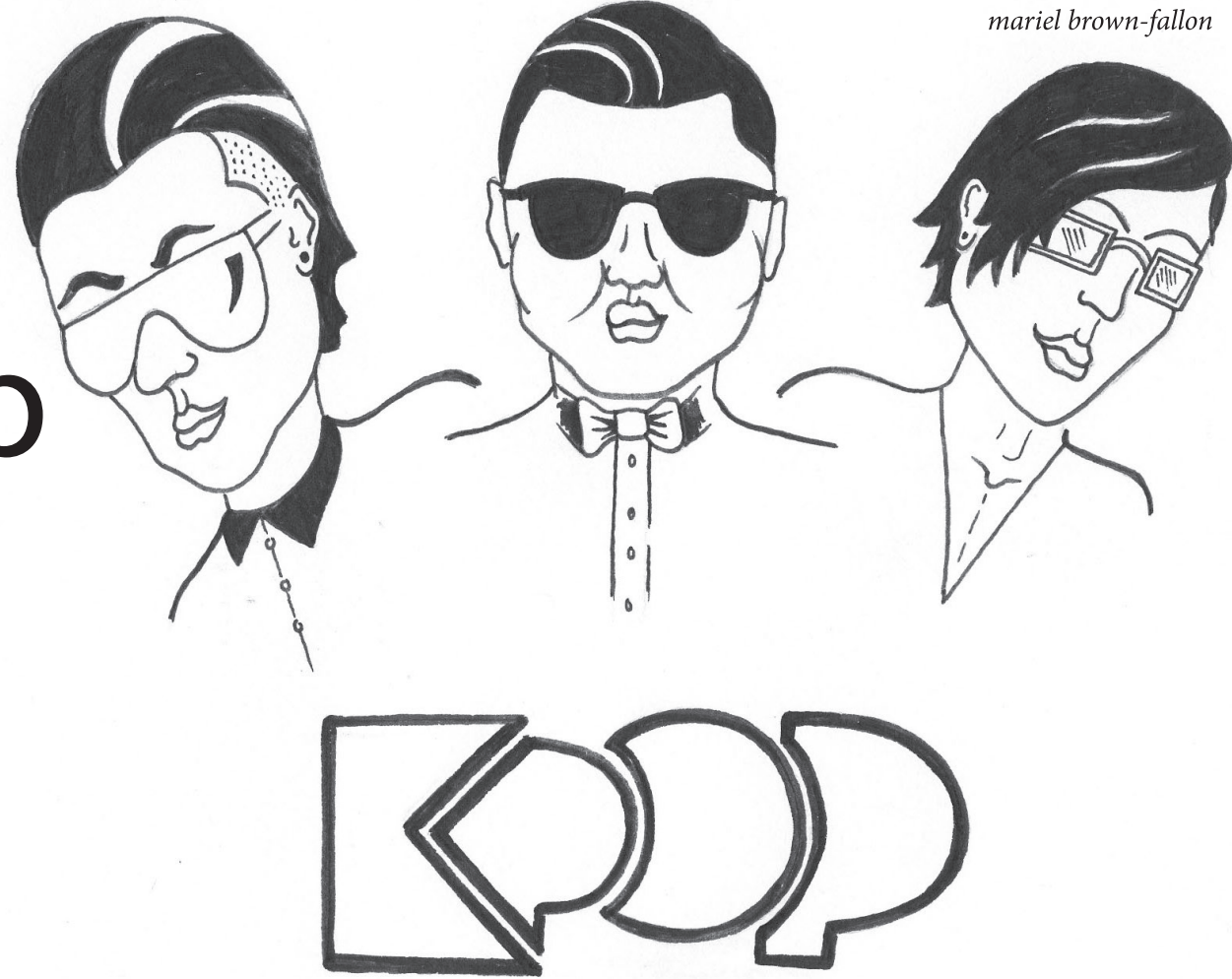
## k-pop don't stop

by juliannaroeno

Hip hop and pop are wonderful genres that can make even the most lethargic person eager to sing loudly or dance like a freak, but songs of these styles get old quickly. If one sits in the Grundle for copious hours or listens to 95.5 frequently, the repetition of Ke\$ha, Rihanna and other mainstream artists' songs is mind numbing. If you're looking for a similar genre of music but with an exotic twist then listen to K-Pop.

K-Pop refers to South Korean popular music with musical features consisting of pop, rock, hip hop, R&B and electronic sounds. Songs often include both singing and rap with numerous English words thrown into the verses and chorus. There are hundreds of bands within this genre. Some of the most successful groups include Wonder Girls, Shinee, BoA, Super Junior, f(x) and Beast. K-Pop is a huge facet of South Korean culture and is one of the primary reasons why South Korean tourism rates have increased. K-Pop is not only popular in its country of origin, but is also common in Japan and China. Bands will often record their albums in Japanese or Chinese in order to broaden their audience and reach more fans. For years, K-Pop groups have been trying to make a breakthrough in America. So far, the only artist who has been able to complete such a task is Psy whose claim to fame, as everyone knows, is his song "Gangnam Style". Although K-Pop is not widely known in the U.S. at the moment, Google search trends show that the genre has grown in popularity exponentially since 2007.

K-Pop is much more than just the music. Some of the most important features of this genre are the graphical components presented in performances and music videos. In K-Pop, dance, costumes, makeup, and other visual elements are equally as significant as the music. K-Pop music videos are riddled with outrageous costumes and settings.



mariel brown-fallon

Members of K-Pop bands are constantly changing their looks making them hardly recognizable from one video to another. The importance of visuals is clearly evident in the "Gangnam Style" music video. If Psy had not made the scenarios in "Gangnam Style" so ridiculous or had not danced those now legendary moves, this song would not have become the most viewed video on YouTube.

Watching a K-Pop video can be a life changing experience. Not only is the music upbeat and intense, but the dancing is also as equally mesmerizing. K-Pop artists put Beyoncé and Shakira to shame. For instance, in Super Junior's "Bonamana," twelve attractive males dance in perfect sync under a blaring strobe light. Twelve. That may not sound like a lot, but trust me, it is. How are they so good? K-Pop artists begin training for the industry at approxi-

mately age four and continue until they sign with a label. Such a practice is frowned down upon by the United States, but it is effective in producing stellar performers.

If you are new to K-Pop here are a few songs that I recommend you check out on YouTube. I strongly suggest watching the accompanying music video since the visuals are a vital part to the experience. Shinee - Ring Ding Dong; f(x) - Nu Abo; Girls Generation - Gee; Super Junior - Bonamana.

A fair warning, K-Pop male artists get a bad rap in the U.S. due their exhibition of feminine qualities. They are like the Backstreet Boys or N'Sync except with more makeup and more flamboyant outfits. Be open to observing these men and respect their way of life. This is the University of Vermont after all! Embrace their differences and enjoy. ■

### SQUIMLEY -continued from page 1

shirts half way through the second set was the most outlandish moment, but by Slade standards that's far from strange.

From my conversation with the band members and the shows I've attended, it's clear Squimley's intentions are far from self-centered. "We're trying to get everybody involved in our band," says Lalancette, "everybody's a part of the show even though we're the ones playing." This means that everyone from the artist who draws the furry Woolen creature in the band logo to the groupies who dorm drink before the shows are a part of the band. The energy of the band is infectious and they are eager spread more of their music with the local scene.

You can catch Squimley and the Woolens the night of 4/20 at Radiobean at 12:45am (technically 4/21). I can't think of a better way to end 4/20 festivities than with a little groovin' and dancin'. ■

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## springfest is coming...

by lizcantrell

here are some **water tower** predictions

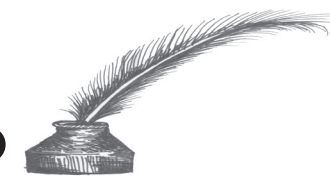
1. Fresh from their visit to Cuba, Beyoncé and Jay-Z make a pit stop to UVM, perform new song, promise to return each year.
2. SGA selects best senators to compete against **water tower** editors kerrymartin and lauragreenwood in rap battle. Kerry and Laura go *8-Mile* on their asses and wipe the floor with them.

3. At the door, students are informed that tickets will be refunded. Money and glow sticks shower down from rafters, ecstasy and rapture ensue.

**(reality):**

It rains. Grumpy catamounts pile into Patrick Gym. Music plays over feeble speakers. Lights flicker because of impending April storm. Dreams and hopes diminish.

# créatif stuffé.



## crossed worlds

by bethziehl

I first saw him at the coffee shop. He came in, ordered a drink and sat down with a crossword puzzle. I watched as he slowly filled in the words with his pen. Not pencil, but pen! He was perfect, absolutely perfect in every way. I started going to the coffee shop more frequently and began to know his schedule. He came every Sunday morning and Wednesday afternoon. Finally, one day, he sat near me. I pretended to read while he worked on his crossword and I wrote him a note which I slipped into his bag. He startled me when he touched my arm and asked me a question. I watched his mouth move, but heard nothing. He asked once more when I did not reply. He was looking for help with his crossword clue, "hi-fi". "High fidelity," I blurted out and as the last word rolled off my tongue, it left a bitter taste in my mouth. He was pleased with my answer, but I was not. When I looked at him again, I saw the word INFIDELITY plastered to his forehead and my husband walking through the door of the coffee shop. ■

## discussion table reflections

by michaelmalamud

There is nothing I know.  
I know nothing  
which ejaculates constructs  
and people and history.  
We erect constructions  
where we deconstruct our intentions.  
We analyze our notions  
in indefinite detention,  
then attempt to  
persecute poverty  
and rape injustice,  
to bargain for the victory of some  
representation of a person,  
a dull composite, distorted.  
A pixelated nothing.  
Nothing, I know.

by bethziehl

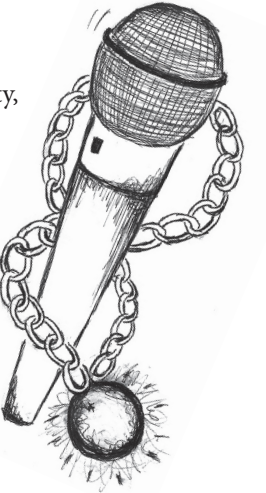
Window panes reflect  
the faces I've owned  
in the past year,  
those I am ashamed of,  
and those I am proud  
to call, mine.  
They look at me,  
but do not judge  
for they know that I  
am already hard  
enough on myself.  
They are reminders  
of my past,  
but I do not fear  
how they define me  
for I see myself  
reflected in your face  
and you are smiling.

## 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 torch **Cannabis Legalization**.

I once heard about a baby who, before day number eighty,  
Ate a whole batch of brownies both special and flakey  
His stomach felt achy, blood pressure went crazy  
And for the next few days the boy was slightly lazy.  
Men and gentladies, believe it or not  
That's the first time anybody almost died from pot  
The worst that can happen is you might get distraught  
Over how few Pigs in a Blanket you bought  
So lighten up or light it up, either one works  
To dull or null the pain of that which most irks  
Armenian stress, these nugs are Young Turks  
Life's got enough strife, so look out for its perks  
And for people who just wanna get high all the time  
I say "Let them smoke weed," it's a victimless crime.  
by coughing Coloradan kerrymartin



Next time join us when we slice the **United Nations**. 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! ■

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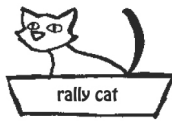
Catch Up. Get Ahead. Starts May 20TH  
[uvm.edu/summer/bsavvy](http://uvm.edu/summer/bsavvy)



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# cat litter.



collincappelle



SATIRE STYX &



## Tip o' the Week

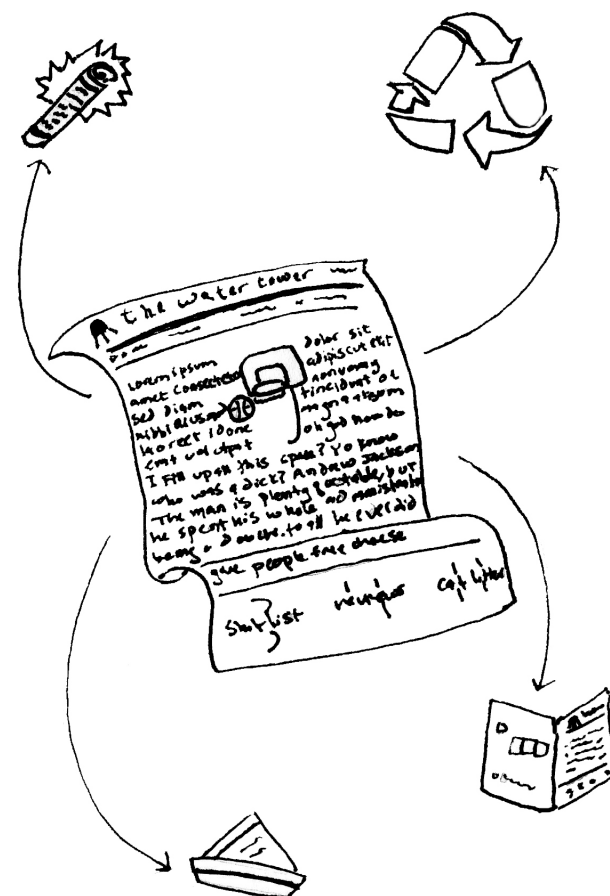
The semester's almost over so if you haven't done something incredibly stupid, crazy, and dangerous, now's the time

## things to do with the water tower

- Toilet Paper
- Paper Mache
- Wall Paper
- Line the litter box
- Cover stains on the floor or couch
- Make a kite
- Wear it as a dress
- Make origami
- Use it as a place mat
- In the same vein, use it as a plate when you have no clean dinnerware
- Build a kick-ass fort (name it Fort Kick-Ass; recognize no one's authority)
- Roll it up and whack people like a dog who just pooped on the floor
- Crumple it up and throw it like a snowball
- Roll a doobie
- Make a hat

- Masturbate with it( note: not to it, **with it**)
- Make a tube with it around your penis, have your friend make a tube around his penis so you can have a sword fight while still staying clean
- Confetti!!!! Yay!!!
- Stich them together and have a parachute party like you did when you were little
- Leave stacks of them in your room piled six feet high so you can pretend like you're a crazy conspiracy theorist
- Hand them out to people walking through the Davis Center just minding their own goddamn business but you think your cause is important enough that you can interrupt their busy day to hand them some shitty piece of paper and then when they don't take it because they have better things to do, you can look at them with disapproving superiority because you have a right to bother people you don't know.
- Cut it up and make it rain \*see confetti
- Oh, I guess you could also just read it

I am from the future and I have seen the awesomeness that is next weeks **water tower**. Be prepared for a very special issue.



ben berrick