



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

too cool for school

uvm's six social commandments

by mikaelawaters

Chillin' high up in the Northeast, Vermont is a free spirit among these grand United States of America. With its geographic isolation (almost in Canada, eh?), rugged winter conditions, and concerning ratio of cows to people, it is unique not only in a cultural affinity for both dairy and maple products, but also in its people. Vermonters dress how they want, eat as locally and sustainably as they want, act how they want, and own as many goddamn cows as they want. In summary: much like the noble honey badger, Vermont just doesn't give a fuck.

As the state university of this peculiar area, some of the same qualities apply to the students of UVM. When stepping on campus, check all your previous notions of what's cool and what's not cool at the door. Leave behind your trendy items and superior attitude because here, the game has changed and the rules are different: this is how to be cool at UVM... and only at UVM:

1. Carry a reusable spork with you wherever you go

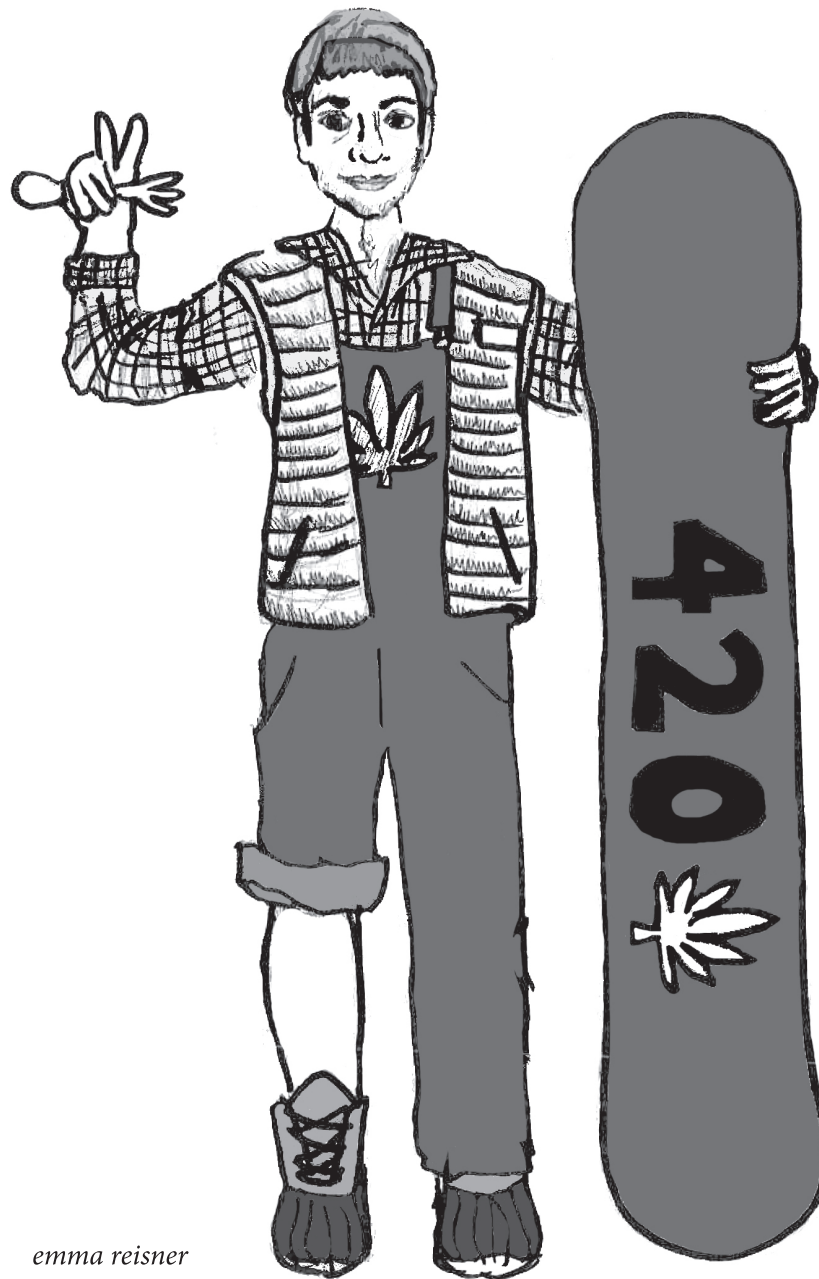
Flash it in the Market and Marche for five cents off your meal. Whip it out in casual conversations. Reference that you're "packin' the heat" if said spork is not immediately visible. And always reserve and exercise the right to silently (or verbally) judge all those who use disposable utensils. Because, not only are plastic sporks environmental, but they both harbor three in one capabilities and have a snazzy name, reminiscent of the cooked, pink pig. *Extra points if you design and use a carrying case with cradle-to-cradle principles a la William McDonough.

2. ALWAYS sport some form of Patagucci

Literally always. The more the better. A Patagonia vest over a Patagonia jacket? Yes. Patagonia flannel under a Patagonia jacket with a Patagonia vest atop? Killin' it. If you don't feel like dressing quite so flashy, at least be sure to be wearing your Patagonia moisture-wicking underwear. People will know.

3. The more androgynous an article of clothing is, the better

You know something is stylish at UVM when it can be found in both the Men's and Women's section without distinction. While not limited to, these items usually include Bean boots, flannels, and cords. At any given moment, a UVM student should be able to high five a member of the opposite



emma reisner

never acknowledge the secret that this school is predominantly white

should be made in direct relation to your experiences the previous night (or at the current moment), so that people not only know that you smoke, but that you do so without a care.

sex for wearing matching outfits.

4. Talk about your affinity for "The Gange"

One is considered exceptionally informed and competent at groovy UV if references to the Marijuanas are made at least five times per conversation. Two of these references

survival horror classics

by leonardbartenstein

About a week or two ago, I went down to Goodwill to buy a table for the suite I live in. I didn't end up finding a table, but I did find a glass that says "God bless America," a Harry Potter themed mystery board game, VHS copies of *The Blair Witch Project*, *Con Air*, and *The Wall*, and, most importantly, a fully-functional PlayStation.

This magical 90s gaming device was the greatest thing that I could have found there. I rushed back to the dorm and ordered a controller, a memory card, and some games as quickly as possible. I held my breath while I waited for them to arrive, and finally, I was able to boot it up.

Now, something that the PlayStation was pretty good about was the fact that it was the breeding ground for many of the survival horror game classics that we're still familiar with today. The big two, of course, are the *Resident Evil* and *Silent Hill* franchises, which have both spawned multiple sequels, spinoffs, and even live action movies. This was the reason I was so excited for this PlayStation: an opportunity to play these classic, terrifying games.

I am most familiar with the *Resident Evil* franchise, so I started there first. I bought *Resident Evil 3: Nemesis* (1999), because it was the only main-series game that I hadn't played at least a part of. It features zombies and mutated creatures, all the result of a viral outbreak, more fully explained in the first two games. It was the last of the games to come out for the original PlayStation, before Capcom moved the series to GameCube for *Resident Evil 0* in 2002. This meant that, after releasing two previous games in the series on the console, Capcom knew what it was doing. Though it was not as praised for its story as much as the second game, *Nemesis* featured the best graphics of the first three games, and furthered the already strong survival horror atmosphere of the series.

The other game I received and immediately started playing was *Dino Crisis*, another survival horror game released in 1999. Many of the models for the characters in this game were taken from the original *Resident Evil*, and most of the mechanics translated as well.

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the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

Dear **readers,**

Another week without hate mail means we're doing our jobs (well, kind of), but makes for one hell of a boring "letter to the editor" space. So, if you've got opinions about whatever we've published, consider this a reminder that writing in and making your feelings known is a good thing! Cool. Now, in other news: we're ramping up our usage of our Twitter and Tumblr, so, you know, tweet at us. Or whatever the Tumblr equivalent of that is. Got an article you'd like to see written? Got an opinion just begging to be developed and want some input? Want to draw silly pictures (please draw us silly pictures)? Then get at us! When we say we want you so bad, it's more than just a self-referential circlejerk: it's a clarion call of our deep, smoldering desire for your input.

Follow us on **The Spigot** at thewatertower.tumblr.com or call us out on Twitter [@thewatertower](https://twitter.com/thewatertower). Got an IWYSB or an Ear that you'd like to submit? Do so on our UVM website: www.uvm.edu/~wafertwr/, and while you're there, read some of your favorite back-issues! Remember: we are your voice, and we want you. Like a lot. One might say, "so bad" (see what we did there?)

Love always,
The Eds

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with caito'hara

The Plague—I'm done with this shit. Half of campus is hacking their lungs up all over the place (myself included) and then reports surface of the ACTUAL bubonic plague resurfacing in Madagascar. What is this, the 1300s?

Sideview Mirrors—For the second time this winter, my car is missing part of one of my sideviews. Why? Because some asshats can't manage to not hit things when driving down the street at night. I don't want to pull my door panel off again, please cut the shit.

Celebrity Drug Overdoses—Philip Seymour Hoffman is the latest on the list of actors/performers dying from overdoses. Seems like every couple weeks another "shocking" death occurs. It's tragic, of course, but at the same time it's becoming almost commonplace, and that's even worse.

J.K. Rowling—So, my favorite author ever has come out and stated that, in retrospect, Ron and Hermione shouldn't have ended up together and that they would have needed counseling if they were an actual couple. Everyone knows that Harry and Hermione would have been awful as he's an arrogant jerk and she's a damn know-it-all. Way to ruin an otherwise perfectly happy ending, Rowling. Keep on destroying my hopes and dreams. ■

the news in brief

with dannissim

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

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"Evidence exists ... tying Mr. Christie to having knowledge of the lane closures, during the period when the lanes were closed, contrary to what the governor stated publicly in a two-hour press conference [on January 9]."

– In a letter from **Alan Zegas**, the lawyer of former Port Authority employee David Wildstein, he claims that there may be evidence implicating Governor Chris Christie in the lane-shutdown scandal. Christie has held to his story that he had no prior knowledge of the event, but if such evidence existed to prove otherwise, the governor can kiss his White House dream goodbye.

"The nature of the conduct at issue and the resultant harm compel this decision."

– **Attorney General Eric Holder Jr.** announcing that the Justice Department will seek the death penalty in the case of Boston Marathon bomber Dzhokhar Tsarnaev. While the death penalty has been abolished in Massachusetts, federal law can be used to circumvent the policy of the state in some circumstances.

"We are in the coal business. If you want decent hospitals, schools and police on the beat, we all need to understand that."

– Queensland, Australia premier **Campbell Newman** in response to concerns expressed about an approved plan for dumping millions of tons of sediment near the Great Barrier Reef. Environmentalists have warned of the hazards it could reek on an already unstable ecosystem, but it seems that some are more concerned about their wallets than their environment.

"We were a little surprised at the FAA interest in this since we thought we were operating under the 400-foot limit...[we] figured a vast frozen lake was a lot safer place than [what] Amazon was showing on 60 Minutes."

– **Jack Supple**, a managing partner at Lakemaid Beer, reacts to the FAA's decision to ground their beer drops by UAV. The company was testing the possibility of delivering local shipments to customers who are ice fishing. While they've been turned down by the FAA, I think they should look into more tested methods – Balto, anyone? ■

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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Williams - Inside Steps
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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Williams Family Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

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.**

internet rights under siege: the end of *net neutrality*

by dannissim

Since its inception, the Internet has been a herald of freely distributed information with no access restrictions. However, as the quantity of data accessed has increased, it has become more expensive for Internet Service Providers (ISPs), such as Verizon and Comcast, to offer service to its subscribers. In 2010, the Federal Communications Commission passed a set of rules protecting net neutrality, which blocked ISPs from discriminating against traffic of various Internet companies (i.e. Netflix, Amazon, etc.). Unfortunately for all of us, the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals recently vacated these rules in a suit filed by Verizon.

Now, you're probably wondering what all this techno-jumbo-jumbo means for you. In the immediate future, nothing is set to change; however, in the long-term we could be looking at an entirely different Internet. Without

net neutrality in place, your ISP has the right to charge a company like Netf-

"looks like the fcc's no longer wearing the pants in this relationship."

lix more money to access greater bandwidth (faster data speeds). In turn, this would force Netflix to raise prices, thus forcing you to pay more for a little bit of Walter White's "blue sky." This ruling has dangerous implications, and has given ISPs a monopolizing position: they have the power to regulate content in a way akin to extortion. While FCC Chairman Tom Wheeler has been unsettlingly wishy-washy over this whole issue, we can always count on Tron to fight for the users.

What we may be looking at is called "tiered Internet," where access to greater bandwidth comes at a greater cost, creating "tiers" in the access structure. This could a) limit smaller Internet companies from gaining a foothold in the market and b) limit the type of content consumers are able to view based on cost. While this isn't quite censoring, the

Internet will no longer be "open."

Legally speaking, the Internet is an extremely gray area. Upon its creation, it was difficult to even classify what sort of service it was. In the United States, telecommunications are considered a common carrier, which gives the FCC regulatory power. While Internet service was originally blanketed under common carriage, a 2005 ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court determined that broadband services should *not* be classified as telecommunication services. This, in turn, was a vital component in deconstructing net neutrality rules because

the FCC no longer had the same regulatory control over ISPs as it

does with phone companies. Looks like the FCC's no longer wearing the pants in this relationship.

Well shit, now I'm gonna have to sell my soul to the devil (a.k.a Big Red, a.k.a. Verizon) just to get my Netflix on. While I might be getting a little ahead of myself, it seems to me that it is now entirely within the ISPs power to totally fuck every-

one over. Services and technology change, I get that, but the potential ramifications of this ruling are frightening. For now, all we can do is wait and hope that the sun will come up tomorrow and the ISPs won't rob us blind. Hell, we might as well start looking into selling our organs on the black-market - everyone's born with an extra kidney!



candy crush creators cause *trademark chaos*

by alexgriffin

At heart, app developers are human like the rest of us; most start off with nothing more than a twinkle in their eye and a penchant for dirty talk in CSS. However, success distorts everyone. If the company behind Candy Crush Saga is anything to go by, hitting #1 in the App Store is far more likely to transform you into the kind of aggressively insecure boyfriend who runs background checks on your significant other's yoga classmates than it is to render you a benevolent iPhilosopher king.

King, the moniker of the minds responsible for the wildly innovative and paradigm-shifting Candy Crush Saga, has moved to protect their brand from copycats by filing a notice of opposition with just about everyone in the App Store with either 'candy' or 'saga' in the title of their games. The idea of trademarking a word is essential when it comes to protecting intellectual property and the viability of the firms who own that property, but King's net is scooping up everyone from The Banner Saga (indie Viking pillaging) and Candy Casino Slots - Jewels Craze Connect: Big Blast Mania Land (I don't even know). These are not exactly games that are muscling in on Candy Crush's turf. When was the last time you got confused between a slot machine, falling candy and a horn-helmeted warlord rapist anyway?

This would be merely risible if there wasn't so much money involved. Candy Crush Saga pulls in about a million dollars a day for King, which, as you might imagine, has had the effect of spawning dozens of imitation games devised purely to grab a slice of the candy pie - something especially simple due to the extremely basic nature of the game. King obviously has the right to protect the branding that has helped make them a success in the no-

"when was the last time you got confused between a *slot machine*, *falling candy* and a horn-helmeted *warlord rapist* anyway?"

toriously fickle world of online gaming, especially since their level of innovation is so thin, meaning increased future revenue relies heavily on the strength of their brand. However, their approach is, at best, chewing out much smaller companies as collateral damage, and, at worst, limiting gaming innovation- after all, Stoic, the indie

studio behind The Banner Saga, originally refused to go ahead with a planned sequel until King backed down.

Moreover, King's behavior is part of a more worrying corporate trend whereby established companies raise the barriers to entry for new firms by trademarking (and thus removing) key words from the lexicon for the industry. On King's behalf, they argue that they won't enforce against "legitimate" uses of the trademarked words, but if this is the case, why did Stoic have to call in the lawyers? King seem to realize that the Candy good times won't last forever if they don't flex their muscle, but is their Plan B for the future so parlous that they detect any other use of the word 'saga' as a threat to their existence?

Ultimately, this is one for the judiciary, but King's aggressive behavior is another example of how legal frameworks have yet to catch up with the Internet. There's a lot of legal hogwash yet to be sailed through here, but all things considered, if you were working on developing a game based on Iggy Pop and Kate Pierson singing in "a rainy afternoon/in 1990," you may now have to think again. ■

around town.



canadian hustle: how to *make it* in montreal

by lauragreenwood

Begin by randomly arriving to the topic of gambling. Some say it's an addiction, but to you it is a fantasy. Your experience with gambling is limited to seeing how many bites you can take of your roommates' food in the fridge before they notice and the movie *21*. Now, *21* was a badass movie and Jim Sturgess made it seem like any (above) average (super-intelligent) student could walk in on a secret blackjack league of champions, make thousands, and survive a beating from Morpheus. I don't see the same success for myself.

Buck up and decide the trip is a go. Le Casino could close at any moment and you just received a pay check so the only logical twenty-year-old decision to make is to go spend that money immediately. Strategize by first learning how one "black jacks" and why those non-potato plastic bits are being called chips. Play a fake game with your quarters. Lose all your quarters. Do NOT take this as a sign, because dammit the commitment has been made.

Drive to Montreal. Review favorite scenes from *21*. Revel in the awesome *Rolling Stones* cover at the end of that movie (the orchestra sampling? Brilliant!). Set some goals. For you, wish for a modest \$4000, believe that just \$50 would be nice to pay for bills, realistically accept that you're willing to lose \$60 max. Use the streets of Montreal as a distraction to the weighty Canadian money in your pocket (dem coins though) and inwardly question, "What am I doing?"

Arrive at Le Casino. Question outloud, "What am I doing?!" After dropping off coat by the door, notice really

big security guys are staring at you. Wonder if it is because A. you look mighty fine B. your friend has on neon shoes two times too bright or C. you look suspicious. Choose option C and congratulate yourself for somewhat blending. For a Sunday night, it becomes quickly apparent that you are the youngest, most doe-eyed looking person here. Those at the roulette tables look absolutely crushed. Note the guy who bet it all lost it all. Those at the high-bid poker tables are stone-faced and withdrawn behind hats and sunglasses. Note there are no windows. The slot machine people look like zombies. Note there are few exits, in the event of a real apocalypse.

Upon finally finding a low-bid blackjack table and after circling it for ten minutes deciding if you are ready, sit down. As a newb, know your best move was to just ask for help. Everyone else there was speaking French anyways and you are not

ashamed to play the dumb American. Your closest friend is the dealer, however in the actual game they are your enemy. Yet, the dealer offers fascinating introspective scrutiny of the 24/7 gamble-land you've entered. He's disturbed by angry customers who blame their bad luck on his ability to roll a die and also enamored with seeing people having fun. Even he declares the best customers are the ones who talk to the dealers and enjoy themselves. Feel better about being confused by splitting and laughing giddily over hitting 21.

Win a little. And then lose a lot. Remember that you had already accepted to spend money before once again the tables turn. Suddenly, you're up almost 100% and that is your cue to GO. But avail, this is gambling and you make

the mistake of gambling. The digitized blackjack table and the use of foreign dollar coins makes the whole game feel somewhat fake, like the money isn't actually a thing, like you're just playing an online free-trial. Leave as a happy winner of five Canadian dollars, whatever that means. Your experience at Le Casino was short-lived, but the memories of your initial out of place awkwardness, childish glee at winning a hand, and overall reflection on the bizarre nature of this addiction leaves a lasting impression. Agree to return to Le Casino again in the future, but for now rewatch *21* and regret never saying "Winner winner chicken dinner". Next time. ■

"drive to montreal. review favorite scenes from 21. revel in the rolling stones cover at the end of that movie. set some goals."



ben berrick

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happy hour: *scandal*



ben berrick

Scandal is not your average drama about boy meets girl, boy falls in love with girl, girls breaks boys heart, girl and boy get back together. This show has real substance. Actual meaning. And at the very least, will leave you with a HUGE crush on Olivia Pope. While Olivia would choose wine, any drink, alcoholic or not, is welcome. I do recommend a bowl of popcorn with whatever you choose.

Take a drink when:

- Olivia and the President have sex
- Olivia and Jake Ballard have sex
- Abby and David have sex
- Cyrus and James kiss
- Olivia drinks wine
- The President drinks
- Olivia and the President talk on their "secret phone"
- Melie is being a bitch

Finish your drink:

- Olivia and the President break up
- Olivia and the President get back together
- Huck kills someone (we drink in their honor)

UVM COOL—continued from pg 1

One reference should be in regards to your conversation with the Big Daddy's delivery man and your devouring of 'The Aircraft Carrier' from Wings over Burlington. And, inevitably, the last two shout outs to yo girl Mary Jane will and should be about legalization and how you want to move to Colorado.

5. Verbalize social justice passions and concerns

Make it clear in every setting and situation that you support diversity of every kind while adamantly ignoring the racial makeup of the school you attend. Never acknowledge the secret that this school is predominantly white. To distract yourself from both this hushed reality and your white privilege guilt, talk about your future aspirations to travel to a third world country to build houses for those in need... with other white people... while never actually interacting with those in need.

6. Pray to the god of Gnar

Leave all faiths and religions behind, because here, you have a new lord – the Gnar. Kneel nightly in reverence and beg for the pow pow. Say grace in its name before meals. And most importantly, heed the call of pilgrimage to the mountains if Gnar bestows upon us, its humble servants, a gift of fresh inches. Pay no mind to class schedules or exams – when the snow god beckons, you follow.

For all wayward wannabes and those looking for affirmation of ones social status, remember that these rules are exclusive to The University of Vermont. Pay them no mind when out of state, but please use them wisely when in Catamount territory, for the gift of social supremacy is not one to be taken lightly, or used wantonly. With great power comes great responsibility, and the six social commandants of UVM will bring great power. ■

what happened to billings?

by wesdunn

One word. Elves.

Allow me to explain: have you ever lived or spent time in a house with creaking pipes, vents, and floorboards? Despite what any engineer would tell you, this has nothing to do with pressure flows, joints, hinges, or anything like that. Sometimes referred to as trolls, pixies, or sprites, the common name is the house elf. These are not, of course, the creatures from the Harry Potter series, and contrary to what the name suggests, they are not limited to houses. A more apt name might be "building elves." If it has a floor, walls, and/or a roof, *nympharum aedificium* are liable to inhabit it.

Which brings us to the troubling case on our very own campus. During winter break, when the effects of the polar vortex began to shroud Burlington in consistent subzero temperatures, it appears that a pack of these elves migrated from some house on Buell Street, up past the Fletcher Allen facilities, and across the green, finally alighting at Billings. It's unclear why this occurred, but the main hypothesis that might explain it is this: they were occupying some apartment building and had reached carrying capacity there (nympharum usually feed on stale, starchy foods and lint). A group (referred to in the scientific community as a "soirée" of elves) broke off and lit out for greener pastures. All of the buildings they encountered were firmly sealed, until they reached Billings, which had a window that was slightly ajar.

Nympharum are also known to be particularly attracted to older buildings, which may have been a contributing factor in the soirée's decision to occupy Billings. Whatever the case, when cleaning services staff attempted to enter the building prior to the start of the Spring semester, they found what at this time is considered to be an unprecedented concentration of building elves. The open layout and arching ceilings of Billings are quite ideal, but still the structure is officially closed, supposedly for the purposes of renovation, but in truth Billings has become one of the

best opportunities for prolonged study ever encountered. Not only is there a high population (at least 300 by a conservative estimate), it is also located directly on a research university campus.



barry guglielmo

Jørgen Eggebraaten, an associate research professor in the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, spoke to us about the research he and his team of 6 graduate students (their names are withheld for purposes of confidentiality) have been conducting since the semester began.

water tower: Can you tell us a bit about building elves,

and why you're interested in them?

Jørgen: Building elves vary in height, but are usually between six inches and a foot. They are quite lanky, and are highly impulsive. They're primarily nocturnal, and actually appear to have a quite sophisticated language, consisting of varying pitched squeaks. Do I really need to explain why I'm interested in them?

wf: What are you looking to investigate or achieve with this study?

J: Well, the study is primarily observational. There is so much we still don't know about them. In the past, it's been very difficult to acquire any sort of prolonged footage. So we want to get a clearer sense of their life processes and social behavior.

wf: Have you learned anything interesting so far?

J: We're obviously still quite early in the study, but we have indeed noticed an interesting tendency towards hierarchical social orders. You could say it's somewhat like a caste system. The really interesting aspect of it is that there does seem to be a lot of opportunity for upward mobility.

wf: There have been concerns about containment of the study site—how are you and your team handling that?

J: We believe we have it under control. [Building elves] are incredibly averse to household cleaning products, so we've established a perimeter of Lysol around Billings. However, we can't make any definitive promises until we know more about them, so I would advise students, faculty and staff to remain vigilant. There's incredible occupancy potential here at UVM. ■

reflections.

instantcheckmate.com

public just got personal

by nickpatyk

When I was on break in Bernardsville, New Jersey, an ad on the side of Google caught my attention. It read “Bernardsville residents furious—New controversial website exposes Bernardsville’s Arrest Records for anyone with a computer to view. Read more...”

I was curious, and I clicked.

The site is called Instantcheckmate.com, and the slogan reads, “Find the truth about anyone.”

Sounds like gossip porn to me.

The site boasts that it will provide the customer with the speeding tickets, arrest records, sexual offenses, misdemeanors, felonies, lawsuits, relatives, marriage records, divorce records, birth records, death records, address information, phone numbers and firearms licenses of any person you are interested in looking up. It will also give you this person’s “personal information,” location data, and a list of related persons, partners and associates. And it promises that “no one will ever know you searched for them.”

Officially, the site owners call the page a “public records search service.” More like scumbag sleuth express. Ever wanted to crap on someone’s reputation? Well, for \$29.95 a month, now you can. For this fee, the site gives you the goods on your “person of interest.” It makes you feel like a stalker, or a badass FBI agent or something. In other words, it feels so ridiculously fake that it’s laughable. Seriously—the James Bond games I played on PS2 in second grade felt more realistic. Of the 264 reviews written on the site, 235 of them are one star ratings. Wow, looks like instantcheckmate.com is generating quite the buzz!

According to the reviews, the way it works is you pay your five dollars for a week-long trial, they don’t give you jack until you pay the full \$29.95 monthly, and then, apparently, they won’t actually give you any info until you pay an extra fee on top of that, and then you either get nothing but names and phone numbers, or a bunch of

trash that’s completely wrong.

I gave in to temptation, and looked myself up quickly. My true legal name is Nicholas Patyk, but apparently, I’ve been using

the site’s completely full of shit.

Moreover, I think it’s totally fucked up that a site like this even exists. It preys on people’s desire for gossip, and makes it seem like everyone has all these horrible, deep, dark secrets in their public records.

Mistakes are mistakes, and the truth is that everyone makes them. Anyone sitting on their ass looking for this type of stuff should find something better to do with their time. The site also encourages people to be suspicious of one another, as if we should all be on guard against our neighbors, like “Oh, who knows what John’s got in the closet...”

That’s ridiculous. I don’t walk around imagining what crimes people could have committed, or worrying about what my friends’ legal pasts look like. It just disturbed me that a site like this is being marketed at all, even if it is relatively ineffective as a product.

It seems as though it encourages a focus on the negative in people rather than the positive.

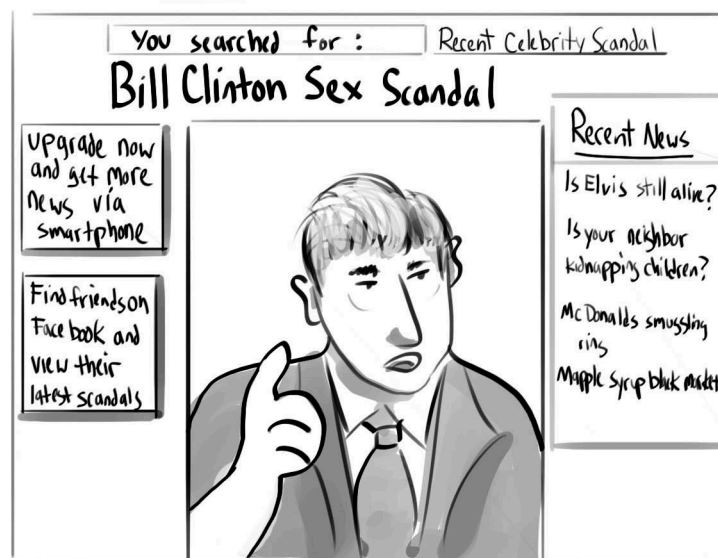
Don’t get me wrong—I’m all for checking into someone’s past if you are closely involved with them and you think there may be something potentially dangerous going on. I just think it’s stupid to sit Googling the legal past of people you know.

Maybe you find out your friend is a crack dealer. Maybe you want some crack. Then, I stand corrected. Instantcheckmate.com could really be useful in that situation. But, judging by the reviews, it just doesn’t work properly at all.

Also—is this what we call a product nowadays? I guess I’m crazy, but I feel like products should actually do something good for the consumer, not just take his money and leave him with a few phone numbers and nothing useful.

So if you want gossip, try Facebook. If you want information on contacts in your life, use a phone book. Go door to door for God’s sake. But please, don’t waste your time or money on something as useless and stupid as instantcheckmate.com.

Check and mate. ■



yin yefko

“ever wanted to *crap on* someone’s reputation? well, for \$29.95 a month, now you can.”

an alias for some time now. According to the very useful and reliable instantcheckmate.com, I’ve gone by the name “Nicholas Park” on several occasions. Maybe when I was on that sleep medication in Russia I—oh, well nevermind that. The point is that

oral fixation confessions of an ex-smoker

by dustineagar

In a most ironic yet painfully predictable turn of events, former “Marlboro Man” Eric Lawson died on January 10 from a smoking-related pulmonary disease at the age of 72. During the late 70s and early 80s, Lawson divided his time roughly equally between portraying the quintessential rugged American badass and smoking three packs a day. Mr. Lawson’s demise highlights both the serious long term health hazards of tobacco use and the tendency of people to screw themselves by smoking their own product. The demise of the Marlboro Man also invites a reflection on my own experience with nicotine addiction.

I first picked up the habit during that magical time between high school and college. I spent that summer in the back woods of East Bumfuck, New Hampshire with entirely too much time on my hands. For my friends and me, it was something to be savored—the last vestiges of life without real responsibilities. We knew it, too, and set out to make the most of it. The days consisted of pickup football in the clearing up the road, being in and on the water in the Lakes Region, and bartering physical labor for 30-racks of PBR. At night, when I wasn’t working at the biker bar up the road, I was with my friends and their friends and their friends around a bonfire in

the middle of the woods. I had resisted the specter of the cigarette habit that my friends were starting to pick up until that point, but one of those nights the allure of smoking a cig around a fire with friends and beers at hand proved too much to resist.

Fast forward six months. My first semester of college had been off to a truly magical start until I went and fucked my head up skateboarding without a helmet and was out for a

few weeks recovering from having my skull cracked, then subsequently sawed open and bolted back together. Though I managed to salvage the semester with a decent GPA by busting my ass during finals week, that month or so was a very dark time. I found myself somewhat isolated upon my return. Between catching up on the material I had missed, cramming for finals, and the searing pain in my skull, I was a zombie and must not have been the most amicable company. This was when I really picked up the habit—a cigarette offered a brief respite from my stressful situa-

tion and proved to be a very easy way to meet people and make connections.

For a couple of years after that, smoking was a part of my life. It wasn’t so much that I couldn’t stop, but that I didn’t want to. I owe many, many of the friendships and connections I have made in college, philosophical epiphanies, drunken hookups, term papers, and successful final exams to the Chieftain silhouetted on the American Spirit box. Hell, I probably wouldn’t be writing for the water tower if I hadn’t been on the same chain smoking schedule in front of the Cyber Café as then-editor George Loftus (shout-out to LA) during finals week last year!

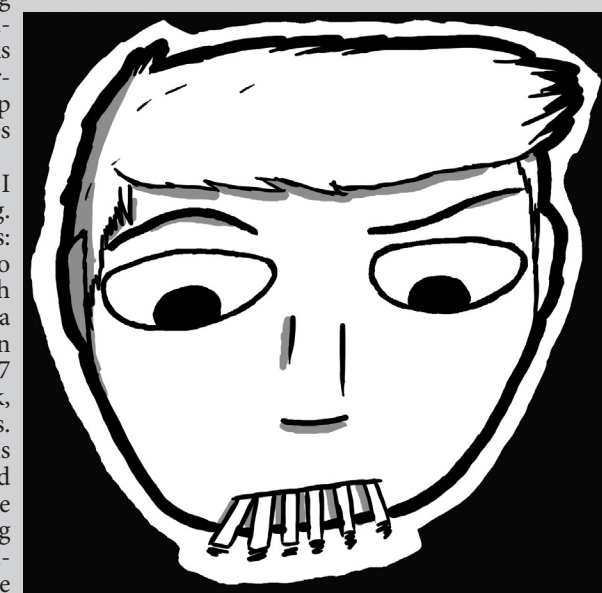
Something changed about a year ago. I sought to better myself as a person generally—going to the gym regularly, reading more, calling my mom once in a while, and trying to overcome the part of me that evinced my transgressions. I soon realized that it’s pretty goddamn difficult to run a couple miles with lungs filled with tar, and so I resolved to kick

the habit. It took four months to go from half a pack a day to zero, cold turkey.

The first three weeks after my last cigarette were a living hell. As it turns out, nicotine withdrawal is a bitch and a half! Between hacking my lungs out at night, being constipated, and the awkward transitional phase that is kicking butt breaks out of your social habits, I was miserable for a solid month. It didn’t help that it was a hundred fucking degrees in the shade each day either.

Six months later, though, I couldn’t be happier about quitting. First there’s the cash money savings: \$40 a week x 7 months comes out to a little over \$1100, which is enough to live for 30 days (or do shots off a stripper’s navel for 2 or 3 days). Then there’s the time—a cigarette lasts 7 minutes, and there are 20 in a pack, that is roughly two and a half hours. Eric Lawson literally did divide his time equally between smoking and other activities. Finally, there are the health benefits. It feels good being able to smell the fresh air at the summit of Camel’s Hump, or to run a mile without frantically looking around for

the defibrillators at the end. The most gratifying thing for me about kicking nicotine, however, is being able to look back and know that I quit while I was ahead. ■



christopher schneider

what will russia say next?

by leonardbartenstein

Russia has said some crazy things in the past, but just recently Anatoly Pakhomov, the mayor of Sochi (yeah, the place where the Olympics are about to happen) recently said of gay people: “It’s not accepted here in the Caucasus where we live. We do not have them in our city.” Now, unless he went to each house and had sex with every man to make sure he didn’t get excited, I’m not sure how much he’d be able to check his facts on that one. He did say that gay people would be welcome in the city for the Olympics, though, as long as they “don’t impose their habits on others.”

So we know the Russians have said things like this throughout their history, this particular statement coming at the end of a long history of foot-in-mouth comments that would put Joe Biden to shame (remember that time he told the world that the President “has a big stick”? Because that happened). This, of course, sent me wondering: what sort of things would we hear from Russia next? I don’t know for sure, but I can infer, and it gets interesting:

- “We need to begin work on the Star Wars program. No, not that Reagan-era American program—we need to pirate Episode VII before anyone else. Get on that!”
- “Good thing we kept that Snowden guy—he’s pretty cute.”
- “Remember the Cold War? Wow, that was cool. Sputnik? Wow, we were cool back then. Now, it’s just... cold.”
- “I can see Alaska from my house!”
- “Batman & Robin was the best Batman movie because George Clooney is dreamy.”
- “You got us angry, and now we’re seeing red.”
- No, no, you see, Paul died after *Lonely Hearts Club Band* because he’s not wearing shoes on *Abbey Road*, and no, wait, hear me out here...”
- “This Boy Scout popcorn is a ripoff. I put it in the microwave for a minute and a half and STILL there are kernels!”
- “Kim Jong Un is really short.”
- “Let’s get drunk and watch *Cars 2*.”
- “Wow, I wouldn’t mind it if Vladimir took his penis and Putin me.”
- “Is this water or vodka? Whatever.”
- “Wow, that cover up of our failed Mars mission as a meteorite a few years back worked real well. Hope we don’t have to do that again. That was close!”
- “Does anyone even care about communism anymore? Anyone? Scared of the communist domino effect? Commies in your back yard? Anyone?”
- “Well, Black Widow was Russian, and she chills with Captain America, so I guess we’re good now, right?”
- “Guys, come see my roommate’s band, they’re playing tonight. I swear, they’re real good.”
- “What’s the deal with airplane food?”
- “Greedo shot first.”
- “I like the remake of *Red Dawn* even more than I like the remake of *Footloose*.”
- “Yeah, we’re actually just a dictatorship. Communism was just a red herring.”
- “Finally, we have used science to make us, the Russian people, literal Russian nesting dolls. We are unstoppable now.” ■

SURVIVAL GAMES -continued from pg 1

The story was simple: you were a tactics team in the far-off future of 2009 searching for a scientist who was previously thought to be dead, who was working on some sort of weapons project. You find your way to their facility and immediately start getting attacked by dinosaurs. It’s basically *Jurassic Park*, but without the science or good storyline or the interesting characters or the attempts at paleobiological accuracy. It features traps and puzzles and limited ammo, and plays basically like a *Resident Evil* game, but with dinosaurs instead of zombies.

Both of these games are great so far, and they remind me how great the survival horror genre is. It is mostly lost these days, and this is evident in

the newer *Resident Evil* games, which focus more on shooting and fighting than puzzle solving and survival. These games play on suspense by making you think, and making the controls almost impossible to use. Though survival horror games for the PlayStation are the video game equivalent of cheesy 70s horror movies, they still hold their ability to scare, and their fun. They’re a great time, and I look forward to completing these games, and I can’t wait to try *Silent Hill* and *Parasite Eve*, the next two survivor horror games on my list.

If you are looking for a slightly more modern survival horror experience, I would recommend *Resident Evil: Revelations*, the newest in the series, that begins to work its way back from action to a

more survival horror attitude, which is on most platforms, *Amnesia: the Dark Descent* for PC, a game that is full of puzzles and doesn’t allow you to use weapons at all throughout the game, and *Resident Evil 4*, considered to be one of the most highly rated games of all time and a true classic of the series, which comes out in HD on PC next month. Looking a little farther forward, you can look for *The Evil Within* sometime in 2014, made by Shinji Mikami, who created the whole *Resident Evil* franchise. This game is reportedly going to bring the survival horror back to its roots, with less action and more terrifying mystery. ■

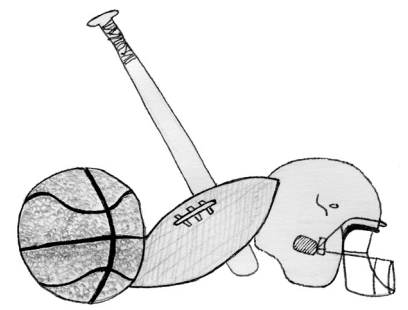


liz stafford

highlight reel.

are we *talking* about playoffs?

by mikestorace



Well here we have it, folks: the 2014 Super Bowl might be the absolute best matchup on paper we have seen in a really long time. It features the best, highest-scoring defense of the Seattle Seahawks versus the Denver Broncos offense headed by Peyton Manning's high scores. Unfortunately, due to the printing schedule of the **water tower**, I do not know the winner of football's most illustrious game as I am writing this article. For this reason, I will only comment on the keys to this game briefly. It will be up to February 2nd (Groundhog Day!) to determine whether or not these statements play out.

Much like they did to the New England Patriots, the Denver Broncos will attempt to mitigate the running game as effectively as possible. There's no way they can completely shut down Marshawn "Beast Mode" Lynch, but if they can take away his explosive running plays, then they will be winning the defense game.

If the Broncos can put the offensive game in the hands of Russell Wilson, they will win this game. The Seahawks' passing game is mediocre at best. Wilson's aerial weapons are minimal, and I have trouble believing Percy "Concussion" Harvin's presence will be a deciding factor.

Seattle, of course, will put the game in the hands of its stellar defense. I believe Richard Sherman will match up with Demaryius Thomas, which is definitely a must-watch. Fortunately for us viewers, the Seahawks are more than just Richard Sherman, and the Broncos have an arsenal of weapons to hurt defenses. If the Seahawks can manage to pressure Peyton Manning, this game will become very interesting. Manning does not typically perform well under pressure.

Predicting the play-by-play of this game is only possible due to the well-oiled titan of a machine that is the organization of the NFL. So, back up: let's examine why the NFL Playoffs are the best system in the sports world.

Twelve teams reach the playoffs, making six teams from each conference (the AFC and NFC). The four winners of each division automatically qualify, making two wild card spots in each conference. The only folly in this type of automatic qualification is the natural variance in divisions. It becomes unfair when a team in a highly competitive division misses the playoffs despite its superior record to an automatic qualifier. Just look at the 10-6 Arizona Cardinals this season, and the 11-5 Patriots of 2008.

There's not really a way around this variation, unfortunately: one division may dominate one year and be bad the next; just look at the NFC East this year compared to last. Also, let's talk about the AFC West: they had a whopping three playoff teams this year (the Kansas City Chiefs, Denver Broncos, and San Diego Chargers), while the 2011 conference-winning Denver Broncos barely squeaked into the playoffs with Tim Tebow at the helm. When teams scrape their way into the playoffs, it's most often through their final games of the season in competitive division rivalries. These games are pretty damn exciting: think the Chicago Bears versus the Green Bay Packers, and the Dallas Cowboys versus Philadelphia Eagles' win-or-go-home games this season.

Win-or-go-home-style playoffs are simply *the best* because they put extreme emphasis on one game, in turn exemplifying the importance of each and every play. Anyone can win just *one* game, and the excitement of a game that means something in and of itself is unrivaled. Don't get me wrong: I appreciate the best-of-seven-style playoffs. They are a true testament to the perseverance of a team, but god-damnit, they get so boring. An individual game means almost nothing in the grand scheme of a playoff series and a championship.

Unfortunately, the NFL is thinking about tampering with this near-perfect playoff format, considering add-

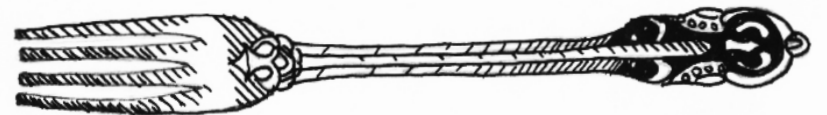
ing two additional wildcard spots, one in both the AFC and NFC. This opens the field for a much greater range of playoff contention teams. It also allows the ought-to-be-in teams, like the Arizona Cardinals of this season, a chance to prove their worthiness. On the downside, it also allows much less competent teams a chance to play for their post-season desires. If 9-7 teams are currently making the playoffs, then 8-8 teams would be able to make it under these new rules. And that's just fucking stupid.

Only teams with a winning record should be able to make the playoffs. Period. Luckily for us, two powerhouses are lined up for Sunday, and by the time this paper's in your hands, we'll already know who to call the champion. ■



marilyn mora

fork it over.



five fast *flavorful* foods for you

by lauragreenwood

Alright, if you've moved off campus then you know time is of the essence when it comes to making meals. Whether you're in between classes or practices, we're all faced with the challenge of only ten minutes, a fridge of no leftovers, and a stomach on the verge of eating itself for sustenance. Here are my quick whip-ups that take only about five ingredients that are phat and delicious. The recipes may be simple, but the true art of speedy cooking is practice. Get to know your ingredients, take them to a nice dinner (meta-jokes!), so that you're well acquainted with the timing of each ingredient.

Roasted Veggies

This is pretty much all I eat because I'm a rabbit. You can really choose any vegetables you want, but I usually go with broccoli, garlic, sweet potatoes, potatoes, beets, and carrots. Splash your veggies with balsamic vinegar and olive oil and your own herb preferences, say oregano, basil, chives, rosemary, thyme, or sage (they all work quite nicely). Place the pan in the oven at 400 degrees, and cook until your house starts to smell delicious.

Salad

Pick your preference for greens. Cut some raw red onions. Add tofu or chicken that has been marinated in balsamic vinegar, a lil' paprika, garlic, and honey. Cook that protein up with a hearty veggie like sweet potatoes or cauliflower. Assemble, dress it, and eat.

Mexican Stir Fry

Cook a giant batch of brown rice at the beginning of every week. When all else fails, you can always use this baby to your advantage. Mexican-style stir fry would be red peppers, onions, pepper flakes (always), and black beans. Because of each respective ingredient's cook times, prepare in that order. Lastly, top your delicacy off with shredded cheese of any kind. I eat a lot of rice and beans because welcome to life on your own budget! (Also they are delicious).

Smoothies

Wow...as I read what I wrote, I actually eat a lot healthier than I thought (that being said, back-up Annie's is always a must). Smoothies are simple and they fill you up without making you feel like you just ate a food torpedo. Greek yogurt, frozen berries, peanut butter, splash o' milk, some honey if you like it sweet. Or almond milk, almond butter, honey, and bananas (pre-peeled & frozen or fre\$h), if you're a class-ass bitch.

Quesadillas

Invest in a quesadilla maker, no regrets you shall have. You can also make them on the stove in a frying pan, but it makes for an inferior final product. All you need is tortillas, any cheese (I love throwing in goat cheese for an extra surprise), and extra goodies. Black beans for protein. Spinach to make your parents proud. And BBQ sauce to satisfy your soul.

Asian Stir Fry

Choose sweet potatoes/eggplant, peppers/green beans, and onion. Toss it in a sauce at the last minute of garlic, ginger, soy sauce, a little brown sugar, and cornstarch (& Sriracha for a kick). That sauce also makes a bitchin' tofu marinade. Which reminds me, get a wok too while you're getting a 'dilla maker—it's totally prime for fast cooking. ■

trash.

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

Your body is rocking, your eyes
are divine.
What I'm saying is
DAMN boy you're fine!

I'm too afraid to say hi,
and that's just a shame,
but heres a hint: we share the same name!

Maybe we can lift someday,
or you lift and I stare
because honestly,
your arms are unfair.

Your smile is killer,
I wonder what you think of mine.
Maybe I could get to know you sometime.

We share a few friends,
and also shared dinner
and I think you should know
I think you're a winner!

When: Near future?
Where: Brennan's and the gym
I saw: Two Ns
I am: One N



I see you at Brennan's, you live across the hall
I promised myself I wouldn't, I couldn't fall
In love with the idea of your body and mine,
The two of us together, baby we'll be fine.
I can't stop dreaming of the things we could do
Without you in my life, I'm staying so blue.
Your body is slamming, your mind is a tack
And let me just say, girl, DAMN what a rack.
I hope you don't think I'm being too bold
But I can't approach you, or my courage will fold.
So the next time we cross, please be so kind
Incredible actions, you'll be sure to find.

When: Erry day
Where: HM
I saw: A cute ginger
I am: Waiting for you to notice

The wrong kind of attraction
An idea left unsaid,
But dammit, professor,
I want you in my bed.
Your manner of speaking,
your easy drawl,
Each day I don't see you,
I could simply bawl.
You command each classroom,
Not a single thing missed,
I can't help but wonder,
How it would feel if we kissed.
I know it won't happen,
Our love can never be.
But always in my dreams,
It's your face that I see.

When: MWF
Where: Votey Hall
I saw: The hottest engineer
I am: Sadly still a student

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

Brennan's Pub Quiz

A curious lad: What month did this even happen?
An excited gent: SEPTANUARY!

El Gato, Church Street

Guy 1: The invisible man and the invisible woman had a child. He wasn't much to look at.
His friend: I think it's horrible that you would make jokes about a child.

Bailey-Howe

Library Biddy: Better to show up late than ugly!

Grundle

Bro: I hat it when you hit that 3-week point in a relationship where you have to start hanging out with her sober. That's when it's time to move on.

Outside the Davis Center

Young lady on the phone: Mom! It's obviously getting infected, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

WDW

Gent 1: It's so nice out today!
Gent 2: I know, dude! I'm only wearing three layers!

Bailey Howe

Bro: How did you find your sources?
Bro's enterprising friend: I sucked Wikipedia's dick, that's how!

The Davis Center

Girl 1: I don't really follow politics. I'm not Republican or Dominican.
Girl 2: I don't think that's right, I think it's Democrat.
Girl 1: ...you might be right.



Why Waste Time?

write something
that *matters*

@thewatertower

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

tues: 7:30 williams family room
davis center 4th floor

tunes.



recently in tunes:

grammy edition

by dylanmccarthy

Here we are again, friends. Another week, another seven days' worth of time for the music industry to wow us with its highs and leave us scratching our heads with its lows. Grammy week is always an interesting time for the music world, inside of the awards and out. While the verdict's in on the official awards, I've got some personal awards I'd like to give out.

Worst collaboration for a live performance: Robin Thicke and Chicago.

What the fuck was the plan here? Really, I guarantee most people our age are only familiar with Chicago because of the throw-away joke in *Little Nicky*. We've seen some crazy live collaborations over the years: Eminem and Elton John; Dave Grohl, Tom Petty, George Harrison's son, and Prince; but all of those left-field collaborations had an element of attraction. Whiniest jazz rock band of the 70's plus dime-store Justin Timberlake is about as unappealing as it gets.

Album of the year with the lowest number of tracks known by the public: *Random Access Memories*.

I was pretty damn psyched when *Random Access Memories* won Album of the Year. I've been a Daft Punk fan for a decade, and couldn't be happier that they're back with a vengeance. Admittedly, I wasn't head over heels for *R.A.M.*; I really found myself yearning for some good ol' "Robot Rock" or "Television Rules the Nation" by the time I made it halfway through the disco-drenched album. However, for an album that's won the Album of the Year award, it's shocking how the general public is only familiar with one song: "Get Lucky." Honestly, "Get Lucky" was over-played before it was even officially released, and it is the only song off of *R.A.M.* to receive any kind of attention. In spite of the litany of gorgeous, radio-friendly tracks on *R.A.M.*, such as "Bring Music Back to Life" and "Game of Love (feat. Julian Casablancas)," "Get Lucky" is still the only well-known song. Don't get me wrong, *R.A.M.* was the only real candidate for Album of the Year, but the actual attention paid to the album is tragically low.

Most obscene award robbery: Macklemore & Ryan Lewis beating Kendrick Lamar for Rap Album of the Year.

Chance the Rapper's *Acid Rap* wasn't able to be nominated because of its official "mixtape" status, but that would be my choice for Rap Album of the Year. Anyway, the fact that Macklemore took album of the year over ANYONE really shows the decay of standards in mainstream hip-hop. Shit, I'd rather have Lil Jon or any of the rappers from the early 00's crunk movement accepting awards than any douchebag who thinks they're a smart rapper. Kendrick created a deeply personal, honest, and in a lot of ways troubling album, and somehow that gets tossed to the curb for *The Heist*?! "Thrift Shop" sure is catchy, but seriously? In the best state of affairs, Macklemore qualifies as Slug's sidekick, and even he said Kendrick got robbed of the award.

Best reaction to an award announcement: Taylor Swift and her producers during the Album of the Year announcement.

Taylor Swift's piece-o-trash album *Red* was one of the nominees for Album of the Year, and during the first milliseconds of announcing that *Random Access Memories* was the winner, the faces on Tay Swift and crew were amazing. For those confused, *R.A.M.* and *Red* were the only Album of the Year candidates that start with the "r" sound. The producers had to know *Red* was Tay's weakest effort yet, so the thought of winning it all was certainly exciting. Hell, maybe next year T-Swift, but probably not... ■

trust me, i'm a *dr.* (dog)

by mikestorage

On Tuesday January 28, Dr. Dog took the stage at Higher Ground in South Burlington to deliver a blistering, yet diverse musical performance. The six-member troop came on underneath an arc of glowing red lights and a collection of green streamers. A sign posed next to them that appeared to have been dragged straight from a strip mall featured the Vermontesque mantra of "See you on the slopes." The audience was perfectly content on this fine evening to avoid the deathly cold wind and jam out to the rocking band.

In case you are unfamiliar with Dr. Dog, you should definitely check them out. Start with either their newest album, *B-Room*, released just this year, or their 2012 album *Be The Void*. The band is basically genre-less. Early albums point them in the direction of indie, lo-fi rockers, but newer albums steer them towards straight up headbanging, lively rock-and-rollers. Their concert proved true to their roots, as they played a wide range of songs, from early songs "Die, Die, Die" to newer songs like "Lonesome," "These Days,"

and "Cuckoo." By blending their former and more recent styles, Dr. Dog was able to masterfully control the tempo of the show. They slowed it down when they needed to, and they picked it up for the majority, much to the delight of the sold-out crowd.

The concert also proved Dr. Dog's talent as rockers. They brought a certain intangible, yet highly valuable, jamming ability to the stage. This is the emphasis they have brought forth in their more recent albums, and it was the style on Tuesday night. The group switched instruments continuously. Scott McMicken and Toby Leaman shared lead vocals and bass guitar. McMicken, Leaman, and Frank

McElroy all took up lead guitar songs. This variation kept the audience guessing, and gave the show a great flavor.

Scott McMicken, clad in a bright orange beanie, managed to deliver the best vocals and guitar performances of the band. He is the raspy singer that gives the

"if live music venues in burlington can attract *good artists* and manage to keep them coming back, college kids and burlington residents alike can enjoy the *valued presence of live music.*"

band much of its character. He belted out the lyrics much like he delivered jiving solos. His passion was palpable for the duration of the show, but it really came

to life during those blaring guitar solos.

Dr. Dog wrapped up their performance with a four-song encore that included the audience-loved "Shadow People." Another highlight was the cover of "Heart it Races"

by Architecture in Helsinki, which is another crowd favorite.

Dr. Dog is a repeat act for the city of Burlington. They played last year at Grace Potter's Grand Point North Festival, and they also played two years ago at Higher Ground. I was finally able to see them this year, and I am truly disappointed that I have missed their last few Burlington shows. Their continued presence is a welcoming sign for Burlington's music scene. If live music venues in Burlington can attract good artists and manage to keep them coming back, college kids and Burlington residents alike can enjoy the valued presence of live music.

Higher Ground has managed to put together a good list of artists for the winter, as has Signal Kitchen on the bottom of Main Street. Check out Phosphorescent and Caveman February 3 and Surfer Blood February 23 at Signal Kitchen, as well as Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr. on March 19 and Real Estate on March 21 at Higher Ground. ■

créatif stuffé.

athena

by katjaritchie

The idea came slowly at first,
but before I had much time to register its presence, there it stood
before me,
having burst gleefully through the front of my skull,
dressed head to toe in a wan shade of green.

“You know why I’m here,” it said,
flicking bits of my frontal lobe from its long fingers, where
they splatted hollowly on the floor.

I was glad for some company.

We stayed up and let the dusk become dim,
like old friends,
and each new presupposition fed to me flooded hotter and
more erratically
through my veins.

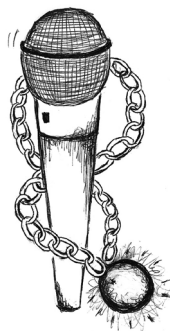
It gave me the iciest of glares when I
shook my head and reasoned he was probably out late with friends, but
refilled my glass with cheap white wine and began
to rifle through old movies on my shelves
when I listened so intently to its tales of car crashes,
of lies and
the ten other women he could have met by now,
and the look it gave me then
was so warm.

I stayed up til morning that night with Envy
and it bandaged the ragged hole in my forehead,
telling me,
it could explain everything. ■

the cipher

with lauragreenwood

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’re kickin’ off **The Super Bowl**.



Sitting here revelin’ at last week’s cipher
Damn I still got it, heck I got better
Pen to the papas for next week’s topic
See: Super Bowl. Too late. Can’t stop it
I’m not sports savvy and I won’t pretend
Had to ask a friend which teams would contend
First up Broncos cause horses makes sweet rides
Recalling where they’re from is hurtin’ on my pride
And they’re up against Seahawks...sounds epic
Horses vs. birds on a field, so decrepit
Usually the game entails me straight chowing
Wings over pizza over beer, fridge mowing
Antes de kickoff spending time big stretchin’
Get my tummy ready for a feast, no retchin’
But alas just found out the game is Sunday
Face palm, SMH...sports, you escape me!
I’ll sit down, watch, d’spite my ig’nance, so ratchet
Go eat! Rah sports! And (insert team name) please catch it! ■

by beat blasta LG-Unit

fingernails

by marilynora

The sound of snow crunching under
our boots fills the empty air. Falling, dying
flakes of snow streak to the ground, cover-
ing the griminess of naked reality with a
blank, white slate. The lights tangled in
the treetops above twinkle back at us as
we stop for a moment and look up into
the quiet night sky. For a moment, Church
Street is perfect. I catch the boy’s eye, and
he’s staring intensely at me. He starts to say
something, and I need to reel my buzzing,
high-flying mind in to focus on the sweet
words that will surely escape his mouth. I
expect to hear something cliché like, “this
night is perfect,” or “you look beautiful.”
Instead he says, “you have something in
your hair.”

Oh, okay.

I’m plunged back into reality.

“Yeah, I’ve got big hair, there’s always
something in it.”

I chuckle nervously and frantically
swat at it, trying to liberate whatever has
gotten stuck. I’m failing.

He laughs and slips his glove off.
“Here, I got it.”

And that is when I notice it: his finger-
nails; they’re long. As his hand inches closer
to my face I can’t help but shrink back.
All I can think is “I don’t want him to touch
me, I don’t want him to touch me!”—so I
rapidly fire back, “Naw, it’s okay! It’s cool!
Let it be!” The night ends shortly after.

I know, I know, I take small things and
blow them out of proportion, but this is no
small thing, folks: long fingernails on guys;
that’s a deal breaker.

The night was going so well, too, but

those fingernails shut it down. Long finger-
nails give off an unkempt, slovenly air.
Long fingernails make me take a second
look at the fine young Connecticut man
who is studying mechanical engineering
and question who he really is.

I see secrets hiding behind those yel-
lowed, curling nails
(okay, maybe they
weren’t that bad, but
you see what I’m get-
ting at). Nothing is
shiny and bright about
him anymore. His Old
Spice smell, which be-
fore I had found pleas-
ing and comforting,
starts to smell dingy,
moldy, rotting to my
senses. Why didn’t I
realize that mechan-
ical engineering majors
were the future men
who leered in laun-
dromats? The ones
with eager, eerie, stretched-crooked smiles
that carry with them an air of loneliness?
The ones with slit mouths, who stare and
hold eye contact for a little too long? Un-
beknownst to me, this was the boy I was
walking down a silent Church Street with.
Whereas before I thought his idea of veg-
ging on the couch for a Netflix date seemed
quaint and simple, now I was creeped out.
His apartment was probably littered with
wadded-up, sticky tissues and 2-liter Pepsi
bottles filled with urine, Howard Hughes-
style.

marie brown-fallon



With the night coming to an early end,
I had plenty of time to consider whether I
had written off my Connecticut boy a little
too early. After little thought, I still stand
by my decision. Men, let me be frank: there
is absolutely no reason why you should
have long fingernails.

Oh, but you’re a guitar
player? I don’t want to hear
your petty excuse; have you ever
heard of manning up and getting
some callouses on your hands?
Let me tell you, a potential sig-
nificant other will be much more
impressed by your roughed-up,
hardened guitar hands than
those creepy, long-ass fingernails
you’re sporting. If you can’t do
that, go buy yourself some damn
fingerpicks; you can find them
really cheap online (plus having
little metal clips on the end of
your fingers is hot in an Edward
Scissorhands kind of way).

Oh, but you’re a coke addict,
and after all it’s only one long pinky nail...?
Sit down and shut up. If you’re going to
blow snow, at least be classy about it and
roll a bill.

What, you wanna be a warlock? ‘Cause
that’s the image you’re frontin’ with them
long nails! Gandalf-style is what I’m read-
in, and if that’s the case, then why don’t you
go catch a nice case of herpes, add some
warts and complete the picture to your
loathsome, neglectful, dirty appearance.

If you absolutely must have long finger-
nails for whatever reason (though there

is never any reason), take care of them.
Dirty, long, yellowed fingernails are dis-
gusting to look at. Clean them. For all I
care, get them professionally polished.
Boys, lemme tell you, there are a variety of
fake nails to choose from: acrylic, gel, the
wrap silk kind....you have options! I would
rather see a man with some nice press-on
nails than some naturally long fingernails.
No, thank you.

Now here’s the thing, I understand nail
care may often go overlooked in the grand
scheme of personal upkeep and such, but
that’s no excuse. Bite them, chew them, I
don’t care; do what you can. As soon as
you notice your ability to peel an orange
has quickened, that’s when you know your
time has come: they’re too long; cut it out.

Connecticut Boy obviously put some
thought into his appearance: nice haircut,
North Face coat, UVM sweatshirt (book-
store bought, so you know it was pricey).
He had money to splurge; he could have
totally afforded proper upkeep of those
nails, be it with a simple nail clipper or
having a professional do the handiwork. If
only Connecticut Boy had reacted to my
flinch with a recoiling of his hand and a
sudden realization:

“Oh boy, I can’t believe how out of
control these nails are! Wanna pop in for a
mani-pedi? There’s probably a two-for-one
special somewhere.” Oh my heart, what
could have been. ■

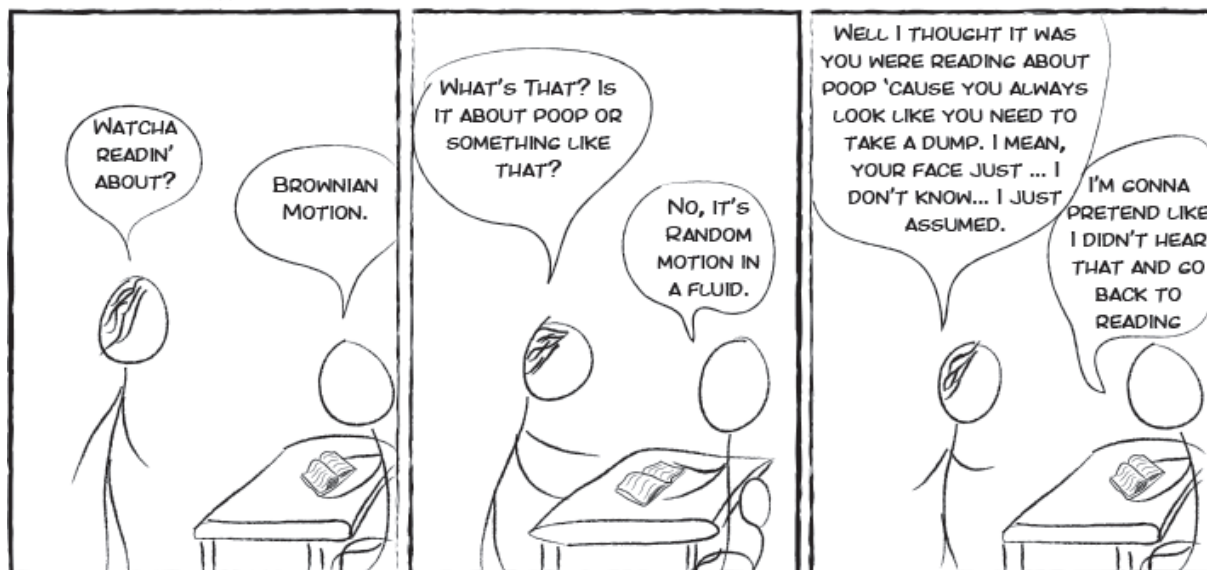
cat litter.



collincappelle



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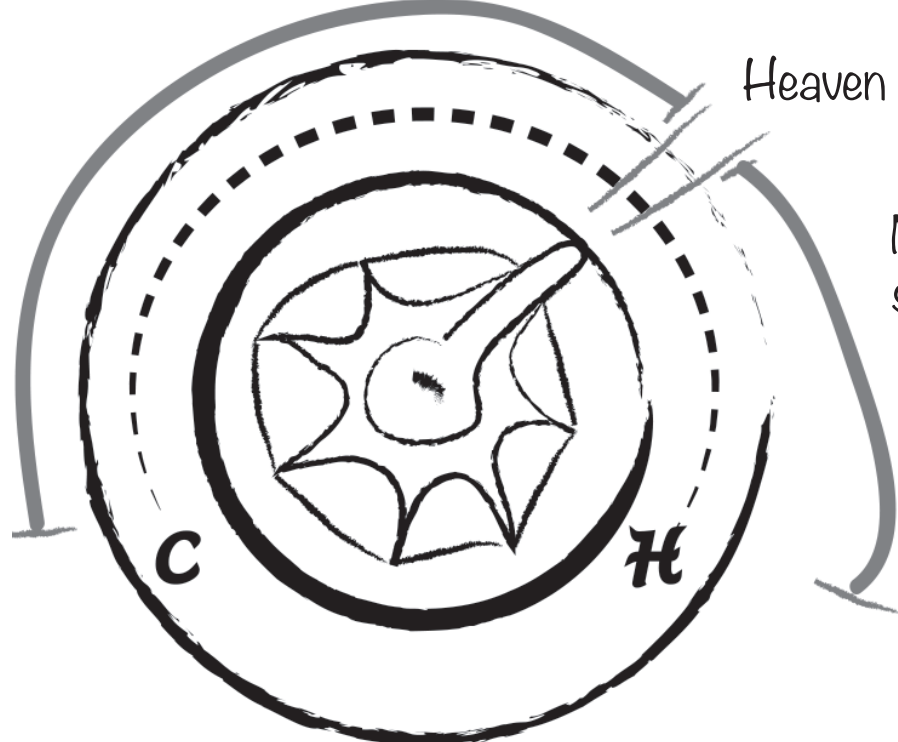
Tip o' the Week

The best thing about not having a girlfriend is you can pee anywhere you want. There is no one to stop me from peeing in the center of Pearl Street while its still light out. This, my friends, is what is known as true freedom.



why do they make shower knobs so damn fickle?

Extreme Frostbite



before and after names

(Like some answers on Wheel of Fortune)

- **Bertrand Russell Wilson**
The most athletic mathematician ever
- **Cassius Clay Aiken**
Floats like a butterfly, sings like an irrelevant bee
- **Steven Tyler Durden**
The idiocy and awesome balance out to make someone surprisingly normal
- **Jennifer Lawrence Taylor**
An acadamey award winner and a hall of famer, how much more perfect can you get
- **Carmelo Anthony Hopkins**
Ok, all I can imagine is Carmelo as Hannibal in *Silence of the Lambs* or Sir Hopkins prancing around a basketball court. Both are images I will cherish forever