



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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a harrowing tale: the *recent rise* of heroin abuse

by dustineagar

Our country is having an identity crisis. No, not the type of identity crisis that led you to dress in black and listen to Slipknot during that awkward fall of eighth grade. Rather, American society is struggling to define and clarify its moral boundaries. Since time immemorial, people have sought to find ways to alter their consciousness by various substances, for one reason or another. For just about as long, the abuse of those substances has led to problems for individuals, families, communities, and societies in general. Thus, social and (more recently) legal norms have emerged regarding the appropriate role of these substances in society.

These norms vary widely between communities of all scope. Marijuana laws, for example, vary around the world. Uruguay has recently legalized and regulated the sale and production of cannabis. Conversely, as of 2009, possession of the drug in Laos carries a mandatory death sentence in certain cases. Between these two extremes, there are a range of degrees of stringency and enforcement of these laws.

In the United States, these laws vary so widely that no one is really sure what they are. Cannabis is still a Schedule-I controlled substance under federal law, and yet many states are legally condoning the use of the drug for medicinal purposes. In Colorado and Washington, weed is now legal for recreational purposes (no wonder the Super Bowl was so dull this year). The discrepancy between state and federal law on this issue reflects a change in societal attitudes and norms regarding drug use over the past four or five decades.

The Controlled Substances Act, or Title II of the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970, serves as the basis for much of Federal law governing drug offenses. Putting aside President Nixon's guano insanity and Dr. Henry Kissinger's plans for global domination, of which the act was surely an integral part, the imposition of harsh prison terms for the use, transport, and distribution of psychoactive substances reflected the attitudes of the body politic at that time. And racism. The discrepancies in both enforcement and sentencing of drug offenses along racial lines, especially involving crack cocaine, are well documented. While the idea that people should be incarcerated for smoking a plant wanes in this country, a new (old) problem is emerging right in our back yard.

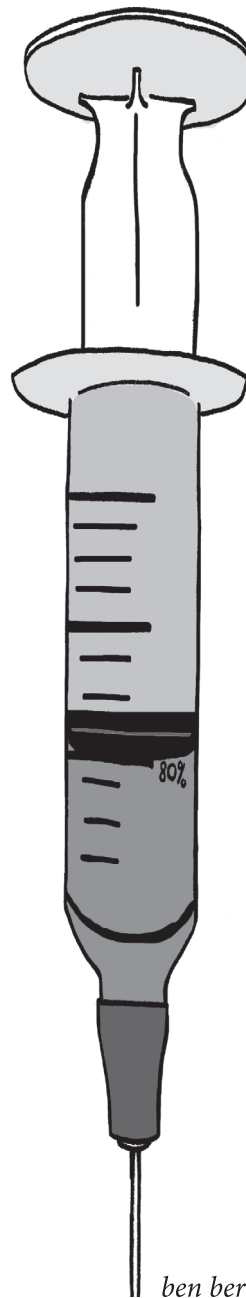
The widespread abuse of heroin in the United States had, until recently, been thought of as akin to a contagious disease that had been eradicated. A recently released study by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, an adjunct of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, indicates that between 2007 and 2012 the number of people who had reported using heroin in the past year increased approximately 80%.

Last year, I had the opportunity to speak with federal magistrate John Conroy about the resurgence of heroin in Vermont. As prescription painkillers become more expensive and difficult to access, users of narcotics will turn to the black market, and heroin, as a substitute. Heroin, while cheaper than prescription painkillers, can be more dangerous due to the unregulated nature of its production.

Mr. Conroy has done pioneering work on federal programs oriented toward a treatment approach to drug offenses. These programs are gaining traction across the country, as social attitudes about the best way to deal with the problems associated with narcotic use shift from incarceration to treatment, as perceptions of drug abuse shift from moral transgression to physiological disorder. Importantly, the profile of the narcotics abuser is expanding from inner city impoverished minority to encompass white middle class suburban dwellers.

The idea of liberalizing drug laws relating to heroin and narcotic abuse are not gaining traction in the way that marijuana legalization is in the United States, unless you are Ron Paul, or of Libertarian political orientation. The question about how to best deal with this new (old) problem is becoming more relevant as it rears its ugly head in more affluent communities around the country.

The redefinition of our social norms regarding drugs is an ongoing process, and warrants thought, consideration, and input by those who desire to be informed and politically active. Unfortunately for social conservatives, like those who crafted the Controlled Substances Act, the problems associated with drug abuse can no longer be confined to some socioeconomic, racial, generational, or political minority. How much of the fabric of American society are we willing to sacrifice as collateral damage in a war against a problem we don't adequately understand? ■



ben berrick

what the *hell* is going on with woody allen

by alexgriffin

What's a lifetime achievement award worth, anyway? The Grammys bestowed one upon the Allman Brothers, so they can't really be all that valuable. It seems the function of the thing is more to benefit the institution than anyone else, since it's like drawing a loveheart in wet concrete; it signals the ultimate level of public respect an institution can grant a figure, in a way that's hopefully louder and earlier than anyone else. Yet, considering that Woody Allen already has enough laurels to fill a canyon and has always treated awards and awards nights like they're infected, what did anyone have to gain from the Golden Globes knighting him? There are only losers here, and those losing the most are the ones who have already been ripped off.

Now, neither you, the Golden Globes, nor I know what happened between Allen and his adopted daughter Dylan twenty years ago. We can only look at the intense feeling and complication on both sides and realize that whatever is present is deeply broken—whether or not any assault took place.

Talking about guilt here is about the same as figuring out where to stick wheels on an alarm clock; it's not going to help. What we can do when we talk about Woody is ask what message it is we're sending to the victims of assault and alleged assaults when we say that rich, powerful men who remain under clouds of sexual wrongdoing are deserving of undivided public praise? Especially when that message is sent from the very top? Are we saying that it's possible to outweigh misdeeds with other deeds and that sexual crimes against the vulnerable don't count if you're loved by the public?

I haven't been raped. I don't know what it feels like, but when I think about the proportion of people in my life who have been affected and how it has left an indelible mark of suffering with them, a very big part of me goes completely dumb and quiet. As I understand it, rape involves a massive transfer of power from the victim to the abuser, in a way that no other crime does. What's taken from the victim is intangible and impossible to replace, and can take a lifetime to recover. It's not something that just happens and then is done with, since it can completely transform the way the world presents itself.

... read the rest on page 6

get
inside
me:

the twin toilets
by daveanderson

rideshare
by chelsealandcaster

f you, flappy bird
by leonardbartenstein

olympic odyssey
by mikestorace

the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

Dear **readers**,

You know we love you, we truly do, but we have a bone to pick with you: the silence has GOT to end. After four weeks of publishing the qualms, quips and queries of our editors and staff, we at the **water tower** have yet to hear from the UVM community. Have you loved the paper? Have you hated it? Do you just have a lot of feelings you'd like to publish in this tiny box? If you want to say it, chances are we want to hear it! Send your comments and questions to thewatertowernews@gmail.com; your brush with fame via being published awaits you.

See you next Tuesday,
Sarah and Cait
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with caito'hara

The Opening Ceremony—Millions and millions of dollars spent for that? Besides the gaff with the Olympic rings, the animatronic dancing animals and the neon inflatable "onion domes" were enough to give small children (and me) nightmares. The effort at celebrating Russian culture was appreciated, but a little creepy.

Pseudo-Spring—C'mon Vermont! A couple glorious days of weather that was actually pleasant to be outside in, and then you dump almost a foot of snow on top of us. I understand that it's still February and we should expect the cold, wet weather, but please don't tease me with the thought of spring.

People in the Middle of the Sidewalk—Jesus fucking christ have some spatial awareness. No one cares that you haven't seen each other in "like forever!" or that you definitely have to "get down" this weekend. Do everyone who is actually trying to get places a favor and at the very least move off to the side. We're not in high school any more, grow the fuck up.

"I know you have other professors assigning you work, but..."—Please, just stop. Just, don't say anything else. Students know that we're in college and it's going to be hard work and we're going to lose sleep and weight from not having enough time to eat. You don't have to remind us every fucking time you give out an assignment, and this phrase just makes us angry. You don't have to justify handing out work, but don't be a tool about it. ■

the news in brief

with dannissim

"For most Americans, there are no golden tickets. At least not like the kind you see on TV. More families are struggling today than at any time in our history. And here in North Carolina, we've suffered more than our share of pain."

– **Clay Aiken** spoke last Wednesday about his bid to run as the Democratic candidate for a congressional seat representing North Carolina. Ruben Studdard will not be running, so maybe Aiken will have a chance this time.

"We want you to stay... We would be deeply diminished without Scotland."

– In a speech last Friday, **British Prime Minister David Cameron** pleaded with the Scottish people to vote to remain as a part of the United Kingdom. The vote, which will be held in September, could prove to be a historic moment.

"My mission is to achieve a turnaround of the electronics business and to further grow it to contribute to the Sony group as a whole."

– Sony CEO **Kazuo Hirai** spoke in an earnings conference last week about its sale of the VAIO PC business and company restructuring. Sony has sold its PC business to a Japanese investment-fund and will also spinoff its TV business into a wholly owned subsidiary.

"In writing his will, the Holy Father knew he was entrusting these notebooks to someone who would treat them responsibly. I had no doubt these were such important items, testifying to the spirituality of a great pope, that it would be a crime to destroy them."

– **Cardinal Stanislaw Dziwisz** spoke in defense of his decision to not burn the late Pope John Paul II's personal notes. As the late Pope's secretary, he was entrusted to destroy the notes as part of John Paul's will. Instead, Cardinal Dziwisz has gone ahead published the notes with royalties going toward a museum honoring John Paul.

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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.**

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you won't see-more hoffman

by alexgriffin

I have a bit of a fetish for great obituary writing. How do you balance life and death? How do you weigh the irretrievably lost with the irrevocably given? No matter what someone does while they're alive, when they go, they're gone, and there's something in that departure that will always leave those of us left behind feeling like we've been beaten around the head. The obituary is the gamest attempt we have at making our ears stop ringing. By sifting through the departed life, an obituary can point the way forward in a way that a bleakly brief Twitter post or a shared news article can't even begin to nudge. It's an art because it means trying to keep the flicker of an existence alive while acknowledging the body's gone—sticking a candle in a dead fireplace and hoping to bring it out burning. There's even an award, the Grimies, for the best obits over the course of a year.

For me, Lester Bangs was maybe the best there's been when it came down to the task of coming to perspective on what the loss of a public figure meant, whether it was excoriating the aimless dreamers who sang "Hey Jude" in vigil by the steps where John Lennon died, or freezing the death of Elvis into a single, lonely thought that's always going to bear repeating in full:

"...We will never again agree on anything as we agreed on Elvis. So I won't bother saying good-bye to his corpse. I will say good-bye to you."

There's been an incredible amount of ink spilled on the untimely passing of Philip Seymour Hoffman, the man who eerily brought bangs back to life in *Almost Famous* and maybe the only actor in the world who truly seemed capable of rousing anything to completeness. He was impossible not to enjoy on screen, regardless of who or what he was doing, and the feats he pulled off were almost risible: he made *Mission Impossible: III*

watchable, ruined any possible future interpretations of Truman Capote by completely nailing him, and rendered an obsessive gay porno cameraman the most loveable part of *Boogie Nights*. Heck, by transforming himself into a raving mutant, Hoffman even made Adam Sandler—the Walmart of actors, the worst guy ever—seem utterly, tenderly real in *Punch-Drunk Love*. And in *Magnolia*, as a gentle, patient nurse, he restored life to the entire film through the heft of his bright, obdurate persistence. Imagine hearing "Can't You Hear Me Knocking" very dimly from four walls over—that was how sensitive Hoffman could play a role. Hoffman made you root for what felt real by making the real happen, and that made him the most life-affirming actor of the decade. It was impossible to know where he might have taken his gifts, but what he left was a body of work deep enough and full enough that to go back to it is to always be renewed in what film can achieve. Your move, Adam Sandler. ■



christopher schneider

lord of the (olympic) rings: the twin toilets

by daveanderson

The Sochi Winter Olympics kicked off this Friday following a slew of controversies regarding gay rights, environmental policies and high temperatures which can only be attributed to Putin's hot bod. Perhaps one of the most important issues are the dreaded twin toilets. BBC reporter Steve Rosenberg first uncovered the toilets when using the bathroom at a biathlon center. Last month, Rosenberg tweeted a photo of the two toilets side by side to the shock of his followers. Recently, a second pair of toilets was found in another Sochi Olympic restroom. The picture of the twin toilets has circulated around Russia as a bit of a national joke with people hunting for more instances of this occurrence.

The Sochi Olympic committee denied having any knowledge of the twin toilets and refused to comment. This left many unanswered questions, chiefly; "Would using these toilets be considered an act of gay protest?" Some have speculated that the second toilet could be for a security officer or perhaps more of a symbolic placeholder for President Putin. It is unclear if the toilets were put together to save space or if it was some bizarre plumbing error. Could they be the first hallmark of a revolution by the disgruntled plumbing proletariat? Unfortunately, due to the lack of a response we can only speculate as to the origin of the toilets and the questions they raise.

President Obama has already declined to attend the Olympics and will send two openly gay athletes in his place, a move which is obviously in protest to Russia's anti-gay laws. Another coy political move is required to show that the U.S. does not support Russia's toilet policies as the toilets' proximity to one another is in direct opposition to

Western ideologies. In fact, it's fair to say that getting your leg hairs tangled with someone else's while you're trying to take a shit is probably the antithesis of freedom.

The discovery of the toilets prompted investigation into more obscure Olympic controversies. The quickest to be uncovered was Putin's disappointment at the Olympic committee's flat out refusal to host "Putin bear wrestling" as an event. Though Putin was disappointed that his other suggestions "Waterski Shooting" and "being shirtless in Russia" were shot down, he expressed heightened annoyance at the exclusion of the bear fights. "It's very simple," Putin explained, "each country sends their best bear and I wrestle it into submission."

It is also reported that there will be heightened security throughout the games. For some time it was assumed that the security was in order to negate any kind of terrorist threat, but in fact the bulk of the security force is going to be placed in the figure skating arena to make sure it "doesn't get too gay." Officials will be measuring the hems and inseams of the male figure skaters pants as a stray bulge is an obvious sign of gay protest.

Hopefully the Sochi Olympics will overcome the numerous controversies nipping at its heels. After all, the Olympics are about building international unity, like when everyone felt like China had officially become the supreme leader of the world for the first ten minutes after the 2008 opening ceremony. The Russian opening ceremonies are likely to have a similar effect as Putin has hinted that he will slam back three bottles of vodka in five minutes, tying the previous Russian record held by cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. ■

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around town.



oh the places you'll go!

(and the people you'll meet)

by chelsealancaster

As beautiful as life is in this zany little city tucked away into the mountains, sometimes it's nice to get out of Burlington and breathe the less clean air elsewhere. Spontaneous travel breeds memories and happiness, and sometimes during these dark winter months that's exactly what the doctor will order. Now, I know there are about a billion reasons you can't get where you want to go. You don't have a car. You get sick on the bus. Train food sucks. The times just never work out. Well, if you're not one of the 1,727 people that already likes UVM Rideshare on Facebook, all your problems might be solved with a click of a button and start to scroll. I bet someone's going exactly where you want to go next weekend.

Now I know that the thought of getting in the car with a complete stranger might be intimidating, and you'll always have that friend that insists it's extremely dangerous (Hey Ada, remember that time you climbed Camel's Hump by yourself in the middle of winter?) but try to have a little bit more faith in humanity. Now I can't promise you that your trip will be perfect, (you might get lost, there might be traffic, maybe the heat won't work properly,) but I can tell you that you'll (probably) get where you need to go, and you might even make a friend along the way.

From my experience, there are three types of people you'll meet: first, there's the classic gal pal type. She brings a snack (most likely raw veggies and tasteless, gluten free crackers) and water bottles for the ride. She texts while driving and there might be a few close calls. You might want to pack a few Xanax for when she decides to pass the car in front of you, when there's an eighteen-wheeler coming towards you on the other side—(which I assure you, she'll absolutely do). She'll gossip the entire way, telling you all about her piece of shit ex-boyfriend, her alcoholic roommate and how her parents won't pay for her cell phone bill anymore. After the car ride, you could probably write a short book about her life, and you'll stay friends on Facebook, liking the occasional inspirational status and pictures of Burlington that have the #Ilovermont.

The second type of person you're likely to encounter is a bit "off." He might smell a little funny, and when you get into his car you'll probably initially regret accepting his invitation to "take you wherever you need to go". He might speed excessively, have a bit of road rage, and ask you weird questions like what your sex number is (Of course he couldn't just ask you what your favorite pizza topping is). He might have some strange ideas/fantasies about how you're helping pay for gas, but don't worry, I've never seen "road head" agreed upon as proper payment on Rideshare, so you should be fine. When you're safe and sound back in Burlington, you might get the occasional late night text that reads "hey, u wanna go for a ride ;)" and you'll definitely see him everywhere on campus, but feel free to look away. Maybe you should even walk in the opposite direction.

Lastly, you might find yourself in the car with someone quite delightful. During the ride, the conversation will come easy, which may be partly do to the fact that eye contact is not involved (because that'd be dangerous and they're a pretty good driver). So it's possible to speak your mind without the worry of having to look into their eyes and wonder what it is they are thinking about what you've just told them. Whether it's about your middle school drug experiences, your dead mom, or your 30 year-old lover, it all just flows. Oddly enough, when you get out of their car you might be a bit disappointed. You'll hope to casually run into her or him again, but realistically you probably won't. And if you do, it'll probably be the day you forgot to brush your hair. I guess you can't win them all.

So here it is: get away every once in a while. Stop worrying about the paper that's due next Tuesday, and the drunken mischief your friends will undoubtedly get into without you (no, UVM won't hibernate while you're gone). Find a ride, pack a bag, hit up the ATM (\$20 bucks should usually do), and go. The truth is that we're all exquisitely young and we don't have much tying us down. We can go anywhere we please (so long as we're back by Monday morning). Plus, you never know, you might meet a wonderfully kind stranger (or a weirdo you can tell some pretty hilarious stories about). ■



marilyn mora

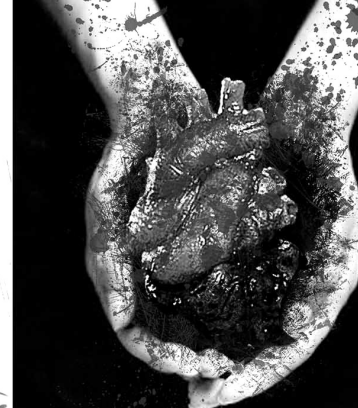
v-day got you stressed? come decompress!

by yinyefko

It's that time of year again, the inescapable and unavoidable day that stores spend weeks brainwashing you for: Valentines Day. It's not really about celebrating someone you love, or cursing the world for being single; it's really about buying things. Yes, Valentines Day is the ultimate guilt trip where you are obligated to buy something for your significant other, or break your back trying to come up with something original to surprise them with. So instead of trying to make a homemade card, or slathering your nude body in chocolate on the eve before Valentines Day, don't panic and keep reading. Anime As An Artform House, in which yours truly is a member, is holding a fun filled video game night just for you! An event for couples, loners, and passerby's, come to this fun Valentine event filled with two hours of incredibly violent and bloody video-games. Meant purely for releasing all that pent up stress relating to Valentine's Day, come play *Gears of War*, *Mortal Combat*, *Super Meat Boy*, and a plethora of other bloody games on a variety of different consoles. Want to bring your own game? We will be supplying a PS3, Xbox 360, a gaming pc, and Wii so feel free to bring any game you want to share! Don't like video games? We will also be bringing Cards Against Humanity and Munchkin in case people had a bad Valentines Day and would like to destroy relationships by setting monsters on others and stealing their items.

The event is on February 15th from 7-9pm in the Fireplace Lounge in Living Learning. The event is completely free, but a donation to a charity of players' choice is suggested. There is no set agenda and we encourage people to stop by and play as many games as they want. This event is part of an ongoing series, conceived by the Anime As An Artform House's program directors and myself, called "Fight For Your Cause" which raises money for charity through player donations at regular video game events. The players have a choice of what charity they wish the proceeds to go to, and onlookers are encouraged to donate as well. So whether you've had a good Valentines Day or the worst ever, stop on by and enjoy raging with others at the Bloody Valentine Video Game Night! ■

Want your love story to be
better than Twilight?



Join us

Anime As An Artform House Presents

Bloody Valentine Video Game Night
February 15 7-9pm
Fireplace Lounge

An assortment of games provided and contributions will
go to a charity of players choice



the great valentine's debate: *duration dilemmas*

by katjaritchie

Valentine's Day is right around the corner, and, not unlike your most regrettable hookup's premature orgasm, no amount of enthusiasm, disinterest, or dread is going to stop it—so gird your loins and get your tissues ready. Everyone's got a different dynamic in this most infamous of holiday seasons, and the question lies in how much of a to-do to make of the big VD. Whatever your scenario, let this be your guide to exactly how big a deal to make of this Valentine's Day, and how to do it in Burlington.



We're texting. No, we haven't really hung out, but like, I run into them at parties every so often. Pipe down, crazy. Allow me to refer you to the final section of this article; sorry to burst your bubble.

We've hooked up a couple times and we're still talking, but no mention of exclusivity and/or feelings. Proceed with extreme caution. V-Day falls on a Friday this year, so conveniently, it's not weird if you happen to get in touch with them and see what they're up to. If you're 21, mention that some people you know are heading to a bar and they should join in—and when they get there, don't be afraid to look extra sharp. Metronome on Main Street is hosting a '90s night, free for college kids until 11:30, which is a perfect excuse for a party destination that ends early enough to see where the rest of the night will take you.

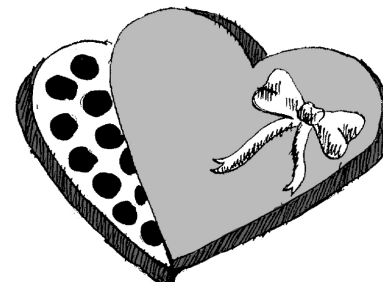
We're hooking up. On the regular. This is Friday V-Day's time to shine! If you've got a good thing going with someone but haven't made it official yet, Valentine's on a going-out night is the perfect combo of lighthearted fun, plus a hint that you might be into something more. It's okay to go to a place where you might be able to hear each other actually talk. Start with food somewhere laid-back, with friends or without: El Cortijo and Daily Planet are solid downtown bets, both with solid drink menus. Hit Radio Bean or the Monkey House (if you have the means to make it to downtown Winooski) afterwards for a laid-back place to hear live music, get a buzz on, and take advantage of some time having fun together.



art by emma riesner

I know every disgusting thing about this human and for whatever reason haven't run for the hills. (We've been dating, like...a while). Take a break from being totally boring and fucking go out. Save money on dinner by making a meal at home if you want to, but make it special! Nothing from a box or a mix, include all your food groups, buy things from the organic section to feel fancy, all that jazz. Throw it back to when you first met and had to have drunken excuses to run into each other and go to the goddamn '90s Night. Get the friends that you've been neglecting to go to bed early at each other's apartments, and get wasted together. Dress up. Look alive. Shave for the first time in god-knows-how-long, wear pretty underwear, and go to town on each other when you get home. Put some damn rose petals on the bed. It's Friday, it's Valentine's Day; have fun with it!

Baby's First Valentine's! (I'm in a new relationship). Okay, so you're dating now—no more pretense of pretending to be a commitment-phobe or "I'm just having fun right now!" while secretly wanting to journal your feelings out into a Lisa Frank notebook with little heart doodles. This takes some pressure off in that you can go on a real-live, adult-person date without dancing around the subject. Kickass food: El Cortijo, Our House (Winooski), American Flatbread, Shalimar (Indian, on North Winooski Ave), Asiana. Kickass music: Nectar's, Radio Bean, Monkey House; hell, see what's going on at Higher Ground or the Flynn! Hit Duino/Duende, attached to Radio Bean, for a convenient combination of the two, and get a lil' tipsy (fun-tipsy, not hold-my-hair tipsy: you still have to impress this person a little) at 1/2 Lounge, What Ales You, or Three Needs for a fun night-cap.



I'm literally the only one of my friends not in a relationship, this day is stupid, and I plan on making sweet love to six pints of Ben & Jerry's as well as an array of sex toys. I could not be more single. Preach. We've all been there. There's an easy fix to this one: friends, booze, and unadulterated fun. Don't be the total downer who ditches the group to try and sleep with anything with a pulse the second you're all out the door. Also, take a second to breathe and, if you're one of the unfortunate (read: neurotic) people who's made it out of high school with this mentality, the goal of college is not to get with people or make them like you. Repeat this ten times, out loud, until you believe it or someone walks in on you and you look like a psychopath. Once you stop giving a shit about getting laid this weekend or finding your Holy Grail of emotional connection, life gets a lot better. A whole lot better. It's just a fucking Friday, only this one comes with extra ice cream, nights with your bros, and fun, vibrating things. Enjoy it. ■



happy hour: *once upon a time*

by rebeccalaurion

Hello again, lovely readers. This week we're tackling Once Upon a Time, a show that might very well be (read: definitely is) a diet, low-calorie version of Bill Willingham's Fables graphic novels, but at the very least is pretty to look at. It's good in its own right, though I prefer my fairy tales a lot darker than ABC can provide. But that's another story entirely. As always, keep it classy, keep it safe, kiddies.

Take a drink:

- Magic!
- Flashback to the homelands
- Costumegasm

The characters have no idea what's going on.

Tension between Emma and Regina (double if they look like they're gonna make out)

Henry is adorable and deserves to be the main character

Finish your drink:

Mr. Gold makes a deal with someone.

Someone's fairy tale identity is revealed (Pilot ep doesn't count, that's freaking everyone)

Regina's story breaks your heart

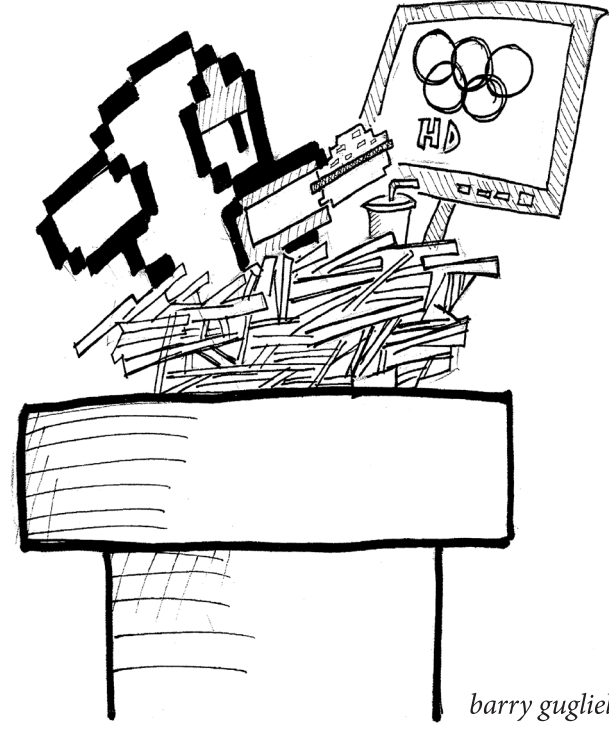
Emma gets a new love interest



frances lasday

reflections.

are we becoming flap-happy?



barry guglielmo

by leonardbartenstein

I've seen a lot of jokes going around about this new app, "Flappy Bird." Despite the fact that it sounds like some sort of newfangled masturbation technique, I decided to check it out. Going to the App Store, I downloaded it and started it up.

This game is the worst thing that has ever happened. I'm thinking of other bad things that have happened: murder, terrorism, that time I stubbed my toe when I was only half asleep last week—none of them are as bad as this app. Nothing can compare to the pure horror and anger that this app brings out of people.

Imagine this: you're a bird, in some sort of crazy post-apocalypse Mario land, where there are pipes everywhere, which you can apparently not navigate around (even though you are a bird). You must frantically duck and dive between these pipes, which apparently are coated with a deadly toxin or something because the second you even graze them, you fall, plummeting to your death.

Also, you're a bird, but you cannot apparently fly on your own. You can only fly by bumping yourself upward constantly, or you will simply turn to the ground, and fall face down to your death, because apparently whatever makes the pipes so deadly is also all over the ground.

You also don't have a beak, or wings that match your body. Or legs.

I'm not sure what the science of this video game world is, but I'm imagining that it's science's fault. No god, malevolent or benevolent, would allow such a monstrosity to exist. Some sort of evolution gone wrong has allowed this hideous thing to propagate itself. Its aesthetically unpleasant, tiny white wings don't fit or

That's over two billion pipes that they have avoided hitting. I'm not sure what human being could ever stand to play that long, or could even be able to survive that long. Many people spend the first hour or so after downloading the app banging into the first or second pipe, and when they finally get their high score to three, they feel the biggest sense of accomplishment they ever will in their tiny, insignificant lives. That high is what'll get you hooked, and bring you back, begging for more. My high score is seven, and I've spent at least an hour or two playing this stupid game. That is time that I will never get back.

If you want a recommendation out of this, do not download this game. In no way should you devote any of your time to it. It is not a game, it is a culmination of all of the evil in the world, set forth to wreak havoc on humanity. The worst part of it is that once you have it downloaded, you will continue to play it, no matter how much it makes you scream at your phone. Nothing brings out the worst in people like Flappy Bird. Do not play Flappy Bird. Save yourself. ■

"nothing can compare to the pure horror and anger that this app brings out of people"

match its yellow, orange, red, or blue body (which seems to change color according to the time of day). Giant lips are plastered across the front of its body, which doesn't have any delineation between head and torso, just one blob of strange, deformed bird.

Now, according to the high scores on Google Play, there are people (that's right, more than one of them) who have exceeded two billion points in this game.

WOODY ALLEN -continued from pg 1

Convictions, from what I've seen, won't heal the impact completely, but injustice can only amplify the pain. When an abuser goes on to live and thrive while the victim still deals with the fallout, that loss is even harder to replace. Woody Allen, in the eyes of the law, is a free man, and that entitles him to make his art and live his life. But by celebrating Allen like the Globes chose to, we disempower every other victim who has suffered in private from watching the person who wrecked their life succeed in public.

Ultimately, though, this is something that's lost in the noise of the he-said-she-said. The debate is sucked down the echo chamber of Salon opinion pieces and Twitter one-liners as people turn to focus on the accusations at play, not what's led to this impasse. Until we cease to honor the dishonorable, there can't be any justice. 'Til then, the present churns on, and the past slips further away. And *Blue Jasmine* sucked anyway. ■

after a decade, *mean girls* still "totally fetch"

by katelynpine

A lot has changed in the past ten years. For one thing, I'm not in elementary school anymore, nor do I attempt to rock my light-up, Cinderella sneakers, however, if one thing has held constant all this time, it is the mood, message, and hilarity of the movie, *Mean Girls*. Quite honestly, when I heard the movie was approaching its ten-year-anniversary, I gawked a bit. I can still distinctly remember watching the film for the first time in middle school and wishing so desperately for my future high school experience to be as eventful as Cady's (side note: it wasn't). Through the years, *Mean Girls* has been able to remain a ridiculous, yet relevant and relatable film for many a young adult.

Perhaps one of the biggest reasons as to why *Mean Girls* has been able to keep a spot in present-day pop culture is its plethora of quotable scenes. I honestly can't count the number of times I heard someone say, "The limit does not exist," in my calculus class this past semester. While my friends and I were making muffins this past weekend, there were at least a few mentions of the "butter-your-muffin" scene. When nothing is going right, there's always a brief moment in which someone wishes everything "could be like middle school again." And last year, I tried to get the word "bitchin'" going amongst my friends, but much like Gretchen and her aspirations for "fetch," my attempts failed as soon as the word was brought up, sans Regina George reactions, though. The quotable nature of *Mean Girls* makes this movie not only hysterical, but also undeniably catchy.

Comedy has a tendency to be memorable, and *Mean Girls* is no exception. Many of the famous one-liners from the film tend to be ridiculous in nature, but it is that excessive quality that makes them possible to remember time after time. For example, the line, "You can't just ask people why they're white," is probably not something you'd hear in day-to-day conversation (though it might find itself in *The Ear*). *Mean Girls* is a satirical take on high school life, but one that shouldn't be discounted. Without the film, I wouldn't have been prepared for my first high school dance (thank you "Milkshake"), or for that

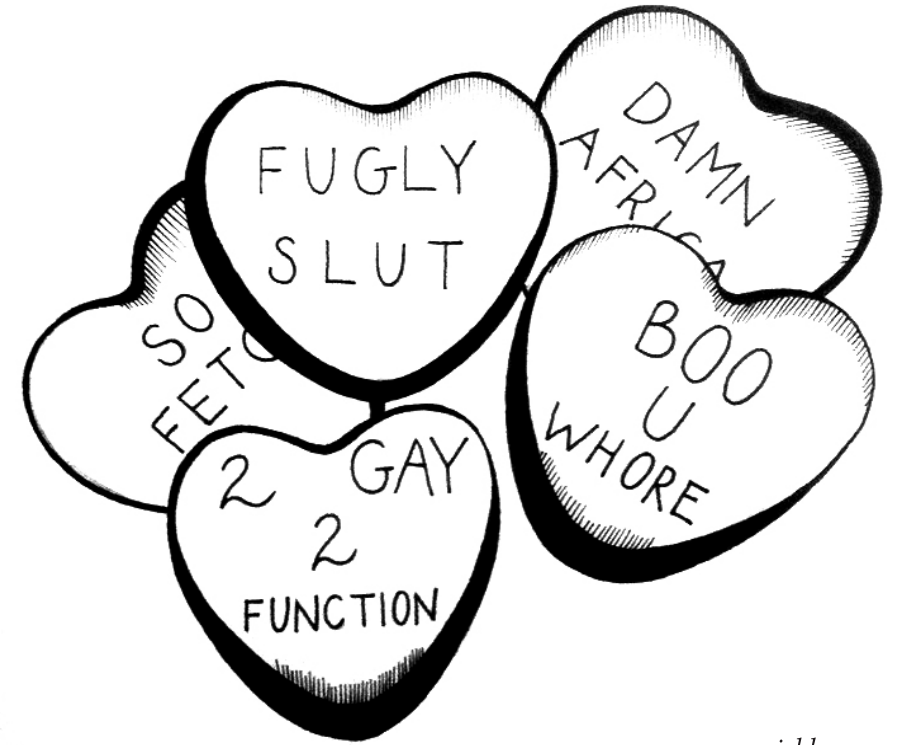
"despite the fact that the characters are overdramatized versions of each attribute, they are relatable nonetheless"

matter, the realities of just how mean people really are in high school. For what it's worth, I think there's a deeper meaning to the film than it just being a comedy about unrealistic high school girls. As a starter, everyone emulates each character a little bit: the naivety of Cady, the fierceness of Damien, the sarcastic traits of Janis, the stupidity of Karen, and yes, even the bitchiness of Regina. Despite the fact that the characters are overdramatized versions of each attribute, they are relatable nonetheless.

Throughout the course of the film, we see Cady's interests and habits change. Her journey of self-discovery is much like one we all go through at some point, although the actual journey might not be the same. Like Cady, you might find yourself more interested in social activities, like partying, or making lots of friends. It might just take a couple failed tests to put you back on track, but it could also

take an all-out school brawl to do it too. Either way, you're in the clear. I think the film emphasizes the point that nothing in life is concrete and you should live by the principle to "expect the unexpected." I'm sure if Cady's actually happened in real life, most people would not have expected the Plastics to dissolve. Along those lines, I personally witnessed many of my friends start to hate each other by the end of high school. Most of them had been friends since elementary school, and watching those relationships disintegrate was as equally hard as it was surprising. Yet people, places, and things change naturally over time, and moving through life expecting yourself and your surroundings to remain constant isn't the greatest strategy to believe in.

But enough with the deep, life lessons stuff, because at the end of the day, *Mean Girls* is a hilarious film for the ages, and will no doubt continue to be a movie that keeps people laughing no matter how many times you see it. Despite being only ten years old, *Mean Girls* has given



mariel brown

partying armenian style: my moments outside the *american bubble*

by staceybrandt

I know it's a little late, but I'm going to talk about New Year's. My particular story is relevant and contains topical themes such as: Vladimir Putin, excessive consumption of unidentifiable meat products, and getting lost in translation.

I made a decision for my New Year's celebration this year that was possibly one of the best decisions of my life in regards to celebratory circumstances. In years past, I have invited thirty of my closest friends to get wasted in my underdecorated, un-festive basement that probably contains at least one undiscovered species of mold—mold that grows exclusively on a mixture of vodka, vomit, and one version of poor life decisions that involves sexual relations with high school friends.

This year however, one of my best friends invited me to her house for a New Year's Eve and I was thrilled. Masha and her family immigrated to America from Armenia about five years ago, a time when Masha only knew how to say "Yes," "No," and "Bathroom" in English. (Now she speaks better English than me and teaches me rap slang).

With a lineage tied to the Soviet Union, Masha and her family have strong Russian influence from both a political and cultural stand point. On New Year's, they watch Putin's speech like we would. To be sure I don't get chased down by a pack of neo-McCarthyists, I will put on record that I, myself, am not a spy and my friend and her lovely family are most certainly probably not spies. I actually wouldn't know because I can only say three things in Armenian: "Good" "Bad" and "That cunt has a fat ass". Beautiful when spoken by native speakers, the Armenian and Russian languages are extremely complicated and I will likely only become proficient in horrible insults.

When we get drunk together, I always get a little self-conscious around Masha, mesmerized as she flows between three, completely different languages. I feel my coolness levels plummeting and my Stupid American levels are off the charts. "Teach me Armenian," I slur affectionately, tearing up for no reason. Masha agrees and explains, "Okay. In Armenian, 'Ch', 'Ch', and 'Ch' are all different." For people unfamiliar with the Armenian language, each "Ch" is differentiated by an imperceptible tone which, when I try to make it, sounds like I am dramatically expelling a piece of hair from the back of my throat.

When I announce to Masha that I want to learn Russian instead, she chuckles and gives me a look that says anything-is-possible-if-you-move-to-Moscow-for-the-rest-of-your-life-but-even-then-probably-still-no. We raise our glasses to that (my fourth glass of red wine). Cheers to little ol' unilingual me.

At about ten o'clock that night we sat down for a dinner. If Beyoncé wrote lyrics about this particular dinner she

would belt, "It could be a sweet dreammm, or a vegan's worst nightmare." But God bless the barnyard friends who went into that delicious meal; I enjoyed every part of you: your liver, your flanks, all your various broths, and your milk magically turned to cheese. And to our friends under the sea, thank you for bearing your bright filets.

I will not pretend that I recognized everything that I shoveled into my mouth with the grace of a starving peasant at a king's feast. However, I do know that everything was made from scratch, everything was authentic. There were no calories being counted, no directions followed from off the side of a box, and no microwavable pizza pockets. Zero bags of Doritos or Cheetos or other snacks whose color does not occur in nature were consumed. I'm telling you, my adoptive Armenian family is not fooled by bright American advertisements that hide artificial ingredients. "It's like whore covering ugly face," I imagine Masha's grandmother saying, disapproving of a bag of Chex Party Mix.

The New Year's toasts at Masha's dinner were much different than those American celebrations where perhaps a single toast is made by the drunkest, loudest, or most entitled voice at the table while everyone resists eye-rolling reflexes. At Masha's, I lost count of toasts after the twenty-seventh. Everyone said their part, even humoring me with some broken English. There were lots of smiles and fits laughter that, for all I know, started after someone asked in Armenian, "Do you think the white girl knows she ate bull testicles?" Even though I was just sitting there, smiling and nodding idiotically like the President taking pictures with a foreign leader, I was drunk enough to feel like I was part of conversation.

The next morning I woke up on Masha's couch satisfied I had not embarrassed myself in front of Masha's family—except for the part when I attempted to learn a traditional Armenian dance in the middle of the living room and was shown up by a 70 year-old-woman.

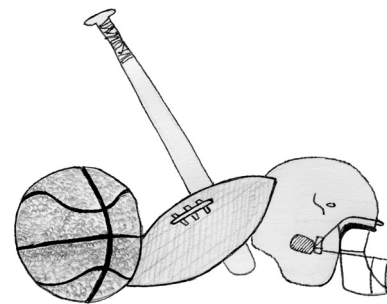
Incredibly grateful that Masha's family had taken me in for the night, I could only show my gratitude by accepting the three pounds of food they insisted on my taking home to my family. This included the homemade baklava which, upon consumption, restored my faith in God.

For someone who has barely traveled outside the U.S., the experience allowed me to be immersed in a different culture (yes, this essay will double as a diversity requirement) as I felt to have been transported across the globe, to Yerevan or Moscow. Additionally, I believe that I broke some sort of cultural barrier as I demonstrated that not all Americans are like those that foreigners see in the movies (we're much worse looking). And I learned that Armenians are exceptionally proud of their culture, which is something internal, passed through the generations, and is something I wish I could share. ■

highlight reel.

olympic odyssey

by mikestorage



Welcome to the first week of the winter wonderland that is Sochi, Russia. Let Putin's Games begin. And don't you dare use the double toilets per stall, rabid stray dogs, dirty drinking water, toilet-paper-less toilets, or unfinished infrastructure as an excuse. Russia has got this under control (I think). They are carefully sifting through all of your complaints, and promptly tossing them in the Gulag. Vladimir Putin is too busy running the underground KGB to care about capitalist "first world problems."

But seriously, get excited, because the Olympics have officially begun. The next sixteen days will be filled with the magic of international athletics. Now, the United States is known internationally as a world power. We generally do pretty well in the Olympic Games, because according to the American Way, anything besides first in the medal count is a failure. Altogether, the United States has accumulated 2,653 total medals in Olympic history (before the start of Sochi), which makes us first in the world! The second place country is the Soviet Union, which obviously isn't even a country anymore. So, fuck yeah, I'd call that world dominance. In distant third place is Great Britain with 802, so I think we're in good shape.

The United States has won 2,400 of its medals in the Summer Olympics, making us, once again, in first place. While the grand ole U-S of A is doing pretty well in the Summer Games, we seriously need to pick up the slack in the Winter Games. We have only won 253 medals in the Winter Games, and are currently in second place to, get this, NORWAY. That's right, ladies and gentlemen; we are getting our asses kicked by the Scandinavian giants, who maintain a slight lead of 303 total medals. As far as the 2010 Vancouver Olympics are concerned, the United States came in first for total medal count, but was edged out by the Canadians for more gold medals. Well, we will have to see how Sochi plays out. The Russian hosts will certainly not take lightly to a capitalist takeover. ■



yin yefko

the grandest of winter games

by mikestorage

I love the Winter Olympics, but let's be honest, the best event is the Men's Hockey tournament. The NHL has taken its Olympic break, and the stars are headed across the pond to Sochi to duel it out on the international stage. NHL players and players from other leagues alike pride themselves on playing for their country, and the amount of energy these players exhibit on the ice is evident to all that watch the tournament. Now, let's take a look at the prominent countries looking to take home the gold medals. (Fortunately, the hockey tournament doesn't start until this week with the group stages. Qualifying rounds beginning February 18.)

Canada

Everyone remembers the Canadian gold medal winners of Vancouver 2010. Canada defeated the United States in the championship game thanks to a Sidney Crosby goal in overtime. Canada will be looking to reinstate their dominance, and will be packaging a team that is bursting with talent.

They have first been dealt some bad news as Steven Stamkos will not be playing for the team in light of his unhealed broken tibia. Instead, Martin St. Louis has been officially named to the team. It was a bit confusing that St. Louis hadn't been named to the team in the first place, as he is an incredible talent.

At goalie, they have a competition between Roberto Luongo, Carey Price, and Mike Smith. Luongo was the goaltender in Vancouver so he will main-

tain his starting position. At forward, Canada sports the star-studded lineup of Patrick Sharp, John Tavares, Rick Nash, and Ryan Getzlaf. At defense: Duncan Keith, Shea Weber, Drew Doughty, and P.K. Subban look to set the bar. This team is well-rounded, impressive, and definitely a favorite.

USA

Team USA also contains some major talents. At goalie, they are incredibly strong, but I have no idea who will actually get the start. Ryan Miller started in Vancouver, but Jimmy Howard and Jonathon Quick are also great in net. Watch out for the powerful forwards Phil Kessel, Patrick Kane, James van Riemsdijk, and David Backes. The USA has a pretty weak and inexperienced defense, though, which may present some difficulties deep into the tournament. Luckily, defenders like Kevin Shattenkirk, Ryan Suter, and Ryan McDonagh have a great goalie squad to back them up.

Russia

Team Russia will also be a powerful force in these Olympic Games, as they will be backed by the home crowd. Alex Ovechkin is downright filthy. Everyone knows the where on the ice he's going to score from, and no one can do anything about it. Pavel Datsyuk and Evgeni Malkin are pretty damn good themselves, and are looking net some goals on the world stage. Putin has made quite the impressive hockey arena, and he has high expectations for this team. ■

schedule of events

Tuesday, February 11

Men's Snowboard Halfpipe

Today includes the qualification, semi-finals, and finals. Well damn, this is an awesome event. That's right, boys and girls; a medal will be awarded today. Shaun White is trying to win his third straight gold medal in this event.

Women's Ski Jumping

This Winter Olympics marks the first time in history that women's ski jumping has made it to the Olympics. It truly is tragic that these talented women have been prevented from competing on the largest international athletic stage.

Wednesday, February 12

Men's 1000m Speed Skating

Speed skating gets a little repetitive for me, but it's basically the winter version of track events. Watch some dudes sprint on ice for a medal.

Thursday, February 13

Men's Ski Slopestyle

Fuck yeah. This is one of the best events of the entire Olympics, and this is the first year this classic X-Games event has gone to the Olympics. These guys fly all over the place while they pop insane grinds and spin off more degrees of rotation than I can count with a compass.

Friday, February 14

Men's Skeleton

So yeah, this might be the most insane event in the Olympics. Like seriously, these guys fly down the track face-down, head-first on a sled. Like you must be missing some brain cells to do this event.

Monday, February 17

Men's Snowboard Cross

This event is a total shitshow, but it is super entertaining to watch. Four contestants race down the track as they hit jumps and try to out-position their competitors. Usually at least one athlete wipes out due to awkward positioning. Imagine hitting a lip while someone is hitting that same thing right next to you. Definitely a clusterfuck.

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

Hot, Sexy, and Cute
Classy and Kind
Exciting and Fun
With an Open Mind
I walk home and pray
That your door isn't closed
And each day I wonder
Are my feelings exposed?
Soon we'll be more
I'm just waiting on you
To Mack, then look back
To say you want me too
When: January-present
Where: 250 Colchester
I saw: A boy on my floor
I am: Maybe friendzoned

At the Davis Center I've seen thee
For many a day, yes more than three.
And each time I've seen you
You've had a grapefruit in hand, it's true.
And being someone like me,
Who's lacking in the department of vitamin C
I can't help but feel attracted to you.
And though it's crazy, it's true
That through the power of grapefruit
I've started to find you rather cute.
So, come share your grapefruit with me
Cause a future with you is something I can see.
When: Erry Day
Where: The Davis Center
I saw: A Grapefruit Goddess
I am: Vitamin C Deficient.

Viscous, sweet, translucent amber
Bee nectar fool's gold.
Spinning tunes reveal your candor
Sonic solace to behold.
I'm late lady daydream
You're not a m&ncipixi3dr3&mgir1!!!!
Music signified mash-up i'm not saying save me
...but maybe
Listen...
[Radio silence]
Good feelings stay a little longer?
You're stronger no need to flip
We're swimmin' in an ocean of love that sunk ships
So you'll need to wade in el mar
Look up, follow sirius, and put stock in your dog stars.
The smiling eyes, the quiet mouth
Auster's ny trilogy, manetta waxing anthropologically
Snapshots from a mind that betrays from the start
Earth's core that doesn't need a sun, a beating heart.
Now I reside in the ether, magical cream to be undone
Until you find me I'll be here lazing
My paw in the jar, a bear in the sun.
When: waves were a comin
Where: 90.1
I saw: DJ Honey
I am: A bear in the sun



You are lonely and single
I am ready to mingle
This V-Day I'll let you take my v-card
Just don't fool with my heart
I like baking and writing
But it's my heart that needs igniting
I let you touch my ass
But not just anyone --ya gotta have class
I don't need to like you, I just need to love
I can take it from adjacent, behind, and above
If you think you're picking up what i'm putting down
Just let me know and maybe we can fool 'round
When: Valentine's Day
Where: My Bed
I saw: A Willing Suitor
I am: Short red hair, big beautiful booty

Hey short red hair and big beautiful booty
I'll give you something to do, you don't need to be moody
I got a dick for you, it'll drive you wild
Gotta use that condom though, we can't have no child
I'd like to touch your butt
If you'd be so kind as to let me
And kiss your ruby lips
Just make sure you don't forget me
Lets make it happen this V-Day
I may be a little shy
But honestly this year
You're the only one who has caught my eye
This may not be as dirty
But some things are meant to be
If you'd like to get flirty
You know just where I'll be
You can find me waiting naked
Perched atop your bed
I'll be waiting starfish style
I don't even expect any head
If you hope to make it happen
You know you can count on me
I'll be there to make you come
Just think of how great it could be
When: Valentine's Day
Where: All over your bed
I saw: That big booty
I am: The man to steal your card

You're obsessed with all things Boston
And you work for Seventh Gen,
I hear you're quite an animal
Will you come to my love den?
Friday night is coming up, so please don't think I'm crude,
I'd just like a Valentine, and all I want is you
When: Not often enough
Where: College Street
I saw: A hunter
I am: Hoping to be your next target

Your straw blonde hair
Your utterly refined clothes
Your contagious and charming laughter
You're super cute as far as guys go
You often sit by yourself
I can tell you need a lot of space
But I want to get to know you
And inspire more smiles on your face
When: In class
Where: Central
I saw: A sweetie pie
I am: Feeling a bit creepy

the ear

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

Living/Learning Center

Guy: This flag is cool, it only has 48 stars for 48 states.
Girl: Yeah, what's the other one? We have 49, right?

Cyber Cafe, in line for coffee

Girl: I can't drink tonight I'm on antibiotics, I can't drink for ten days!
Dude: That sucks.
Girl: Yeah I think this is the longest time I've been sober since I came to college...

CWP

Girl 1: Do dicks like, gain weight?
Girl 2: Ya! like is that where chodes come from!?

The Gym, the other night

First Time Gym Girl: Are sit ups like birth control? Do you have to do them everyday?

UHeights North, dorm room

Girlfriend: Well, I think he has multiple bellies.
Boyfriend: Multiple what?
Girlfriend: It's like having a double chin, except with bellies.

An Apartment Named Jerry

Snoopy: You look like you came out of a time machine.
Woodstock: That's how I feel sometimes.

Main St. Crosswalk, late one night

Girl: I tend to surround myself with stupid people.
Her Two Companions: Yeah.

Downtown

Excited Lady: Ooo! I have beer! It's in the light!!!

Living/Learning D

Guy: It's Women's Heart Health Day!
Other guy: When's Men's Heart Health Day?
Girl: Every other day of the year!

Post-Sputies

Girl: All I want right now is a hot dog; I neeeeed a hot dog.
Boy: I've got a big old sausage right here any time you want it, babe.

Winter Ball

Pseudo Scientist: Well actually, madam, according to the data on foreskins, they are roughly comparable.

tunes.



shuffle: the *classy rager* playlist

by natedelgado

Are your weekends feeling lackluster? Are you sick of hearing nothing but dubstep and (somehow) Watch the Throne in the many basements of Burlington? You're not? Well, to be honest, me neither. Whether you descend the hill in total sobriety or in the midst of a game of "Charlie 40-Hands," it's damn near impossible to not enjoy some late night boogying... unless of course you're at one of the sports houses (all the attitude of a generic fraternity with none of the funding!). When push comes to shove, it's the music and the subsequent dancing that makes a party a party, and not just a bunch of people you kind of know standing around... and that one game of pong. If you randomly end up in that DJ position, or are just having a party of your own, here are some classier tracks that'll still guarantee a gyrating room.

"Face to Face"- Daft Punk

Yeah, you remember Daft Punk. You remember that 3 year stretch of time when "One More Time" was everywhere. Yeah, I know "Get Lucky" has taken the place of their go-to overplayed track, but let's look back to the past a little here. If you dig a little deeper into their catalogue you'll see there are dozens of incredible dance tracks that keep their dance-ability without all of the repetition found in their big hits. Don't believe me? Slap this song on, Nancy.

"Spottieottiedopaliscious"- OutKast

If you can spell this, then you're in for one funky track. Diverging from the fast-paced tracks like "B.O.B." or "Roses" that appear on the radio or Pandora station of your choice, "Spottieottiedopaliscious" is the duo at their most psychedelic and relaxed. Also, if you're the poor bastard using Youtube for music, this songs 8 minute length will give you some much needed time to relax.

"Debaser"- The Pixies

You want energy? You've got energy! "Debaser" is everything a surf punk opener should be: Fast, abrasive, absolutely teeming with energy, and most importantly for our purposes, danceable as hell! The omnipresent "neowww neow neowwww" of the guitars, coupled with David Lovering's impeccable rhythm drumming grounds this surreal classic.

"The New Pollution"- Beck

It's pretty damn hard to garner respect as a white rapper, especially when you aren't so much a rapper as you are an anti-folk, alternative quasi MC. Regardless, when Beck wants to rhyme and get folks dancing—that's exactly what he does.



julianna roen

"The Magnificent Seven"- The Clash

Hot off the heels of their 1979 masterpiece London Calling, everyone thought that The Clash could do anything and everything musically. And with 1980's Sandinista! that's just what they tried to do. The opening track "The Magnificent Seven" can only be described as "funky-fresh." Its got a trampling disco bassline, and features Joe Strummer rapping up a storm.

"Electricity"- The Avalanches

When people think of mash up artists, names like Girl Talk and Super Mash Bros are bound to come to mind, and for good reason: these guys can almost seamlessly combine any of the recent chart topping hits into straight up bangers. However, it's guys like The Avalanches who, sadly, get left in the dust. The Avalanches had no intention of combining 3 some odd popular tracks, no they mash together 40's aerie's with laugh tracks from the Brady bunch and everything in between. On "Electricity", the boys utilize their "plunderphonics" mastery to create an incredible dance track composed of dozens of strange sound-bits.

"Ignition (Remix)"- R. Kelly

C'mon guys, I don't need to pitch this to anyone. You all know this is the essential weekend song of our generation.

"Method Man"- Wu Tang Clan

98% of Wu Tang Clan songs are gonna get the 'Can we put something more fun on?' "Method Man" is one of these exceptions, the other being "Gravel Pit." Although Method Man has seriously waned in rapping ability, on the only eponymous track on *Enter the 36 Chambers*, Method Man absolutely WRECKS shit. Free of the violence purveying most of the Wu's tracks (assuming you skip the intro...) Method Man drops timeless lines like "I got fat bags of skunk/ I've got white owl blunts/ And I'm about to go get lifted!/ I've got myself a 40/ I've got myself a shorty/ And I'm about to go and stick it!"

"Cocoa Butter Kisses"- Chance the Rapper

All of Acid Rap deserves a listen if you haven't given it a chance yet, but for our purposes this song is a must have. Lyrics are all over the place here, so don't expect to walk away knowing what cocoa butter kisses are. However, if its getting late and you're looking for something a bit more mellow that still has an all too danceable beat, look no further. ■

recently in tunes with dylanmccarthy



Hello again lovelies, another week, another stretch of seven days to be amazed by the world of music. Its been a bit of strange one this time, so I'm cutting the preamble (which I love so much) and diving right into the thick of it.

DMX and George Zimmerman boxing match still up in the air. I'm not even going to touch the results of the Trayvon Martin trial, if you want that look literally anywhere else. I'm more interested in George Zimmerman's apparently unending desire for public attention, and the fact that his 'for-charity-boxing-match' has attracted many angry rapper opponents. The Game didn't have a lot of nice things to say about Zimmerman, but DMX really hit it out of the park. Speaking of a desire to straight up urinate on Zimmerman, and immediately disregard the rules of boxing upon entering the ring. DMX isn't exactly my favorite rapper, but I'd pay to watch him lose his shit any day.

Kendrick Lamar humble, and not at all upset about Macklemore robbery. Looks like the fans were more enraged than the artist on this one. I bashed Macklemore enough last issue so I'll leave that as it is. The fact that Kendrick lost two awards most of the country thought were a given and can say that Macklemore's victory was "well deserved" is amiable to say the least.

David Bowie personally challenges George Zimmerman to mortal combat. Mr. Bowie (or "The Sovereign" as some of us know) is not too keen on not being in control of things. After all the press buzz surrounding George Zimmerman, the king of Glam decided he'd host his own battle. Will George Zimmerman battle Bowie? I'll keep you posted.

Grammy producer issues formal apology to Trent Reznor after cutting Grammy performance short. Mr. Producer dodged a bullet here. After being the essentially the only figure in the 'industrial' music for the past 25 years, he's gotten more than enough experience at being creepy as hell. Making music videos that are love letters to Poe, recording an album in the house where the Manson murders occurred just because, the existence of the song "Closer." Bottom line is, this is not a guy you want on your bad side. Mr. Producer issued his apology with seconds to spare.

Daft Punk still whining about anonymity years after everyone knows what they look like. It was a good run guys, you kept the whole 'anonymous robot' persona alive a lot longer than anyone else, but to throw a hissy fit over some unwanted photos post-Grammy's because you want to hide your identities is just ridiculous. Sure, if your identities were still a secret I'd understand, but any Dick, Tom, or Jane can just Google "Thomas Bangalter" and/or "Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo" (the most French name ever) and see your faces. Keep the robot masks for your performances, but embrace your identities guys! You're pretty good looking for a pair of 39-year-old robots! ■

créatif stuffé.

the sick day by marilynora

I'm not a lazy person; in fact I quite like busy, full days. I carry a notepad around and make lists with boxes. It makes you feel like you've really accomplished something when you see all the boxes checked off. The lists come in handy too. For example, once, I went to Foxwood Casinos and watched the entire series of Laguna Beach straight!

When I told my friend about this amazing feat she said, "Marilyn, you have no life."

I pulled out my notepad really fast and shouted with righteous indignation, "What did you say? Why yes I do; let me show you these lists. Man, you're going to feel really stupid once you see these lists..."

Pa-pow! She probably felt like a big idiot after seeing my filled-in checkboxes.

Having such a fulfilling, busy life leaves me with no down time. I live by those lists, I die by those lists; they tell me where I'm going and what I'm doing.

Getting sick deviates from my lists—which is always an adventure because I don't know what's going to happen. Mostly though, I end up putting on my favorite prego jammies and just dawdle all day in deliciously warm comforters, napping. It's kind of nice. It doesn't matter what I eat (I'm just going to throw it up later!) and my friends and family pay more than the usual attention to me. Breaking from my lists, it's kind of lovely.

Only one time has listening to my lists

ended up terribly. It was one of my first times ever being truly sick on my own. I was fresh out of high school and had been looking for a job all week. I'd been walking around in a nauseous, queasy state for quite some time until finally my body violently took me down: throwing up, down, sideways, everywhere. I needed rest. Unfortunately, I chose not to listen.

After all, I had a tentative list for the day. Several important job interviews had been boxed up, and so when I should have been sleeping, I found myself barely conscious, trying to look decent. It was on the notepad:

get out of the maternity wear.

wash up.

brush up.

smile.

So that is what I did. I didn't look too great, but I knew that was the classiest I was going to get, so I headed out, hoping that I could keep my act together for at least two interviews.

In my haze I reasoned that I didn't want to show up at an interview blowing into a Kleenex (very unprofessional) so I didn't bring any with me—but because of that, I found myself discreetly wiping off my nose into my mittens as I headed downtown.

The first interview began on time. Smile fixed, I easily breezed through the interview until my nose started to drip,

like mad. I soon found myself sitting at the table trying to keep my composure. In my hazy state I reasoned, "Just keep your head tilted kind of high so the snot doesn't run, just keep it a little tilted..."

As the employment manager was droning on about what she expected from her employees I began ever-so-slightly arching my back so that I could get my head at the right altitude and angle that I thought would prevent mucus runoff. I reassured myself, "Surely this doesn't look weird; I mean if anything it just looks like I have really good sitting posture, that's something that I would want in my employees..."

I then noticed that the employment manager had suddenly stopped talking and was giving me major side-eye. She had noticed my extremely good posture. This was surely a plus, but unfortunately the 160-degree angle I now found myself reclining in had done little to alleviate the slow dribble that had begun to escape from my nose. I wasn't worried though. I knew the employment manager couldn't see the dribble. I mean, how could she? My sitting position placed me so high up and away from her, she couldn't possibly see the surreptitious snot.

Babbling about my employment history, I soon noticed a napkin at a nearby table, and I wondered if it'd be rude to grab it and blow my nose. I didn't know the rules, so I decided against it. Unfortunately,



by now the snot had hit my mouth. Trying to talk as snot dribbles into your mouth is hard. The only plus was that it was kind of acting as a moisturizer for my cracked, chapped lips. Desperate, I did what anyone does when they have nothing, I wiped my nose on the back of my hand, casually. I began to talk faster, trying to impress the employment manager with my dazzling verbosity all the while moderately swatting at my nose. My hands and eventually my shirt sleeve became makeshift Kleenexes.

Needless to say, the interview ended shortly after that. Being the professional that I am, I offered a handshake goodbye. Except right then I knew that despite my brilliant sitting position and what I had thought was sneaky snot wiping, I had been seen. The manager had basically seen me wipe my snot on the back of my hand for the past twenty minutes, and in that moment I knew she did not want to shake my hand. I could see it in her eyes. Yet now we were caught in the moment and neither of knew what to do. Awkwardly, she finally grasped just my fingertips. Upon leaving, I ripped up my list, and walked away knowing full well that there was no point in continuing my day as planned. ■

the cousins at the beach, *back when* by staceybrandt

i.

We play 3-on-3 because that's what's fair.
Fair like our rules, and the boundaries we carved
into the damp, open sand.
Fair like the build of our frames—
all shoulders, knees, and back bones,
tanned legs and bare feet set to compete—
five bare chests and mine,
the scoop of a slick black one-piece.
Fair like symmetry. Three facing three.
Football gripped.
Water-logged and leather-heavy.
Get on with it
hut-hut...Hike! Draw-back hand-off, the ball
fumbles into cries slips through sun lotiony hands skirmish sand skid-
heel sprays—
I come up with it, bursting
clear through shouts and sandy claws,
hoping I get tackled
down hard.
Give me a sand-scrape, or a big bruise to go with my knee-scar
and scratched-off mosquito bites,
so I can prove once again that I am not a Girl,
but a Tomboy.

ii.

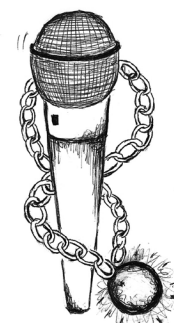
The radiance of dark blue water in the sun,
we sprint to it.
Tripping on waves, we launch out into flat splash-dives, then
down like ducks. Deeper,
lungs bulge—
laughing out silver, helium bubbles, We come up
licking cold seawater from our chins.
Summer breathes into us.
We shiver,
goosebumps glittering. ■

the cipher

with lauragreenwood

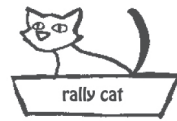
Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' to the waffer tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. Two big games this week: gear up for The Olympics and pucker up for Valentine's Day.

Two events coming up, and I'll be specific
To contrast them both, it's straight-up horrific
Sochi Olympics, for the guts and glory
Valentine's Day, for the woe and the worry
Two events inspired by one driven winner
Both make me cry and examine my Tinder
For one, there's Russia with athletes so fit
Their muscles, their skill, their effort, their wit
Competing for our nation like it's WWII
I'm weak in the knees over red, white and blue
But stop, step back, put the games on pause
'Tis the season of love and I seem at a loss
I'm happy to be single, unlike Rihanna
Not looking for any gent to cling like a piranha
But V-Day's got me thinking 'bout my options
Love's open season, all the best up for auction
Place a bid, be determined and you may just win
Limp-noodle handshakes won't give you a grin
I admire the eye candy, but the Olympics? Just for show
True challenge is to be happy and work for love to grow
Don't wallow in singledom with a Nutella binge
Next Friday for us all, single, wed or horny (cringe)
So play hard this season, admire team USA
And for love, make a move, cause there's no day like V Day!



—by emcee MVP Young L-Money ■

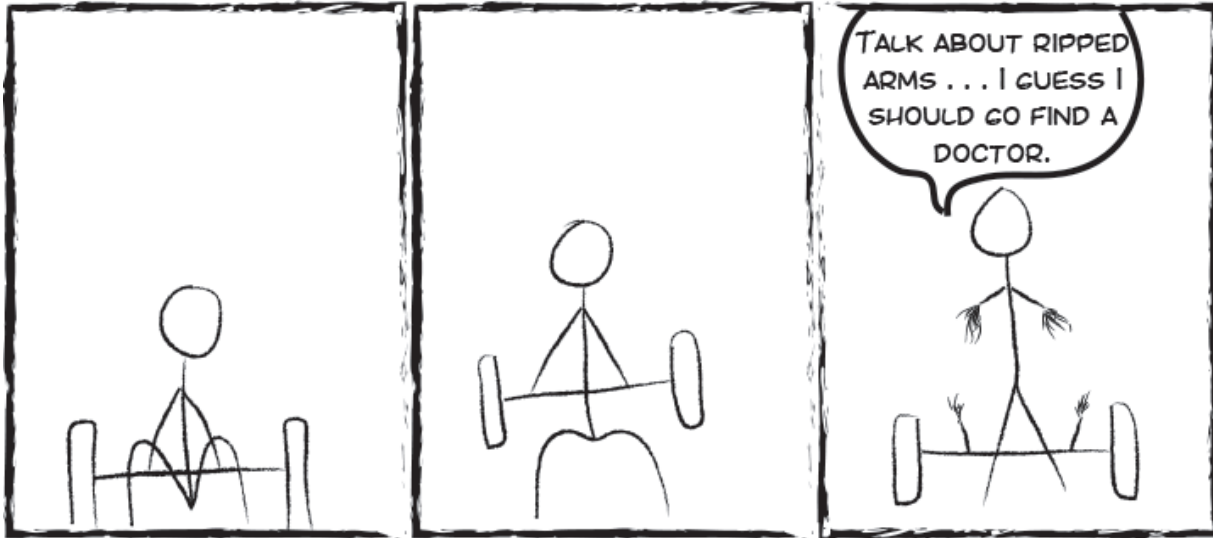
cat litter.



collincappelle



SATIRE STYX ♀ - A RECOUNTING OF MY FIRST TRIP TO THE WEIGHT ROOM IN YEARS



Tip o' the Week

Watch Rick and Morty, you'll thank me later



in the increasingly aggressive effort to get students to sign up for summer courses, the university has finally overstepped its bounds

GLADE  **RUNNER**



Now, where did these replicants go?



(Do Androids Dream of Shredding the Gnar?)