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## uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 15 - issue 5 - tuesday, february 25 2014 - uvm, burlington, vt

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T O M S U L L I V A N

### our anti drug

ben berrick

by coleburton

Dear Tom Sullivan,

In your email on February 10th, you told the "unique student body" of this prestigious academic institution that we all have so much going for us, that we hold "deep connections and concerns for one another", and a shared "responsibility for the larger world." This is all true, but you go on to explain how many of us also suffer from various unhealthy life-choices, such as high-risk drinking, "misuse of marijuana" (how does one misuse pot?) and prescription drugs: mainly pointing out that these problems block many students' paths to a rewarding education and bright post-academic future.

I can't disagree with your observations of degeneracy throughout the student body. However, I do vehemently contend the assertion that such unhealthy practices are so detrimental to our college careers. Not because these make learning any easier (in fact they don't), but because such excesses do not always correlate to lack-luster grades, poor participation in and out of class, or unfulfilling post-graduate experiences.

Sure, many people skip class because of hangovers, push assignments to the side to smoke or drink, and generally procrastinate to participate in debauchery, but why shouldn't we have the choice to do so? I know plenty of people who regularly pursue such pastimes yet still do well in school, participate in extracurriculars and find most classes rewarding. Furthermore, plenty of UVM students seem to dislike many of their courses, seeing them as an-

noying chores, and believe readings are entirely optional.

For them, it's like getting a degree is just another troublesome step towards adulthood in a process begun in kindergarten. Some could care less as to whether they get a diploma in Economics or Sociology as long as they can get a job outside of the fast-food industry upon graduation (and get wasted as often as possible before real life begins).

The problem here (and I imagine with many state colleges) is that so many people lack the essential drive to challenge themselves academically, preferring to float through university life high as a kite or inebriated beyond cognition. Whether or not

*"brilliance, intelligence, and innovation do not always come from straight-laced, dogooding puritans leading lives devoid of fun or excitement."*

they can blow a .15 most Friday nights or watch a stoner-flick every weekend doesn't influence their ultimate success one way or another. If they care then they try, and if not they get disappointing grades. What does influence our ability to learn, to actively engage in academics and the "real world," and achieve "meaningful success here and after graduation" is simple: our academic attitude.

We only excel in school when we actually care about it, and the prevalence of ap-

athetic attitudes in my classrooms indicates to me that many Catamounts do not give two shits about actively learning. I hear more talk about hitting up the mountains, drunken debauchery, and general listlessness than anything about the relevant topic before, during, and after many classes. I've also heard people frequently complain about pointless assignments or impossible exams as they consistently play on laptops or phones, take little-to-no notes, and constantly whisper to their neighbors in class. What the hell do you expect if you don't even try to feign interest?

Also, and I'm sorry to say it, but your email will be mostly overlooked by students as just another attempt at authoritarian

influence over their individual life choices. You'll simply be lumped into the corner of their minds already spilling over with PSAs, D.A.R.E. programs, and Reagan's "War on Drugs." In the end, the frat-bros will always drink, the stoners will

still get high, and the creeps will still roofie unsuspecting party-goers. It's "Groovy-UV" after all, and you can't change that; nor can you quickly change a party atmosphere so deeply entrenched at this school.

On top of this, stop propagating a myth that such "inappropriate" activities so negatively impact learning and success in life. After all, many of humanity's greatest heroes practiced the kind of decadent acts you've condemned without context.

...read the rest on page 4

## a step in the right direction

by dannissim

Ever since same-sex marriage was officially recognized in the state of Massachusetts, there has been a slow and steady battle to obtain legalization throughout the rest of the United States. With a supportive president in the White House, the cause seems evermore brighter. These past few weeks have been big, starting with the U.S. Justice Department's policy changes extending certain rights to same-sex couples. Later, both Kentucky and Virginia had monumental court rulings. And in this past week, Oregon decided that it would not defend its ban on gay marriage.

Over the past few months, the federal government has been taking more aggressive steps to protect same-sex rights. In January, when the state of Utah overturned its decision to legalize same-sex marriages, the federal government announced that it would recognize the marriages that were performed regardless of the state law. In a similar step, the U.S. Justice department has moved to expand the legal benefits of same-sex couples including bankruptcy rights, prison visits, and survivor benefits to partners of police officers and firefighters killed in action. Speaking on behalf of its decision, U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder said, "It is the [Justice Department's] policy to recognize lawful same-sex marriages as broadly as possible, to ensure equal treatment for all members of society regardless of sexual orientation." Another monumental aspect of this decision is its recognition of the rights of same-sex couples in states that do not legally recognize gay marriage.

Almost as if in response to the U.S. Justice Department's decision, a federal judge in Kentucky ruled that Kentucky must recognize same-sex marriage's performed in other states. While it has not changed Kentucky's legalization status, it can't be denied that the tide is turning. In response to his decision, U.S. District Judge John G. Heyburn looked to other cases involving same-sex marriages, interracial couples, and segregation. "Each of these small steps has led to this place and this time, where the right of same-sex spouses to state-conferred benefits of marriage is virtually compelled," he said.

Virginia countered with an even more aggressive decision, with a federal judge ... read the rest on page 3

get inside me:

update: ukraine by wesdunn

radar love by sarahproulx

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veggie fail by lauragreenwood

# it's finally hitting the fan: the rise of violently antagonistic "governments"

by wesdunn

On Tuesday evening, I sat by my laptop with a tab from the Espresso TV Ukraine open, showing a live feed from Ukraine. It was just short of 4 in the morning there, yet there was plenty of activity in Maidan, Kiev's independence square, which looked like a hellscape with its ring of bonfires and tightly packed masses. A few people were silhouetted standing guard atop a barricade, occasionally throwing stones or Molotov cocktails off into the flames and the riot police presumably on the other side. This was a lull. Earlier that day, massive violence erupted after a brief period of peace, and at by the end of the day at least 18 people were dead, seven of them police officers, while hundreds were said to be injured. Since then, the week has been relentlessly violent, with protesters battling police for the Maidan and other parts of Kiev. Other Ukrainian cities are in on the action too. Police quickly upgraded from using water canons and tear gas, and switched to using live ammunition – many of the deaths have been from trained snipers, with one of the volunteer doctors at the protest camp complaining that there is too often simply nothing to be done, the shots are too well-located and direct. BBC and other news outlets are calling Kiev "a virtual war zone." At this point, the death toll is around 80, and close to 600 people are injured in the fighting.

Earlier in the week, things were seeming to be quite peaceful, as an amnesty deal from the government took effect and protesters began to leave public buildings they were holding. But Tuesday saw a crucial debate in the Ukrainian parliament on voting to amend the constitution to restrict the powers of president Viktor Yanukovich. In anticipation of the vote, 20,000 protesters marched from Maidan to the parliament offices. They encountered riot police and the news that Yanukovich's pro-Russia parliamentarians were thwarting the attempts to have a vote. Since then, the violence has been renewed with unprecedented vigor, and Kiev is currently still shut down as the battle rages on.

The protests, which began in November, will continue to burn hot as long as Yanukovich continues to consolidate power and remain openly close to Russia. And it's not just the Ukrainian government's fault. Russia and the European Union are posturing and pointing fingers, puffing chests across their sides of the Ukrainian divide.

On Monday, Russia announced that it was sending 2 billion dollars in aid to Ukraine as part of an economic bailout.

Economic hardship and political corruption are the driving factors that brought the Russia-European Union issue to the forefront. Both sides of the battle in Ukraine see the country as faltering – the conflict is over which way to turn for solutions. Yanukovich and his followers, mostly from the industrial west, want to remain in the warm embrace of mother Russia. The opposition protesters, noted for including most of the younger demographics, want to break from that and become part of the EU. The sheer violence that is now erupting from this central conflict is incredible. Meanwhile, efforts by leaders from the opposition to negotiate with Yanukovich have apparently failed.

I can't help but notice that there seems to be a very pervasive trend across the world these days. Perhaps it is related to increasingly drastic economic disparity, or other reasons, but it seems that many governments are no longer connected to vast portions of their constituency. Whether it's

**"perhaps it is related to increasingly drastic economic disparity, or other reasons, but it seems that many governments are no longer connected to vast portions of their constituency."**

the Arab Spring, Syria or Ukraine (or here? Hmm), governments are disconnected and as we see, actively fighting and killing citizens. Sound dramatic? Take a look at any of the pictures some incredibly daring Reuters photographers are snapping in Kiev. When I said hellscape, I meant it. Fire, blood, all that jazz. One thing these governments tend to value is a lack of attention to their antagonistic efforts (cough, USA). But in Kiev, the revolution is highly televised. I can sit in my pj's and watch protesters shoot fireworks into riot police or watch police on rooftops aim Kalashnikovs into the square. As of Friday, a deal has been signed between the pro-EU opposition and the acting government to end the fighting. The older constitution will go back into effect, early presidential elections will take place in September, and in return, the protesters have to turn in their weapons. The thing is, after several days of brutal fighting, telling many of the numerous factions within the protest camps to pack it up and turn their guns and rockets in probably will be easier said than done. I don't think this stops here – we're in for a wild, bloody, revolutionary 21st century, where the increasing stratification in countries all over the world (cough, Venezuela) will be boiling over. ■

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ruling that Virginia's ban on same-sex marriage was unconstitutional. Looking at the amendment adopted by Virginian voters in 2006 and other similar laws, Judge Arenda L. Wright Allen of United States District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, in Norfolk ruled to protect the rights of same-sex couples stating, "Our Constitution declares that 'all men' are created equal. Surely this means all of us." This decision also includes Virginia's recognition of same-sex marriages performed in other states. This is a crucial decision proving that even in the conservative southern states, same-sex rights are a possibility.

Oregon's decision to not defend its ban on gay marriage does not equal legalization, but it is a step in the right direction. In response to dozens of law-

suits challenging the constitutionality of the ban, Oregon Attorney General Ellen Rosenblum decided that they would "not defend the Oregon ban on same-sex marriage in this litigation." They will continue to enforce the ban, but no one can deny that the tide is turning.

Things may be looking up, but there is still a long battle ahead. As evidenced by Russia's ridiculous laws surrounding homosexuals and Uganda's frightening anti-gay bill, the world isn't quite supportive. As with many civil rights issues in the past, this too will be overcome. Looking to the future, there is hope. If a pope can be more welcoming of homosexuals, I have no doubt that there is a more accepting future ahead. ■

# around town.



## the airwaves are alive!

### a love affair with burlington radio

by sarahproulx

During my short few months here at UVM I have fallen head over heels in love, not with a boy, or a class or even a sport. No, my friends, I have fallen in love with Burlington radio. I come from a land that is somewhat lacking in radio variety; this place is also known as western North Carolina. There, your free listening choices consist of religious talk shows, religious rock, country of every variety and a station that seems to play the same twelve classic rock songs on repeat. Needless to say, driving around listening to the radio was not always a pleasant experience. Then I came to Burlington and what do my ears behold but Cage the Elephant (if you haven't heard of them, they are amazing; give them a listen, your ears will thank you) blasting loud and clear over my speakers. It was love at first dial turn.

That first wonderful experience of good radio was, 99.9 The Buzz, which is still my favorite station. I have since branched out and listen, quite frequently, to a number of different stations. Yes, no matter what your taste in music, Burlington has a station that will deliver. Here is a list of some of the most unique stations to be heard in this area:

As I said before, 99.9 The Buzz is a great station. They play an awesome variety of music that normally falls under the alternative and indie rock genres. Driving for a solid half hour you might hear everything from a classic 90's tune from your childhood to a thrashing metal jam from none other than Five Finger Death Punch followed by something soothing but catchy from an up and coming indie band that hipster kid told you about a few weeks back. During peak listening times, this station does have a tendency to only play three songs in a row before playing a long string of ads. However this can be said of most commercial stations. If you're listening at more strange times of day, like super early in the morning or late at night, you are going to get longer sets of music with fewer ads. The Buzz is a prime choice for jamming out to with your friends on your way to go skiing or while you finally clean out your fridge and really need some musical motivation. There will be something for every-

one and a few songs you can sing along to!

As far as indie music goes, another good stop on your radio dial (yes, some people do still have those, they're a pain in the ass) is 104.7 The Point. The Point is an independent radio station, which means, you guessed it, less ads! On this station you will find a mix of tunes even less frequently heard, with some more popular songs thrown in. You might hear your favorite slightly obscure band's new release here first before it gains traction and gets picked up by more commercial radio stations. Another

derground trap mixes? They've got it. Someone going at it on the sax at 7am? Of course. A collection of strange pinging noises that sound like someone smacking pots with a wooden spoon? You bet your ass they'll play that and anything else they damn well feel like playing. For that I love this station, that and the fact that you'll probably never hear the same song twice, or a single ad; which if you haven't picked up on yet I hate ads. The best part of all this is that no matter what time you walk through the Davis Center tunnel, your ears will be treated to one of the aforementioned sounds. WRUV is a solid choice when you're feeling like you want to hear something new, or hanging out with friends, possibly in a circle, frantically using large window fans to blow the haze out of your room before the RAs do rounds. While not everyone here on campus feels the same way I do about WRUV, we all have to admit that they play a huge mix of the strangest stuff out there.

There are a bunch of other radio stations in the area that are also worth a shout-out: 102.9 Farm Fresh is a great alternative station that has a strong signal even pretty far from Burlington. While I am not an avid country fan, my thoroughly conducted research (which consisted of asking the two people who I know that listen to country) concluded that 98.9 WOKO and 97.5 WTNN were solid picks if you're feeling like jamming to some country. If you're in a mood for some pop, then 96.3 WXZO will not disappoint! Last but not least, if you feel like building some brain cells and making yourself more aware of global and local issues that can all be found in one place; Vermont Public Radio at 94.5 FM. Props to them, they do good work on basically no budget.

There you have it, my love affair with Burlington radio. The radio here is much like Burlington itself, a little bit of everything with a pinch of crazy sprinkled on top, and Vermont woven clearly all the way through. So next time you hop in a car unplug the aux cable and give the radio dial a spin. Maybe you'll fall in love too. ■



thing I greatly appreciate about The Point is that their DJs all have very soothing voices. They are more guides on your journey down music lane than anything else. This is a great station to listen to for a nice calming drive back from work or while you're doing homework.

And what radio station review would be complete without mentioning our very own UVM radio, 90.1 WRUV. You want obscure music? Check. Half hour un-

## RESPONSE—continued from pg 1

Brilliance, intelligence, and innovation do not always come from straight-laced, do-gooding puritans leading lives devoid of fun or excitement. Just look at cultural icons like Hemmingway, Kerouac, and Hunter S. Thompson—even Obama was a stoner. Basically, passion and drive to do what you love mean more than any GPA or SAT score and those who come out successful in the end will be the ones with these attributes; over exuberance during your twenties does not preclude these traits.

Furthermore, to truly change the environment here in the ways you set forth will require a dynamic shift in those prospective students whom UVM accepts, and not just initiating support groups. As an institution, you can't just take the ones whose parents donate thousands, who

attended the best private schools, did well on unbalanced standardized tests, or managed to get As and Bs in America's woeful primary school system. To boil this down, UVM needs to find a better way of sorting out who's hot and who's not (in a purely academic sense). Unfortunately, I don't think this relatively large research school will be innovators in acceptance tactics anytime soon.

Ultimately, if you can attract and retain the pupils who project a passionate drive for success (instead of a checklist of mediocre accomplishments) then it won't matter if they smoke, drink, and do drugs because they will still achieve greatness before and after graduation; and what else do you really want from those legitimizing your six-digit salary and writing the scholarly legacy of

this fine institution?

Tom, your goals seem noble and I respect that (even if there is probably an underlying corporate mentality directed towards polishing UVM's reputation), but it's clear that almost nothing short of cell time at the 4Cs will change the upperclassmen's attitudes. Maybe the first-years will turn out differently, but only if you actually enforce the illegal substance policies on campus with real consequences—otherwise your calls for change are simply hollow rhetoric from the guy in charge.

Sincerely yours,  
Cole Burton ■



# why...so...secretive

I GIVE YOU ROBO-CAT!

## a look at *animal testing* at uvm



by alyssaknight, aniquigley, and nicktatakis

They meet under cover of darkness. Hooded figures wearing dark cloaks and chanting incomprehensible tongues gather in a shadowy cave lit only by firelight. Dogs howl as they pass, and mothers lock their children inside. No one knows what they do in that cave, but some say they've heard the walls scream.

Not really. But the Institutional Animal Care and Use Committee at the University of Vermont still engages in pretty shady affairs.

It's true that we don't really know what goes on in their meetings. Sure, we know that the IACUC, a committee required for any research facility using live animals, is

tasked with reviewing and approving all animal testing and research, along with making sure it adheres to the Federal Animal Welfare Act. We even know that there was a time when their meetings were public: back in 1991, the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that UVM's IACUC had to be open to students and to the public -- because, oh yeah, we were the ones funding this research with our tuition and taxes.

But in 1995, UVM became one of the few states with an exemption to the law mandating that IACUC meetings and the records pertaining to animals used in experiments must be public. The administration lobbied the Vermont legislature directly, and now if you want to find out what happens in IACUC meetings, or how animals are being treated at UVM research facilities -- well, you're out of luck.

Let's say you're a student -- Johnny UVM -- trying to find out more about live animal research at UVM. You might be able to find out when the IACUC is meeting. But after maybe five minutes, the Committee will go into "Executive Session," you'll be asked to leave, and the bulk of the meeting -- all the pertinent discussion -- will be held behind closed doors.

What if you ask to see records about how animals are treated at UVM? Well, Johnny, according to the principle behind the Vermont Public Records Act, you should be able to access basic information pertaining to the welfare of animals used in experiments. But again, the exemption UVM lobbied the legislature for ensures that if you ask to see records that tell you how animals are used or cared for, you'll be met with silence. Sorry, Johnny.

Vermont is an anomaly in the country. In almost every other state (even North Carolina, the animal testing capital of the country), you can submit a request for public records about research. Specifically, you can ask for a "research protocol" -- the document that the IACUC reviews. Research protocols basically detail whether an experiment

adheres to the rules of the Federal Animal Welfare Act. They list what species will be used and how many, what level of pain they might experience, whether anesthetics or analgesics will be used, if alternatives to live animals have been considered, etc. You can also ask for other basic information, like veterinary care records.

But here in Vermont, if you want those records? No dice.

Why does this matter? Well, it's a simple issue of transparency. In the United States, Public Records Acts or "sunshine laws" allow citizens access to government records, so they can see how the government is spending taxpayer money. On the federal level, we have the Freedom of Information Act. States have their own versions. But in Vermont, there are an extraordinary number of exemptions to our sunshine laws, just one of which is the express exemption for animal research records at state universities.

The administration might argue that they are trying to protect their commercial interests by keeping these records private. But the kind of basic information we're talking about -- what happens to animals during experimentation -- isn't commercially valuable. And in fact, for anything that might be commercially valuable, the administration is able to specifically redact that kind of information under a separate exemption.

Research protocols and veterinary care records won't outline your hypothesis, and the IACUC isn't going to discuss your experiment's anticipated results. Public access to these records is just supposed to accomplish one simple thing: to enable the students of UVM and the citizens of Vermont to see what kind of treatment of animals their money is funding.

So why the secrecy at UVM? Why does UVM's administration feel the need to withhold this information from the public? They may not be chanting by moonlight and holding ornamental daggers -- but what are they trying to hide? ■

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# reflections.

## badass or *bust*: who can take the title?

by amy dorfman

It starts with that first drag under the bleachers during middle school gym class, standing there in awe of all of the other kids, suppressing a coughing fit, and playing it off like this is the fifth cigarette of the day. To prove that you are, in fact, a pre-teen badass, you pick up the habit of petty shoplifting on weekends and bringing your pilfered goods to class the following week. However, what once passed as pure badassery in middle school quickly becomes child's play in high school, but the cycle continues. The definition of being a badass transitions into shot-gunning two beers at once and cheating on your SATs. If you can achieve those feats without throwing up, you are certainly the most badass of them all.

But who defines a badass, and what does it really mean? In my eyes, there are two kinds of badasses: the posers and the ones who have really earned the title. For example, rappers create the illusion of being bad. Their diamond earrings and teardrop face tattoos are the symbols of badassery. By writing dirty lyrics and glorifying violence, they have created the paradigm of teenage gangster behavior and middle school angst. But should we really believe Chamillionaire is as good in bed as he claims? Is having lots of sex really a badass quality?

Then, there are those who hope to attain the status of a badass through social media. These are the people who work tirelessly to foster a badass image for themselves and

spend more time getting the right shot and the coolest filter for Instagram than they do participating in the badass-worthy activity. This specific breed spends hours crafting the perfect status, tweet, and caption to make sure others know what they're up to. These people work so hard to earn this title that they fall short, and end up being posers.

All posers aside, I'd like to discuss the rare form of the unconventional badasses—the ones who earn their respect, rather than posting it on Facebook, or sending it

**“miss hakopian leaps onto an already running horse with the grace of a 15-year-old russian figure skater, and flawlessly performs handstands, flips, and other tricks”**

anywhere over the airwaves. These are the ones who throw themselves down mountain-slopes on carbon-fiber boards, or pick their way up walls of ice and huck themselves off 18-foot waterfalls in little boats like it's nothing.

Though these extreme sports fanatics go hard and play hard, there is still discrepancy between which form of badassery is more legit. For example, since I have taken up snowboarding, white water kayaking, and ice climbing, my dad won't stop calling me a badass. In fact, I think he's been a little

worried for my sanity recently, and maybe to him “badass” implies that I have a couple screws loose.

I was feeling pretty good about myself, confident in my badassness, that is, until I met Molly Hakopian. Molly's degree of badassness is 12 on the 10-point-scale. Not only does she shred the white water with the best of them, but Molly's sport of choice in high school was horse vaulting. For us lay people, that means she regularly does gymnastics on cantering horseback. Miss Hakopian leaps onto an already running horse with the grace of a 15-year-old Russian figure skater, and flawlessly performs handstands, flips, and other tricks that I would be lucky to pull off on a trampoline. Basically, if someone gave her a cape, we would call her a superhero. When she's not making us feel lazy and insignificant, she practices the art of staff spinning...with fire! I'm happy if I can throw my pencil a foot in the air without dropping

it! I didn't know there could be a more hard-core person out there.

UVM is littered with these crazy people, each accomplishing feats crazier and more extreme than the next. Some of them can be found in UVM's clubs and organizations, such as the Outing Club, Kayak Club, and Climbing Team. They embrace their own form of badassery and take it to the next level. These extremists make the case that there are badasses everywhere. The title only excludes to those who are not willing to commit. ■

## a really *put-together* movie (a review of the lego movie)

by leonard bartenstein

There's a pretty good chance that you haven't yet seen *The Lego Movie*. I admit, when I first saw the trailer I didn't think that there would be much to it. I've played *Lego Star Wars* and the like, but I didn't really know about the movies that they have made out of it. It seemed more like a gimmick than anything, a way to trick kids into buying more Legos. But I'm surprised that they need to do that, because I'm pretty sure there is no toy better than Legos.

But, last night I watched this movie, and I now take back any of the premature judgments I made about it. *The Lego Movie* is imaginative, wildly exciting, funny, and overall just a great movie. The animation is incredibly cool, and the way that the writers had the Lego minifigures come alive in their own Lego world is just incredible.

It starts with this totally ordinary guy (read: minifigure) named Emmett, who is just a totally normal construction worker who always follows the instructions. He's then taken on a big adventure when he stumbles on the “piece of resistance,” the only way to stop the evil Lord Business from releasing the Kragle (the ultimate anti-Lego weapon: crazy glue) upon the entire Lego world. Emmett is deemed the “special,” the subject of an

ages-old prophecy, and must stop Lord Business with the help of the master builders—an 80s astronaut, Batman, Abraham Lincoln, Wonder Woman, a girl named Wyld-Style, Metalbeard the pirate, and Morgan Freeman (among others).

So basically they have to show how creativity is better than simply following the instructions all the time, and that every person, no matter how “ordinary” they are, is special and has some sort of worth inside of them. It's a kid's movie,

**“there's the theme song to the movie, 'everything is awesome!!!' by tegan and sara, featuring the lonely island”**

so that sort of stuff is expected. It is also full of stuff. Something is always happening onscreen throughout this entire movie, even during the numerous speeches. There's always some cool Lego thing to keep your eye on, and watching the Lego characters build stuff out of the Lego blocks and adapt the things they've already built to their current situ-

## ten reasons why top ten lists are terrible

by dave anderson

Like all the students at UVM, I received an email from Tom Sullivan this month that politely but firmly informed me of the overuse of marijuana and other substances at this school. (Who knew?) I am writing this to try and inform everyone of the real addictive substance that's plaguing UVM and pretty much every other institution: top ten lists.

Now I'm sure most of you are thinking, “What, I don't abuse top ten lists,” but I'm writing this to tell you that you almost certainly do. How many times have you opened your computer to get some work done only to black out and find your web history full things like “Five Things You Didn't Know About President Roosevelt” and “Top Ten Cats That Kind of Look Like People?” Hell, ten minutes into writing this article I'd already gone on Buzzfeed and learned about 13 signs that could mean I am a bobsledder at heart, which surprisingly I have found to be true. (Although I'm not sure what an “appreciation of winter's majestic scenery” has to do with hurtling through a tube at high speeds.) The bottom line is that top ten lists, like cigarettes, are tough to resist and hard to put down, so what's the real problem?

Well, there are a couple problems. Obviously these lists can get in the way of school work with their interesting topics and recommendations to other articles, but there are worse things than streamlined procrastination machines. For instance, I hear these light-hearted little lists being referred to as “news.” This seems harmless

but there's a danger to it; it's not news, it's infotainment.

Infotainment is a phrase referring to an article, or other source of media, that offers information with a bit of spice to keep it interesting. (Please try to disregard the irony in criticizing “infotainment” in a comedic newspaper.) Honestly there's nothing inherently wrong with wanting to be entertained, but this becomes an issue when you change the channel from an in-depth analysis of foreign policy or an informative piece on money in politics to a live stream car chase or how a cute dog looked at the cam-

**“unfortunately, your political science professor is not going to care about the '28 times joe biden stole your heart'”**

era in just the right way. Top ten lists are just another rung on the ladder of mindless entertainment. Spending thirty minutes clicking through Buzzfeed does not constitute a healthy dose of information, and unfortunately your political science professor is not going to care about the “28 Times Joe Biden Stole Your Heart.” Seriously, a little bit of quirky facts are fun to have, but do not confuse quirky facts with hard news or significant information.

My other main issue with these little lists of

information is that that is all they are; little bits of information. There is no actual, meaningful substance to take away from these articles and there is little benefit to retaining the precious few interesting facts in the long run. This is essentially an issue of return on capital; you are investing your time, arguably your most precious resource, and getting shit in return.

In this day and age, if you can access a soft news site, you can access pretty much anything from free college courses on iTunes to the New York Times. When you are putting more than a few minutes into reading these ultimately inconsequential articles you are burning time that could otherwise be put into reading a nice book, going outside or doing anything else that requires a little bit of critical thinking. Furthermore, conditioning yourself to thirty second bursts of information will not help misdiagnosed attention disorders, or remembering notes from an hour and a half lecture.

I'm not saying Buzzfeed is the embodiment of evil (well not directly anyway), but it is important to know that all of this instant hollow information is not a positive way to spend your time. There is nothing wrong with killing some time with brainless activities, but be aware that in the end it's ultimately just a waste. The real issue lies in sites that claim to contain important information when they're just time wasters. It's up to us to distinguish real relevant information from fun, yet mindless ways to pass the time. ■

## journey of phonelessness

by vanessakahn

I'd love to say I didn't have a phone for a week due to some social experiment. I'm afraid the only reason I didn't have a phone is because I fell down a set of stairs and my poor phone came with me. Although the separation was involuntary, I gained some important insight about what phones do to our lives. After going through a brief, yet miserable, withdrawal period, I had to come to terms with the fact that for approximately two to five business days, I would be what our generation feared most: phoneless.

Although I did not choose to have my life shattered to pieces, I can't say I don't feel a little wiser after this experience. Each day without a phone brought a new epiphany.

Day 1: I realized how many appliances we have pitched out and combined into the cellphone. This particular morning I had no alarm and was forced to attend a meeting with my pillow's imprints still on my face. Cellphones have infiltrated every aspect of our lives. They are our alarm clocks, watches, agendas, stopwatches, ipods, cameras etc. This may seem like a sophomoric observation, but there is no way to fully be grateful for all the services your phone provides, until you are without one.

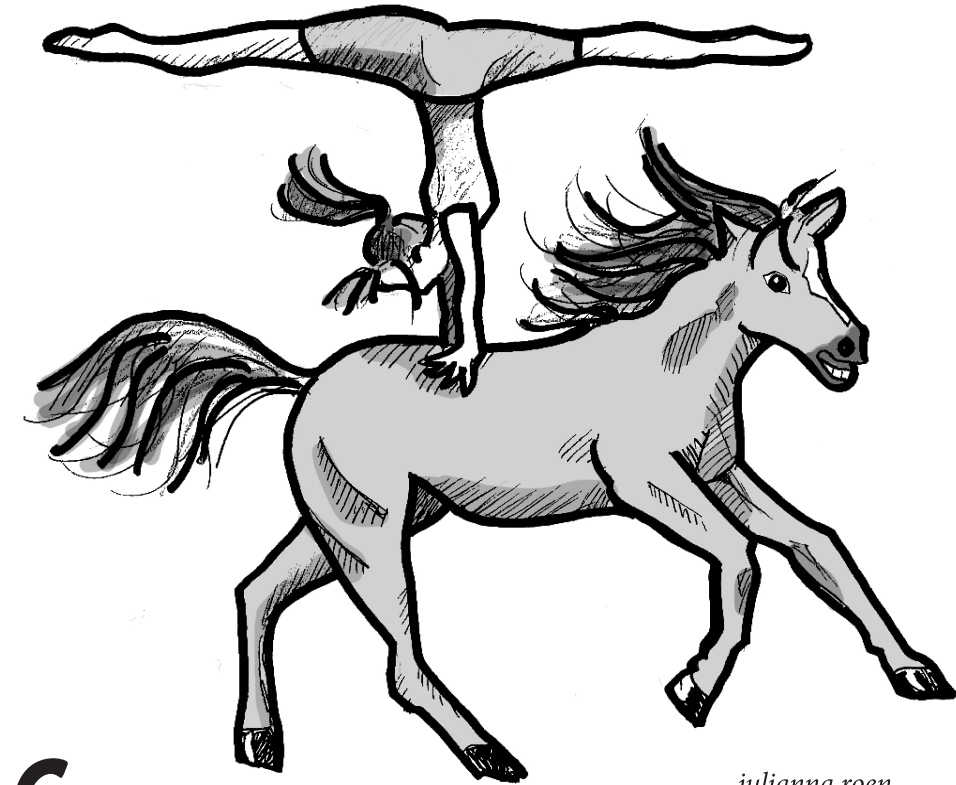
Day 2: I was still under the impression that my phone would be arriving soon, so my withdrawal symptoms began to subside. Day two also happened to be a Monday, so I was forced to get on the bus with no music and no Instagram feed to stalk. I started listening and interacting with people on the bus, making what our generation fears most: eye contact. Without my phone to gaze at, I was forced to lock eyes with both strangers and those whom I may have shared a few interactions. We are so consumed with what people are doing on social media, we may not even notice if that same person got on the bus.

Day 3: I struggled when I checked online and it said my package had taken a minor detour somewhere in New Hampshire. But day three also marked an important observation about being phoneless: I had no armor to rely on when passing by someone I really didn't want to see. It was one of the moments where there is no way you can pretend you didn't see each other. Your heartbeat accelerates and you go for the obvious solution of pulling out your... Oh, but wait. Shit. In that instant I was forced to face my fear. When we got close enough to the telling moment, (will he say hi, or not?) I sucked it up and smiled and said, “Hi”. He was so surprised he almost dropped his phone, which he had obviously employed as his own set of armor. Before I even got far enough to be out of earshot, I smiled, because my phonelessness had forced me to be brave. In life, we can either face our fears and move the hell on, or forever be tied down by insignificant worries.

Day 4: This was getting old. I needed my damn phone back.

Day 5: It was a Thursday night like any other (minus my phone). My roommate and I went out, but inevitably separated. I arrived home and opened the door ready to gossip, however when I walked in the room, I realized my roommate had made a... new friend (if you know what I mean). In her defense, there was no way to warn me, but I cursed the phone gods for presenting me with such an awkward predicament and stumbled off into another room.

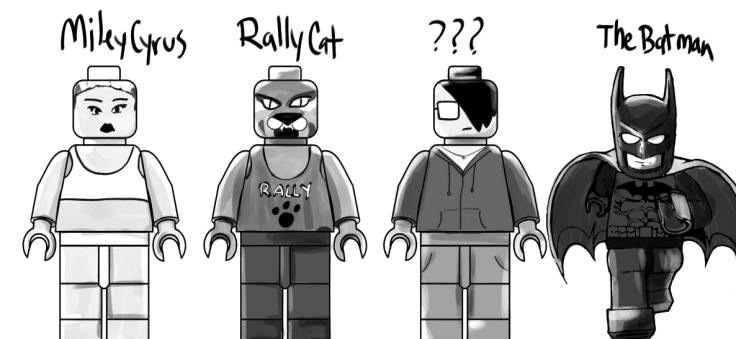
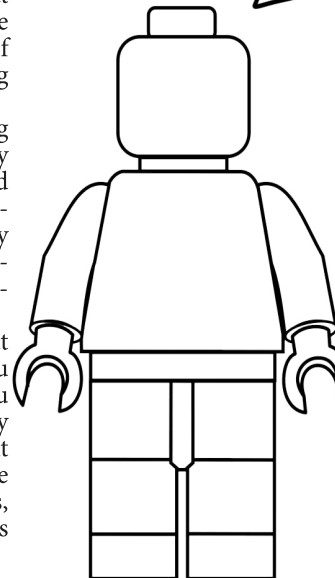
Day 6: After working my way through the bureaucracy of the cellphone store, I was handed what may as well have been a block of gold. I realized that as much as our generation could benefit from getting off our phones, they are more than just little rectangles. Phones represent every drunk text, every apology, every note we just can't forget, our grocery list, our memories, old pictures, our best times and our worst. However, like anything else, phones should be used in moderation. It's not the phones we love, but the people and places they represent. So when you're with those people, or in those places, put down your damn phone, you can Instagram some other time. ■



julianna roen

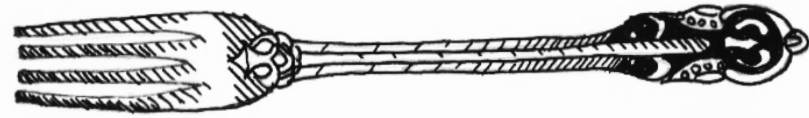
This is you

Design your own **LEGO** minifigures



yin yefko

# fork it over.



## to meat or *not* to meat that is the question

by lauragreenwood

This past weekend I was a bad girl. Yet again, I sinned, transgressing from the vow I took years ago to my diet. I've always been what I like to call a "struggling" vegetarian, but never before has this derailed my overall lifestyle or instilled regret in my life decisions. I may have reached the tipping point this weekend, as undoubtedly the amount of meat I consumed surpassed my vegetable intake and, dear Lord, I nearly got ill.

Two years ago, I wrote about becoming a vegetarian right here in the **wafer tower** (shout out to any long-standing fans!), and outlined how my decision was purely experimental and casual. I chose the vegetarian lifestyle because I thought it would be a cool experience to get to know my long-standing lover, food, from a new and adventurous setting. And so, no animal meat of any sorts touched my lips for a good year or so, and I felt proud of my will power. That being said, I'll admit there were many moments when, painfully hung-over or wrenching in starvation, I would dream of a candlelit date with my grandmother's meatballs or an exhilarating picnic with a twenty-piece McNugget meal. But, I was stubborn and determined to keep the vegetarian gig alive.

"typically, I eat a couple of disappointing bites and reflect on how much better the meal would have tasted without that horrid substance."

My first accepted reunion with meat (sometimes it snuck its way into meals unknowingly) came at the same place I indulged this past weekend: a local fish fry surrounded by hunters and fishermen alike. My company was well versed in the ins and outs of all sorts of meat from bait, to deer, to fish to beef jerky. I knew this fish fry well and decided that instead of mourning the loss of that amazingly fresh-caught, artfully battered Northern Pike, I was just going to fucking take a bite. So began the "struggling" part of my vegetarianism. I probably break once every couple of months, exclusively for food that other people cook for me. I never really got accustomed to the off-putting jadedness vegetarians had to adopt in order to eat anything other than what they make themselves. The times when I occasionally eat meat do not break my entire mindset. Typically, I eat a couple of disappointing bites and reflect on how much better the meal would have tasted without that horrid substance. I'll always love meat, but my palate has definitely changed as of late in that I no longer want it as the main course.

That decision was reified this weekend. I was day drinking, I was surrounded by my meat-eating family, and I was ice fishing in the bitter cold. And so, I ate. I ate breakfast sausage, bite-size pepperoni, beef stew, venison, chicken, and fish and fish and fish. I did not partake in the beef jerky, if that counts for anything. It was about the time of the venison that I began to feel ill. Maybe meat-binging isn't really for me anymore. To say the least, I was disappointed in myself for not being the food champion of the past. There was once a time where I could hound a terrifying amount of chicken wings without the slightest tummy turning, but now I was a meat-eating wimp. Alas, I'm going to keep doing my vegetarian cooking and selective restaurant ordering, but from here on out I may think twice before committing the meat-eating sins that force my internal repentance. ■

# DON'T MISS OUT

## FREE TRIP TO ISRAEL

The birthright ad printed last week had the incorrect contact information for UVM. If you're interested in birthright, please email [rafi@uvmhillel.edu](mailto:rafi@uvmhillel.edu) or call (802) 656-1153

REGISTRATION OPENS SOON

If you're a UVM student, you'll be able to register for the trip. If you're not a UVM student, you'll be able to register for the trip. If you're not a UVM student, you'll be able to register for the trip.

If you applied for the trip, you'll be able to register for the trip. If you applied for the trip, you'll be able to register for the trip. If you applied for the trip, you'll be able to register for the trip.

PLAN YOUR FREE TRIP AT

[WWW.ISRAELOUTDOORS.COM](http://WWW.ISRAELOUTDOORS.COM)

THIS TRIP IS A GIFT FROM TAGLIT-BIRTHRIGHT ISRAEL. If you have any questions, please email [info@uvmhillel.edu](mailto:info@uvmhillel.edu) or call (802) 656-1153.



**Hillel**  
UVM



# 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](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html)

I first met you early this semester.

The first time I saw you walk into the room,  
I took notice but didn't think too much about it.

I saw you again a while later but the second time was even better.

I only had to go off looks the first time, the flowing blonde hair and the sparkling blue eyes.

After that second time I saw you, I really enjoy the little conversations we've had, the childlike ability to enjoy simple things, and most of all, you have got to be one of the most interesting girls I've ever met.

Don't let me think or over-think, but if you prefer alpine skiing, snowboarding, or Nordic skiing, I would love to spend my day with you that way.

Chinese food, pizza, Netflix, playing in the snow, whatever you would like. I want to get to know you, spend time with you.

Most guys might imagine women nude, but I really want to see how you dress up, the way your jewelry goes with the dress, the way you would walk in heels.

I know I'm hiding through my writing, but if you are single and you know who you are, seek me.

Time isn't the only buffer I see for the future (I have to write thinking further ahead).

**When:** Time to time

**Where:** Central

**I saw:** A beautiful woman

**I am:** A conflicted admirer

You left me a secret Valentine,

At the SASS desk, which made me feel sublime.

But please forgive me for assumin'

That you likely are a female human

And if that's so, you may be confused

Since I'm only into other dudes.

Disregarding your sex/gender,

I'd like to know my romantic sender.

So here is where I must beseech you,

To reveal your name or how to reach you,

So we can put an end to the rumor

And end this ordeal with a bit of humor.

**When:** Valentines Day

**Where:** SASS Mailbox

**I saw:** a misguided card

**I am:** a SASSy Dancer

Those curly red locks sure get my loins drippy

Your caffeine t-shirt does not scream "hippy"

It shows you're a thinker, a real pioneer

It's only fitting that you're an engineer.

With a brain like that, you must really need care

I can't wait to get my head up in there.

I'll make you shiver, I'll get you turnd

If I play my cards right, I bet I'll make you squirt.

In the off chance my intentions aren't clear:

I want you, I need you, my dear engineer.

**When:** In class

**Where:** Votey

**I saw:** A little spitfire

**I am:** Too afraid to approach you



We've done projects and labs and homework galore  
And I can't help but wonder if there could be more  
To you than just a platonic friend  
Who I can study with right till the end  
You're a Native Vermonter, so quiet and sweet  
Your blue eyes and black beard are never effete  
With you in Heights North and Me in Heights South  
It's perfect- and we should kiss on the mouth  
**When:** Most every day  
**Where:** Athletic campus  
**I saw:** My crush  
**I am:** Another sexy Rubenstein-er

Despite our rocky history, I still find myself pining,  
It has to be fate our lives keep intertwining.  
Those adorable glasses keep me wanting more  
(The only shitty thing is you're a member of SHORE).  
Your best quality is that you also like to fight,  
I keep hoping that someday you'll be my Chocolate Knight.  
I keep saying that I hate you, but I really don't mean it  
I like a lot of things about you (but mostly your penis!)  
I hope you are flattered and don't think I'm abnormal  
I'd really just like you to take me to SHOREmal ;)  
**When:** between 2 and 10AM  
**Where:** Sputies  
**I saw:** An almost frat bro  
**I am:** A sorority dropout

Dare I profess my feelings?  
All I have to say to you,  
Number 11, is that I'd love to love you  
Eternally. I'm thinking  
Late Nights under the stars,  
Long walks on the beach,  
Infinite kisses  
On our naughty bits, your  
Tongue on my  
Tongue.  
**When:** Hockey season  
**Where:** 004  
**I saw:** A financier  
**I am:** Your biggest fan

I remember when we  
Hung out together  
Hours passed like minutes  
Laughs, tears, good times and bad  
But you moved on:  
A new world called you on  
And I had to stay in the old  
But one, when we've both  
Moved on, we can return  
to visit and say  
"once, we were here"  
**When:** The coming of the sun  
**Where:** The new frontier  
**I saw:** My chingachgook  
**I am:** Missing my LA man

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
My vibrator's cheaper than dinner for two.  
Relationships are lame,  
Heartbreak is sad,  
Who needs a man when I want me so bad?  
**When:** Daily  
**Where:** The bedroom  
**I saw:** A rabbit  
**I am:** So satisfied

# 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](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html)

### Brennan's

*Female friend 1:* I really like him!

*Female friend 2:* Yes, but how's his penis?

### L/L

*Bro:* I BURNT MY NIPPLE!

### Northside Cafe

*Girl:* I had a dream last night that every piece of trash I never recycled suffocated me.

### On the Largest Staircase in Vermont

*Girl:* I dunno, I've been, like, really static-y lately

### Coolidge Lounge

*White girl:* I have nothing to tbt about. My life is so sad.

### Davis Center

*Girl:* I'm not even queer for another 10 hours.

### Harris Millis fireplace

*Person 1:* I didn't leave my room or my right hand for four years.

*Person 2:* Yeah, I'm a lefty though.

### Living/Learning D

*Girl:* When are those girl scouts going to be in the Davis Center? My body is ready.

# you booze, you looze

Booze makes you lose stuff. Whether you lost something you truly loved, woke up with someone else's by mistake, or straight-up want repent for your klepto tendencies, the WT wants to hear about it.

[uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ybyl.php](http://uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ybyl.php)

I made it home the next morning. Underwear didn't.  
Haven't lost hope of return.

**When:** last weekend

**Where:** A boy's room

Jersey Turnpiking on the dancefloor seemed like such a good idea until the stairs got involved. RIP Dignity; we had a good run.

**When:** The thirstiest of Thursdays

**Where:** Sputies

Made an ice fort, and drank some whiskey in it. Built some ice fort furniture, and buried iPhone into the loveseat. At least I still have my whiskey

**When:** Polar Vortex III

**Where:** Somewhere snowy

# tunes.



## recently in *tunes*

with natedelgado

*Hey there, uh, lovely readers. Sorry, Dylan's taking a bit of a break from manning "Recently in Tunes", soul searching probably. Anyway he's entrusted the duty to me, at least for this week. As per usual in the music world, it has been an interesting few weeks.*

### **Pussy Riot whipped at Olympics just before starting a song, no one surprised.**

Honestly, I'm not even sure this should be discussed in the music section of the paper. Does anyone actually listen to Pussy Riot? They're really barely a band, unless you're down with a whole bunch of yelling. Either way, you shouldn't start making and beating a bunch of punk rockers for trying to sing a song. Silly Cossacks. Also, if you're reading this Nadya, I want to marry you.

### **George Zimmerman boxing match "officially" canceled.**

Yes, it's true it's true, but the scare quotes are important here. Just because the official word is that Zimmerman's had to cancel his latest attempt at garnering public attention doesn't mean there won't be a battle. Enraged figures like DMX, David Bowie, The Game, and a litany of other non-famous rappers demand blood, retribution, and a clash of great warriors among other things. Can't be sure when this off the books brawl will take place, but one of us will keep you updated.

### **Bonnaroo 2014 lineup excites and confuses everyone.**

Bonnaroo's lineup has been off for the past few years. Coachella usually garners the finer rock and rap acts, and Bisco has been the premier electronic festival for nearly five years now. We've got Elton John headlining the whole shebang, which is great, but I have no idea how Bonnaroo will react to "Tiny Dancer" live. "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting" is going to be life changing though. We've got a glorious appearance from Kanye West, who probably fought for weeks to have his name appear before Elton's. Jack White yawwwwwwwwwn. Lionel Ritchie who's—wait a minute. Lionel Ritchie? What the hell is he doing at a festival anywhere? Safe to say nobody asked for this. After the supposed "Big Four" there's a slew of other entertainers. Too massive to get to everything here, but I'll definitely be enjoying The Flaming Lips, Neutral Milk Hotel, Chance the Rapper, and Ty Segall.

### **Detroit Chef makes ten-course meal based around Radiohead's *Kid A*.**

Hell, I'm a pretty big Radiohead fan but this is just nuts. Why choose Radiohead's saddest, strangest, and most uneasy album ever? It's a classic yes, but nothing about "Motion Picture Soundtrack" makes me hungry. Still, "How to Disappear Completely's" meal equivalent sounds fantastic. "Oil-poached monkfish, white asparagus, white balsamic vinaigrette, daikon sprouts. With Leelanau Good Harbour Golden Ale."

## *boston's calling my teenage soul*

by lauragreenwood

This is a persuasive piece as to why you need go to the Boston Calling Music Festival in May this year, no matter the costs or the distance. Massachusetts's kids will agree that our choice in music festivals growing up has always been limited. I went to Jingle Ball a few times (I know, I know. Sue me, why don't you!) and a few local music fests, but nothing has ever compared to the scale, awesomeness and location of the Boston Calling Festival.

Boston Calling is on its third go-round, which already speaks to how amazing the management is since they were able to organize two stacked weekends within the same year. I've been lucky enough to attend each time for free by working for security, and if you're cheap too they also offer a great "Will work for ticket" volunteer program. Essentially, you only have to volunteer for like three hours and get to shape your schedule around the shows you really want to see. If you're dead set on being front row every show, the cost for three days is \$175. THREE DAYS OF MUSIC. THREE. This is an amazing deal! Most of these bands you can't even get to their show for less than \$50. Did I mention the festival has a beer garden, food, and—again for you cheapstakes—re-entry? This means you can trot your sodding bottoms in and out as much as you want to find cheaper food and (you didn't hear it from me) drinks galore! Since the festival is located right on City Hall Plaza, you're perfectly positioned by a ton of restaurants and the T for easy travelling.

Beyond all those other perks, the line up for these festivals have always been consistently awesome. I don't care what genre is your fancy because they consistently have tried to accommodate for all ages and preferences, from mu-



julianna roen

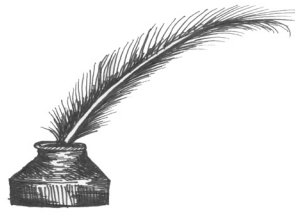
sic nerds to teenage fan girls. I'm not going to list all the past performers I saw but my top five were definitely Vampire Weekend, the National, Matt and Kim, Dirty Projectors, Local Natives, Kendrick Lamar, Youth Lagoon, Solange...that's more than five, but that's the point. Boston Calling consistently lines up a full day's worth of music that is worth sticking around for.

This spring, oh Lord, this spring is going to be epic. For the outdoorsy, happy folk-type crowd, Friday is the day for you. I've heard Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros are unbelievable in concert—think tons of people on stage and good vibes for days. In my opinion, Saturday and Sunday appeal to the same type of music lovers, i.e. alternative emo, chill, and indie. The hours I spent in 6-8th grade absorbing Death Cab and Brand New on repeat can finally be justified for this festival where I will know all the words to the main acts. It honestly excites me so much I can't really form the words. Phosphorescent and Warpaint, why yes, I would love to chill. The Neighborhood, you're sweater song got big over the summer which was untimely but I'll sing along at the show for sure. Tegan and Sara, gah. Kurt Vile, The Head and the Heart, Frank Turner...need I say more. Oh right, Modest Mouse. It's mind-boggling. They even still have a headliner unannounced but I can only imagine it will also be amazing. (Anyone call up Postal Service?)

Seriously, go to this. Buy your ticket now before the prices are jacked up (which hell, would still be cheap). I'll be patting all you lovely souls down at the door, available all day for show critiques, fan girl gushing, and maybe even some emo tear seshs...anything for you, Death Cab, anything! That is the end of my argument. If you were not persuaded, then we probably should not be friends on last.fm. ■



# créatif stuffé.



## hannah

by katjaritchie

I had heard it every day down the attendance sheet in elementary school, always reminding me how uncomplicated it was compared to mine.

You could spell it the same way both backwards and forwards, girls would brag, when we were young enough that, inexplicably, that meant something.

No one ever asked how to spell it, either, except maybe for the one girl whose parents thought they were original, dropping the last H, or the one who, herself, decided the first syllable was stretched out “honn-ah” and it was the closest thing we had at 8 years old to sizing up one another at all of four feet tall, and I wished my name, too, had to try just a little harder to be different.

Still, I never thought I’d hear the name on a new friend’s cockatiel, and I wasn’t sure if I believed her when she said the bird was really smart, as its pupils dilated wildly and out of sync, and as I looked at its uneven eyes, I told it silently, *even you would have it easier than I do at roll call* ■

## switching sides

by colinwalker

When I was thirteen, about the time right after I started masturbating, I had one of those talks with some close buddies. This being the turning point of puberty, which psychologists reference as a very sexually explorative time, our conversation happened to be on the subject of “Which Side Do You Keep Your Dick On?” Right away, my friend and I knew it was the left side. It was just a thing. In the pant leg, it should be “kept to the left, cause on the right is too tight.”

That mode of thinking, and the actions I took for years to come, all may have played the subtlest roles in my subconscious. I spent years with this notion, and acted accordingly. I know that historically, left-handed people have been mistreated; however, *left-membered* seemed to be the correct style.

It was a slight thing I made sure to do, whenever I was putting pants or shorts on in the morning, since I was thirteen. I only started paying attention to it this past week, though, and thought “Fuck it!”, finally making the switch.

The sensation is wonderful. I have a slightly greater spring in my step, and I feel like I’ve taken a great leap. I understand that not every guy has this problem, but for us who need to choose a side, I’d say play around with it. I’ll throw it to one side for a few days, the other for some others. It’s not about where you pull it; it’s about *how* you pull it.

Beyond the hidden meanings in here about not choosing sides and how it applies to government and ethics, I think I’ve come across something here that may free other members from one-sidedness. For instance, there are some jeans that just help you display yourself more respectfully in public by keeping it to a certain side of the fly – it’s just the way the trimming is by the zipper. That awkward denim fold is bad enough already. Now, I can be subtler about my sausage. I have pride in it already, but I like to keep things intimate.

It’s not that I’m taking the road less traveled by. It’s not that I’m starting a trend or revolution. It’s somewhat personal, but I feel almost anyone can understand. I switched it to the right, and that has made all the difference. ■

## the cipher

with lauragreenwood and katjaritchie

*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 have a head-on collision with UVM Van Certification.*

I’m 20 years old, been around a while,  
Driving for years, experience for miles.  
My record’s clean, that’s a matter of fact,  
So van certification? Seems frankly whack!  
Thought I’d learn how to drive on a big rig  
Using complex deduction and possibly trig.  
pH through the roof cause the training was basic,  
Super long videos, I couldn’t face it.  
Double lines, yield signs, all that made me sleepy,  
Facts on vehicular death got me weepy.  
It was all review, read the book already;  
Papers on papers, text too heady.  
Who cares about Driver B or RUA,  
Hit pause, rewind, no need to replay.  
Skipped so many, got trigger finger,  
Aced the test anyway, luck of a beginner.  
Drivers’ ed champ back in the day, no doubt;  
Paid off down the line, joyride, take the van out.  
Nothing like savoring sweet van-cert triumph,  
Cruisin’ in a family-size ride, beats bump.  
Rockin’ privileged driver status, now I’m good to go,  
Reppin’ UVM decals, buckle up, hit the road.



collab by head-turnin’, soul-burnin’ L. L. GreenM0ney\$ featuring K-hoodRich ■

## hope springs eternal

by dustineagar

Our generation was raised on a steady diet of grief and sorrow. From 9/11 to Sudan, from Iraq and Afghanistan to Syria, the worst kinds of human suffering have become engrained in our collective psyche. We have become desensitized to the cruel world around us; the struggles of peoples in distant lands separated by the vast gulf of differences in culture, politics, religion, language and geography that delineate the communities of the world simply do not captivate us. Then again, if each one of us felt the crushing weight of every human tragedy on CNN, it would be unbearable.

How then, do we get through the day? How do we weather all of these miserable facts of existence without becoming coldhearted and cynical? That beautiful thing, which allows us to persevere through the most adverse circumstances, which allows us to focus our energy on the present instead of dwelling on the past, is hope. We hope for a better future, hope that mankind is not utterly forsaken, and know that “this too shall pass”. We are steadfast and stoic.

When confronted with injustice, inequality, drug abuse, and other social problems, we (sometimes) acknowledge them with the hope that tomorrow can be better. Action and hope are of course two very different things, but if there is no hope for a better future, then what is the point of taking action?

Perhaps the greatest virtue of our moral agency is that when life throws us difficult circumstances, we always have a choice. While some outcomes may be beyond our control, there is always a decision to be made about how we handle them. The aggregation of these decisions is what truly defines our character. When you receive horrible news, do you break down and cease to function, or do you eventually move on? When faced with heartbreak, do you withdraw into a shell or do you pick up the pieces and move on knowing it won’t be the last time? Benjamin Franklin once defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over whilst expecting different results. So given a world in which suffering, tragedy and heartbreak, why do we persevere? There is a simple answer, and it is that hope springs eternal. ■

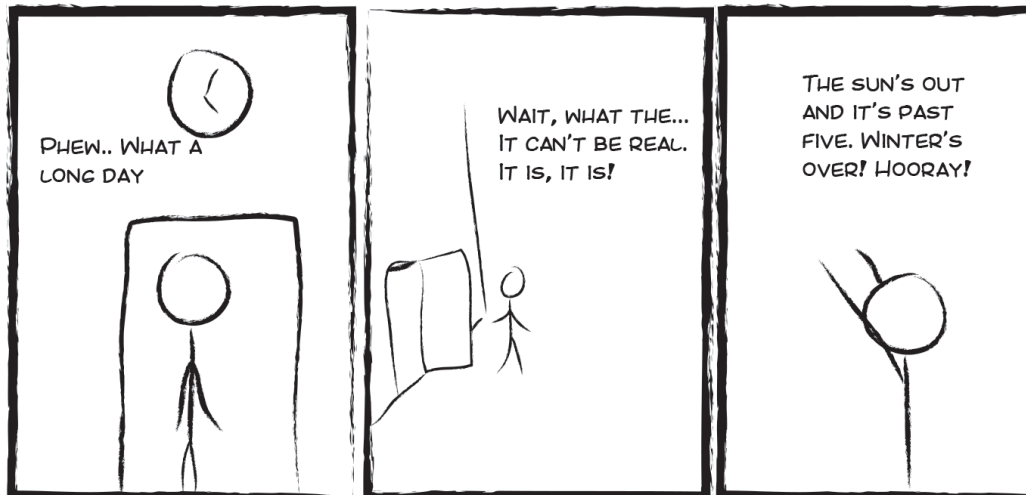
# cat litter.



collincappelle



SATIRE STYX 2



## Tip o' the Week

Have you ever noticed in almost every Cynic article, each paragraph is only one sentence long? I'm not saying it's a bad thing or anything like that, it's just that once you notice it, you can't unnotice it. Know what I'm saying?

## it is never to late to write for the water tower

### Benefits include:

- Eternal recognition, love, devotion and gratitude
- Satisfaction of doing something worthwhile with your life instead sitting at home eating potato chips watching reruns of Friends, even though there are definitely better shows on, like the lazy sack of shit you are ... or maybe that was me...
- You get to meet me: pretty special, I know.
- A free bag of kittens plus half off a bag of puppies (while supplies last)
- One hour of mystery a week, guaranteed.

So if all of that sounds like a good time, come to a meeting at 7:30 in the Williams Family Room on the fourth floor of the Davis Center. Or, you could e-mail us articles or stupid comics (like the ones I do) at [watertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:watertowernews@gmail.com).

## twitch writes an article (it was very short lived)

a;dsjvldnvl;akdfja;sjfda;kskjkb  
geanov;mal;k sv;jlasjkdls asdfjademocr  
acy;sdlfj;ljDS:LFJ;ljkFs;ldkjl;ajwo;fgjaskhd  
gaj; sldjf;lakdfjasld;fj;alkdsjf;lakjds;lfkn;aln  
sj;lfdksnvcvfjal;sdjfanarchy kdljf;ajskdf;lksa;ldsfc  
j;lakjdsfl adsfkal;sdjdemocracyal;sdj;lasjkdf;lja  
l;sdfanarchyasdfk;asjdfkj;asdfkjoqrupituqt348y  
nrvajkefnvjqneropfijqeopirghjopihjerqvjniqernv

## burlington's favorite lyrical monster Champ the Rapper



Ok, so we made it a whole issue last week without repping Chance so I had to add him into this week's issue. He is just too magical to not mention all the time